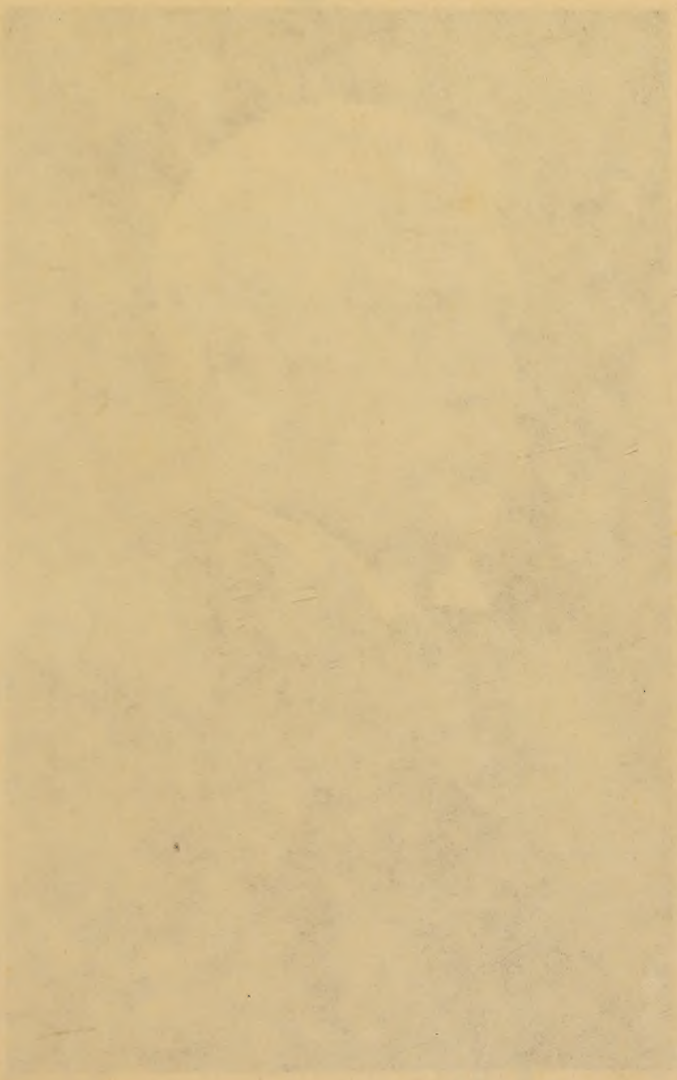
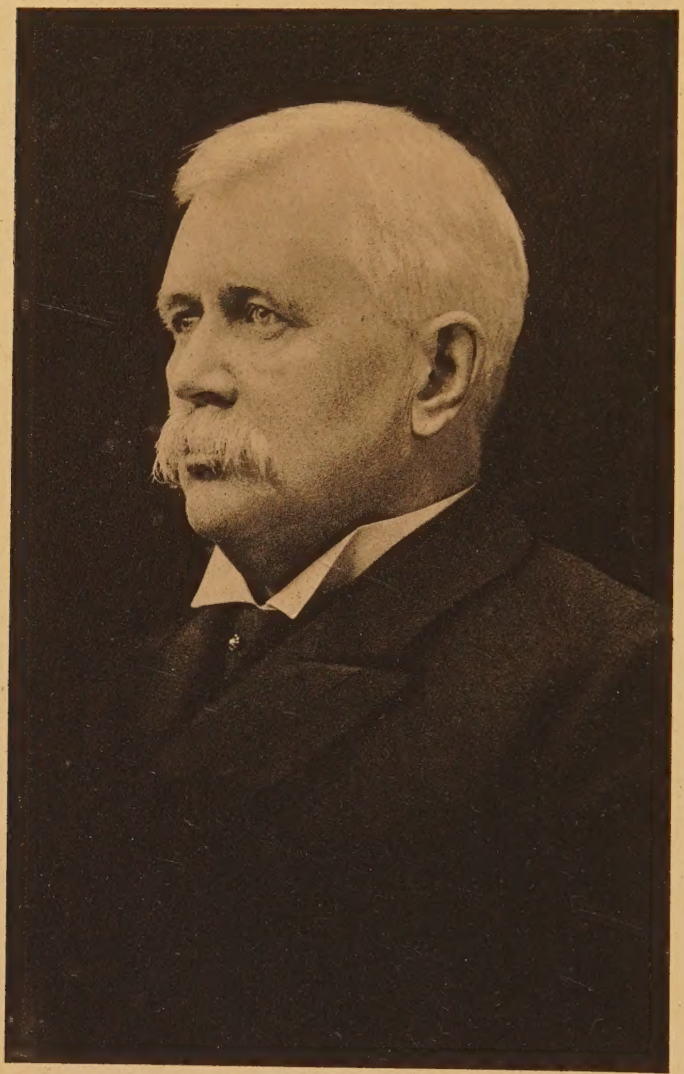
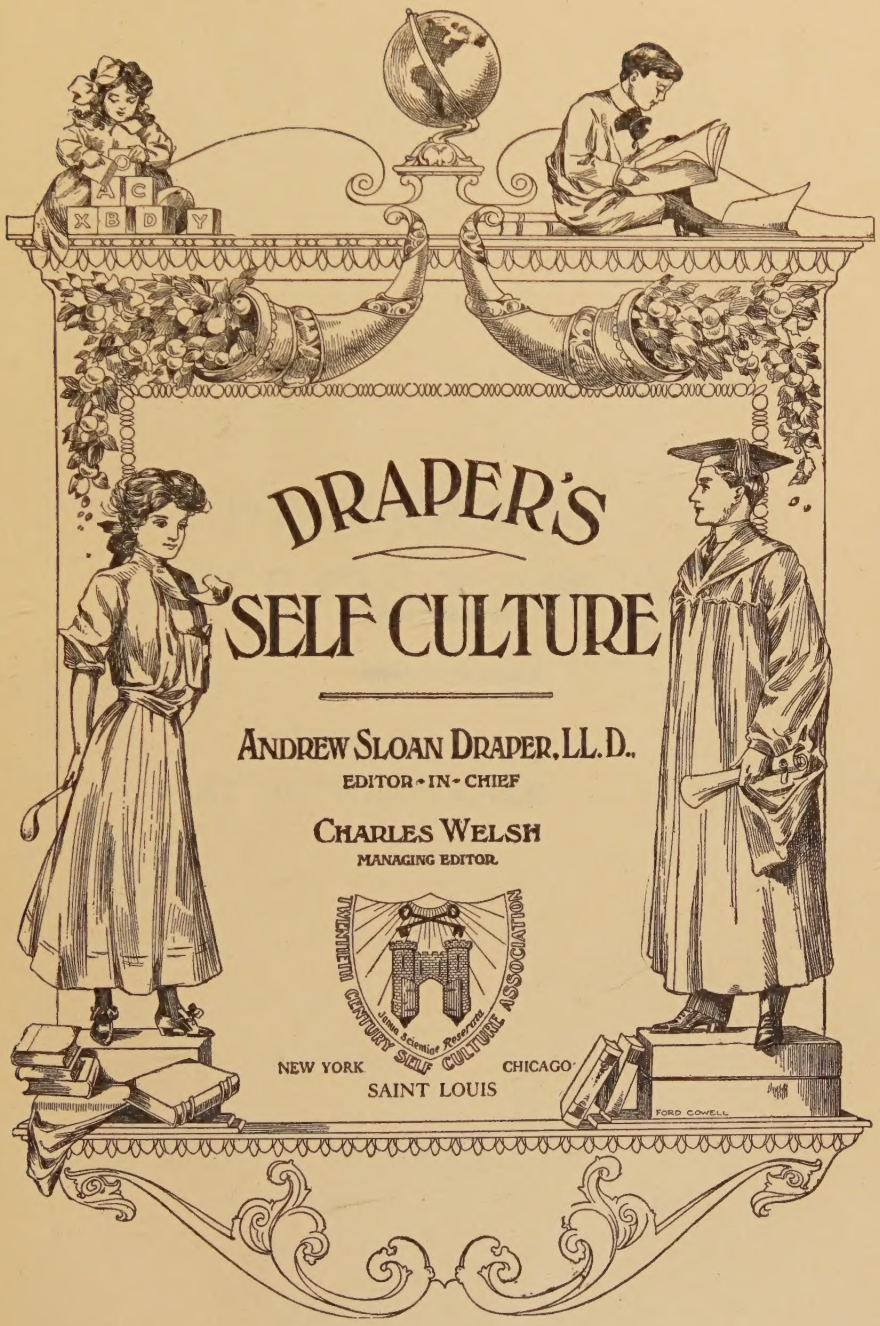




Very Sincerely Yours.

N. S. Dodge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DRAPER'S
SELF CULTURE
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TWENTIETH CENTURY SELF CULTURE ASSOCIATION
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DRAPER'S
SELF CULTURE

VOL. I

AT MOTHER'S KNEE

THE PARENTS' BEATITUDES.

BY HENRY SABIN.

1. "Blessed is he who helpeth the little ones; he shall have peace in his day."
2. "Blessed is he who loveth little children; he shall be held in everlasting remembrance."
3. "Blessed is he who possesseth faith, hope and patience; for him the rough places shall be made smooth, and the crooked places straight."
4. "Blessed is he who seeth the good which is in the wayward child; he shall find his reward in the life of a noble man."
5. "Blessed is he who hath brains and knoweth how to use them; he hath the elements of growth within himself, and shall impart life to his children."
6. "Blessed is he who knoweth good common sense when he seeth it; his praise shall be continually in the mouths of children and parents."
7. "Blessed is he who knoweth the secret paths which lead to the conscience of the child; for him the gates of peace shall swing on golden hinges, and the ending of his life shall be like the ceasing of exquisite music."

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DRAPER'S SELF-CULTURE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Volume I.

PAGE

GENERAL INTRODUCTION 17
By Andrew Sloan Draper, LL.D.

Introduction to Volume I 25
By Sarah Louise Arnold.

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

I. Children's Literature 29
By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

II. The Home Library 35
By C. F. Richardson.

III. A Neglected Duty 43
By E. S. Willcox.

IV. Books in the Home 45
Webster Merrifield.

V. Stories with the Children 46
Katharine Beebe.

VI. The Child, his thinking, feeling, doing 49
By Amy E. Tanner.

VII. Leading the Child 53
By Annie Coolidge Rust.

VIII. Children's Amusements (Story-telling) 56
By Mrs. W. Theodore Birney.

PART I—STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

First Steps in Wonderland 57
By Charles Welsh.

"Please Tell me a Story" 135
By Gertrude Sellon.

I. The Man's Boot 135
II. By and Bye 137
III. I'll Get Even 139
IV. I Wish 140
V. I Don't Care 140
VI. Great Events from Little Causes 142
VII. That is My Place 143
VIII. He Did It First 144
IX. I Want to See the World 145
X. I Don't Know 147
XI. Why? 149
XII. You Dare Not 151
XIII. I am as Good as You 152
XIV. That Is Nothing to Me 155
XV. Greedy Jick 157
XVI. It is too Hard 159
XVII. Why Not 160
XVIII. Those Old Folk 163

PAGE

ORDER AND DISORDER 164
By Mrs. Letitia Barbauld.

EYES AND NO EYES 169
By Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld.

THE THREE GIANTS 179
By Jane H. Marcet.

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS 194
By Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM 199
By Jane Taylor.

PART II — KINDERGARTEN SONGS AND MUSIC:

Special Articles:

I. MUSIC FOR CHILDREN 204
By Mrs. W. F. LeRoy Senour.

II. RHYTHMIC MUSIC FOR THE LITTLE ONES 205
By Miss Clara L. Anderson.

III. MUSIC WITH THE CHILDREN 208
By Katharine Beebe.

IV. THE PLACE AND POWER OF THE KINDERGARTEN . . . 210
By Prof. W. N. Hailmann.

V. FROEBEL THE EMANCIPATOR OF CHILDHOOD 213
By C. Hanford Henderson.

VI. MOTHERS AND THE KINDERGARTEN 215
By Miss Amalie Hofer.

Songs:

I. Up the Ladder 221

II. Speak Gently 221

III. Always Merry 222

IV. Work Away 222

V. Independence Day 223

VI. Lullaby 223

VII. The Violet 224

VIII. All Through the Night 224
Celia Standish.

IX. Three Blue Birdies 225

X. Two Little Dogs 227

XI. Mary Had a Little Bird 227
Arthur Jarratt.

XII. Buttercups 228
Caro Senour.

XIII. Clover 230
Caro Senour.

XIV. Poppies 232
Caro Senour.

XV. Dandelions 234
Caro Senour.

XVI. Lily-of-the-Valley 236
Caro Senour.

XVII. Pansies 238
Caro Senour.

XVIII. The North Wind Doth Blow 240
Arthur Jarratt.

XIX. Little Toddlekins 240

PAGE

XX. Little Jack Horner 241
ARTHUR JARRATT.
XXI. Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary 242
ARTHUR JARRATT.
XXII. Dickory, Dickory, Dock 245
ARTHUR JARRATT.
XXIII. A Walk 246
XXIV. Pretty Pigeon 248
XXV. Ride a Cock Horse 249
ARTHUR JARRATT.
XXVI. Busy Bee 250
XXVII. Tom the Piper's Son 251
XXVIII. The Miller's Little Children 252
C. CARR MOSELEY.

Instrumental Music:

I. Trotting, Running and High Stepping Horses . . . 254
BY CLARA L. ANDERSON.
II. March in B♭ Major 257
BY CLARA L. ANDERSON.
III. Rain Drops 260
BY CLARA L. ANDERSON.
IV. Morning Song 262
R. SCHUMANN.
V. Morning Mood 264
ADAPTED FROM E. GRIEG BY MARIE R. HOFER.
VI. Dance of the Frost Elves 267
E. GRIEG.
VII. A Field Mouse 270
JOHN MOKREJS.
VIII. The Frogs 271
ARRANGED BY A. C. GRAHAM.
IX. Spring's Awakening 272
EUGENE GAEBOS.
X. The Raindrops 273
ADAPTED FROM MENDELSSOHN BY MARIE R. HOFER.
XI. Carpenter Theme 276
ADAPTED FROM HAYDEN BY MARIE R. HOFER.
XII. Harmonious Blacksmith 277
ADAPTED FROM G. F. HANDEL BY MARIE R. HOFER.
XIII. On the Railroad Train 279
W. C. E. SEEBOCK.
XIV. Cradle Song 280
ADAPTED FROM R. SCHUMANN BY MARIE R. HOFER.

PART III—BIBLE STORIES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT:

Special Articles:

I. BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN 285
BY MAURICE F. EGAN, LL.D.
II. CHILDREN'S INTEREST IN THE BIBLE 287
BY GEO. E. DAWSON.
III. BIBLE STORIES 289
BY RICHARD MORSE HODGE.
IV. CHRISTIANITY AND RELIGION 290
BY GEORGE E. MACLEAN, LL.D.
V. THE BIBLE IN THE HOME 291
JEFFERSON, LINCOLN, ADAMS, GRANT, MCKINLEY, ROOSEVELT, ETC.

Stories from the Old Testament:

PAGE

I. Noah and His Ark 295
II. Joseph and His Brethren 299
III. The Baby Moses 319
IV. The Fall of Jericho 320
V. Gideon and the Midianites 322
VI. Ruth and Boaz 327
VII. The Boy Samuel 332
VIII. David and Goliath 337
IX. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba 341
X. Elijah and the Widow's Son 342
XI. Naaman the Leper 343
XII. Queen Esther 346
XIII. The Feast of Belshazzar 357
XIV. Daniel in the Lions' Den 360

Stories from the Life of Jesus:

I. The Birth of Jesus 363
II. The Wise Men from the East 364
III. The Flight into Egypt 367
IV. The Slaughter of the Innocents 368
V. Jesus in the Temple 369
VI. Feeding the Five Thousand 370
VII. The Raising of Jairus' Daughter 370
VIII. Jesus Stills the Tempest 373
IX. Jesus Heals the Paralytic 374
X. Jesus and the Little Children 377

The Teaching and Parables of Jesus:

I. The Sermon on the Mount 378
II. The Lord's Prayer 379
III. The Debtor 380
IV. The Good Samaritan 381
V. The Good Shepherd 382
VI. The Husbandmen and the Vineyard 383
VII. The Laborers in the Vineyard 384
VIII. Lazarus the Beggar 385
IX. The Marriage of the King's Son 386
X. The Lost Sheep 387
XI. The Lost Piece of Silver 387
XII. The Prodigal Son 387
XIII. The Ten Virgins 389
XIV. The Ten Talents 390
XV. The Sower 391

MEMORY AIDS AND THOUGHT STIMULANTS 394

LIST OF ONE HUNDRED OF THE BEST BOOKS for parents, Kindergarten Books, Story Books for Children, and helpful books on Bible Study. 396

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Volume I.

ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER. (Photogravure) . . . . *Frontispiece*

FLOWERS OF THE KINDERGARTEN. (Color Plate) PAGE

After the painting by Lizzie Lawson 7

THANKS TO GOD. (Photogravure) 11

THE LITTLE LIBRARIAN 33
After the painting by Harriet M. Bennett.

MORE MISCHIEF STILL 51
After the painting by Meyer Von Bremen.

ORIENTAL BAZAAR 59
From a photograph.

THE FIRST STEPS 63
After the painting in the St. Louis Exhibition.

CHILDHOOD JOYS 91
From the painting by Von Lasch.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD 105
From the painting by F. Hiddeman.

CINDERELLA 111
From the painting by F. Hiddeman.

THE LITTLE SHOWMAN 133
From the painting by F. Sonderland.

A PICNIC PARTY 153
From a painting by Ludwig Knaus.

ROMAN STREET BOYS 177
From the painting by T. J. Maest.

RING A RING A ROSY 219

DICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK 243
From the painting by F. Sonderland.

THE BOY SAMUEL 333
After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

BETHLEHEM 365
From a photograph.

RAISING JAIRUS' DAUGHTER 371
After the painting by Gustav Richler.

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN 375
After the painting by C. G. Pfannschmidt.

SELF-CULTURE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Introduction by the Editor-in-Chief.

"Self-Culture" attempts something never before undertaken. It draws upon the best literature of all languages to refresh and quicken the minds of all people, young and old, who have ambition enough to help themselves.

It is essentially a work for the family. It begins with the children. It recognizes the obvious fact that a taste for good reading must be acquired, and that the earlier it is acquired the richer the result will be. It has followed pedagogical principles in making selections and pursuing methods which will arrest the attention and arouse the interest of the young. The parts adapted to the children will interest their teachers and, incidentally, will be useful as "supplemental reading" in the schools; but they will specially interest intelligent parents, for they have been prepared with reference to the needs of such parents. The work is particularly for fathers and vitally for mothers who have come to know that it is their duty to feed the minds as well as the stomachs of their children. Here is what will answer the question "What can I do?" which every mother hears.

The earlier volumes are successively arranged with some reference to the intellectual needs of boys and girls as they advance in years until they go to college or go to work. The themes are healthful—sometimes strenuous. They recognize the nature, the steadily changing nature, of youth. They develop in normal minds a liking for knowledge, sport, adventure, work, and accomplishment; they tell boys and girls the things they want to know about—both work and play; they balance effort and relaxation in body, mind, and heart, to the making of all-around men and women; they stimulate the intellectual appetite and provide the food which will satisfy that appetite as it slowly develops.

The later volumes cater to the tastes which have come to considerable maturity. The work is not more for children than for adults. It is doubtless for adults more than for children, because we must look to maturity for an interest in substantial subjects and for an appreciation of good literature. The truth

is that it is for one quite as much as for another. *It is for all.* Much of the material used will not be found in any ordinary *home* library; nor, indeed, in many *public* libraries, because it has been gathered from widely distant fields which are not represented in the ordinary libraries. It must be distinctly said that this work has not been made up by cutting materials from the books which may be found in any library or book shop. Many of the selections are so rare as to be wholly inaccessible to all save those who know how to reach the treasures in the very largest and richest libraries in this and other lands. But the work will prove to be the key to a good home library where there is one; it will guide in the development of one where it has been but just begun; it will be an invaluable aid where the library is small, or where there is none.

The work accords with the American spirit. It is arranged for American homes—for American homes both rich and poor, and particularly for the honest, industrious, ambitious homes of the overwhelming middle class, neither very rich nor very poor, which are at once the glory and the strength of our American civilization.

The table of contents shows the scope of the work, but the thought which has given shape to the plan may not appear so readily. The purpose has been to keep ahead of boys and girls and to make sure that we have not lost their interest when they have become men and women grown. As boys and girls grow rapidly—often more rapidly than we remember—our scheme develops rapidly in character and the larger part of it applies to the maturer tastes and ambitions of human life and relates to the time when every member of the family, who is going to amount to something, must have formed tastes and opinions, and must grapple with serious situations in the world.

The experiences of all ages have been drawn upon and all languages have been made to contribute to this plan. The search for all writings that would realize the plan to the fullest measure has been complete. The commonplace has been rejected. For further guidance in any direction which one may care to explore, a list of the best one hundred books, bearing upon the general field to which each volume is devoted, is placed at the end thereof.

But this is far from all. We have not been satisfied with gathering the writings of other days. These have been supplemented with a rich array of special articles by authors who are well known, because they are leading the educational and literary activities of the present generation, and have been

chosen for special parts because of their eminent fitness for the particular task.

The beginning is made with things that merely arouse interest without calling for much effort—stories to tell the little ones; songs, games, Bible characters, fairy tales, myths, and legends. Then true stories of animals sharpen the observation and deepen the interest in all life. Natural history is made fascinating. Investigation and invention are stimulated by biographical and historical material. Exploration and travel are not only made to show how men have moved out of the darkness and into the light, but they are also made to widen the outlook and arouse the desire for information about the peoples and the doings in other lands. Then we come to matter bearing upon social relations, morals, manners, business, and civics. That reliability counts for more than ability, that good manners and genuine culture and suitable clothing are valuable assets which no one can afford to be without, is enforced without preaching about it. Then, physical culture for young and old has its appropriate place. Personal hygiene is assumed and promoted. The need of sport is recognized and the ethics of sport and the conditions of true sport made clear. The rules of amateur games are set forth and the records which have rewarded training and prowess are made conveniently available. Passing on to a little more serious age, the spirit which has developed from the intermixture of races under a pure democracy in America and the ideals which have already made the young Republic a nation of first importance in the sisterhood of nations, are exemplified by a free use of the best American literature bearing upon the great names and the great deeds in American history. Having gone so far, we are ready for the choicest gems of English and American poetry, for the work of famous painters and sculptors, for the masterpieces of architecture, for the unfolding works of great composers, and for the mellowing influences of the great musicians, singers, and actors, which are presented in the later volumes. The list of great authors, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, singers, actors, etc., in the last volume, is doubtless the most complete that has ever yet been presented in any work.

In compiling this work the effort has not been alone to gather interesting literature, but to find the literary aids to the development of all-around men and women. Therefore, the men and women who have done things, whether by writing fairy tales, or by observing nature in its wonderful unfoldings, or by exploring "the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters

under the earth"; those who have invented labor-saving and other appliances which make life more easy and rapid; those who have stood for morals and have set forth the worth of manners; those who have triumphed over odds in business; those who have been great in civil and national life; those who realize the value of pure sport or have become models of physical culture; those who have expressed their ideals in imperishable poetry and immortal music, or in never-to-be-forgotten drama, or in buildings which, though ruined, can never be forgotten—like those which still lift their columns to heaven at Baalbec,—all these and many more have been laid under contribution to supply the means of self-help and therefore "Self-Culture."

The illustrations are exceptionally rich and profuse, and cannot fail to add to the usefulness and attractiveness of the work. Altogether, the form and character will lead to permanent retention. That of itself is worth while. How much those of us who are grown up would give to put our hands upon the masterpieces which impressed our early lives!

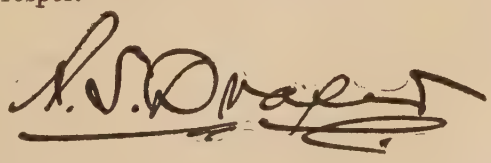
What is *culture?* It is not mere show. It is not what is on the outside. It is not such social form as sometimes runs into insipidity and uselessness. Certainly it is not the superficial politeness which is often used to hide the most detestable meanness. Real culture may be aided by what one inherits, but it cannot depend upon that alone. It depends more upon self than upon ancestors. It comes from thinking and from doing; from discipline of the mind and growth of genuine feeling. There must be something in one to make him desire the good opinion of his fellows; to enable him to see that such good opinion depends upon his reliability and his power to do; and there must be energy which begets effort, and experience which will supply self-control, steadiness, and persistence necessary to accomplish things. Where these factors are present there will be culture, and it will be because of self-culture.

In a word, this work is for those, of whatever age, who have good stuff in them and who want to do things. It is not for the "goody-goodies" among children, nor for the idle and the useless among people grown. It is for boys and girls who sometimes actually break things and who are, therefore, likely to make things, when tamed and trained for it. It is for youngsters who do not turn back because of some dangers and who can bear pain without whimpering. It is for those who have some fight and force in them but who will tell the truth whether it counts against them or not. It is for "oldsters" who can

appreciate such youngsters and who never see the time when they are ready to stop doing things on their own account. It is for all, old and young, who like boats and ball games; who have pleasure in the fact that American boys have run an eighth, a quarter, a half, a mile, and two miles, in shorter time than any other boys in the world ever did it; who know that a healthy body is needed to bring out and carry a balanced mind; and who are going to do all they can to make the most of themselves by doing all they can for the town, the city, the state, and the country in which they live.

This word is written as the work has come to what seems to be its final form. It is more than was at first contemplated. It has expanded and gained new features as it has advanced. All in all, it seems to me that those who have made it are justified in thinking that it is attractive in form, comprehensive in reach, rich in quality, ennobling in spirit, original in plan, and withal timely and up-to-date.

No one will doubt that the labor attendant upon this work has been very great. Just acknowledgment must be made to others. The writer has arranged the plan and suggested the persons who could give it completeness and distinction. He has tried to give the true turns to the road that was to be broken out; aided in securing the workmen and the equipment; given his approval to the materials used; and exercised the right of rejection. No one knows more of, and few have done more for, literature of special value to young and old in the family circle than the Managing Editor, Mr. Charles Welsh. His assiduous effort has only been equalled by the pleasure he has had in it. The editors of the several volumes are the leading specialists in their several fields, whose names will come first to the mind of one familiar with American education and the work of American authors when in search of the special service each of these volumes has demanded. And the special articles, in endless array, are by authors whose work and reputation give them a right to treat their theme in such a work. All of these join with the courageous publisher in saying to all of our readers: "Here's to your good health, and your family's; and may they all live long and prosper."



Albany, N. Y., July, 1907.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. I.

BY

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD,

DEAN OF SIMMONS COLLEGE, BOSTON. AUTHOR OF "STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE," "THE MOTHER TONGUE," ETC.

When one is old enough and wise enough to look backward over the path of his days he begins to discern the truth that to all the richest gifts of life the home has made its indispensable contribution. It is a joy to become thus able to trace the thread of our experience back to its beginning; — to find written in the achievement of to-day the history whose outline was forecast in childhood; — to know that the father's industry or heroism has made our endeavor possible, and that the mother's sacrifice brings to us through all the after years continuous blessing.

When we can thus read our lives backward, we long to express our gratitude to those who have thus blessed us. "Now our eyes are open and we see," we cry. Too often the tardy vision finds us so late that those who should have heard our thanksgiving are beyond our ken. Then we can only say — "To those who follow us, shall like gifts descend": — because we have freely received we must freely give.

Something like this thought possesses the mother who calls her child to her knee to listen to the story from the Book. She may not guess as she reads or tells, the infinite value of her teaching. She may not dream that the story she recites so simply to her eager brood is opening the gate to the paths of literature, and making the later understanding and appreciation possible. She may not guess that this is the one time when such teaching can be done, — that if it were omitted the imagination which should drink at the springs of youth would shrivel and fail.

Happily, she does not need to know; her mother instinct is true. She answers to the repeated petition for the "Story" as generously

as she gives bread to her children, though never guessing that the one is as indispensable as the other.

Life shows us that the stories which are heard at the mother's knee are an essential part of our heritage. The child who is deprived of this possession will always and always miss the charm of literature, the joy of poetry, the swift imagination which enables us to share in that which is foreign to our intimate experiences. Except as this appreciation is assured in childhood, it is never won.

When Mr. Stead wrote so charmingly of the gifts which Tennyson had brought to us, he deplored the fact that in his youth he was too poor to buy a copy of Tennyson and necessarily read only the books which could be bought with his limited savings. He could get a penny copy of Shakespeare, so he pored over its pages and as a child he sat at the feet of the master. It was not until he was grown that he could begin to read Tennyson, and the love which could have its root in childhood only was never a part of the allegiance which he rendered to the poet.

A teacher was once reading to a class of little children Longfellow's "Boy's Song," "A boy's will is the wind's will — And the thoughts of the youth are long, long thoughts." She read two stanzas and then said,—"But you would not understand the rest of it." "Oh! read it to us," the children said; "we love the sound of it, whether we understand it or not." In his introduction to "Child Life in Prose," Whittier appeals for this privilege for the children; — the listening to the music of the great psalms and hymns. The children love the sound of them as they love the roll of the organ, and they must learn early to listen to this music.

A tiny, prattling child of three was tripping back and forth across the floor, her sunny hair flying in the wind, repeating aloud to herself the stories she had been hearing. Her mother sitting at her work heard the child as she repeated over and over "And the ogres and the dragons," "And the ogres and the dragons," "And the power and the glory," "And the power and the glory." There was no irreverence in her childish prattle: the mystery of the story-world moved her as much as the mystery of the solemn words which she heard repeated every morning; and they were linked because of the mystery and its accompanying reverence. She loved the sound of the stories even when she did not understand, and in her baby heart was conscious of reaching out into the world beyond her childish experience.

Tell the stories over to the children, yes over and over again; tell

the ones that they love and ask for; trust them to discern their own need. And do not forget to read and re-read the Bible stories that in their simple, majestic movement carry our thought and imagination not only into the far past, but forward into the things eternal. The simple truths that have always been the realities of life are told in these experiences of a simple people; they belong to childhood and they can come only through the ministry of the wise, true-hearted mother who discerns and interprets to her children the meaning of life.

And as you tell the story to your children know that you are handing on the treasure which your mother poured forth for you in those childhood days when her life was spent in your service. The precious memories which were stored for you in those story-filled twilight hours will descend by true inheritance to your children and your children's children, and with them blessings far beyond your measuring, for the assured harvest will be a hundredfold.

Sarah Louise Arnold.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The well known author of "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "Penelope's Progress" and numerous other works of fiction is no less famous as a Kindergartner and an authority on children's reading. She organized the first free Kindergartens on the Pacific Coast.

THE Newberys of London began publishing books for children in 1745. The "Melodies of Mother Goose," first collected by Oliver Goldsmith, and "Goody Two Shoes," written by him in collaboration with Mr. Newbery himself — these two books have outlived all the other volumes issued by the Newbery press, and they have been kept alive and hoisted into fame and favor year after year by the children themselves. Many and many a book that would never have found its way into "lists" made by grown folks has "stumbled into immortality" because it has been discovered, loved, read, and re-read, then passed on to others by these well-nigh infallible little critics —

> "A court as of angels,
> A public not to be bribed,
> Not to be entreated,
> Not to be overawed."

Charles Lamb's belief in turning the child loose in the rich pastures of literature to browse where he pleases is the one, on the whole, that commends itself most to me. But it implies, of course, the possession of a good and varied library. Given this library, from which you have removed two or three dozen books which it is not wise for young people to read — at any rate too soon — and the child will do all necessary selection, and not unwisely. He will make a few mistakes in choosing, but so would we, we must remember if we choose for him. He may begin but he will never go on reading a book which is entirely beyond his comprehension, and the mere "dip into" something vast, remote, mysterious, may stir his imagination and set his mind to work on wider lines. "Man's reach is greater than his grasp, else what's a heaven for?" The child is sure to neglect something if left to himself, you urge, and that is true. For one thing, he is sure, nine times out of ten, to neglect the "juveniles," with their little mummies and effigies filling up good room that might have been occupied by flesh-and-blood heroes and heroines. Mighty little need, indeed, have chil-

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dren of the reading age for many books of this sort, which flood and devastate the earth at holiday time because fond parents, "gift-bearing aunts," and fatuous old bachelors think that children like them. The best of them have, indeed, their allotted space and place, but it is small and circumscribed. The bottle may represent a necessary stage in nursery life, but if you should see a six-year-old child imbibing nourishment by that means you would have reason to suppose there was something wrong — not, indeed, with the bottle, which is virtuous enough in itself, but which, in this instance, is certainly misplaced matter." Similarly, if you find a twelve-year-old boy addicted to "juveniles," and to nothing else, you may as well give the poor little creature up. He may, in time, become a tolerable husband and father, but his ears will be deaf to the music of St. Paul's Epistles and the Book of Job; he will never know the Faerie Queen, or the Red Cross Knight, Don Quixote, Hector, or Ajax; Dante and Goethe will be sealed oracles to him until the end of time; the spaciousness of Milton will forever confound him, and he will never

> "Hear, like ocean on a western beach,
> The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

He drank too long and too deep of nursery pap, and his literary appetite and digestion are both weakened beyond cure. One never grows to love and comprehend the very greatest things without some preliminary training in matters of taste and style and form, some legitimate exercise of one's nobler powers, some experimental flights into spiritual and intellectual heights. We used to think that birds flew because they had wings; we now surmise that they have wings because they *tried* to fly.

I hope nobody is asking himself or herself "just what does she mean" by "juveniles"? Because there is neither time nor space for full explanation; but, broadly speaking, I mean determinedly childish books written *down* to the child's level by people who could not possibly write *up* to it if they tried. There are in existence plenty of fresh, evergreen, and ever-youthful books — books which all children love — simple, genial, gracious, lovable, splendid, vital, sweet, good, and heroic; but such books although universally popular among young readers are not what is here stigmatized as "juveniles." Indeed, you will note one thing, that older people can always read with pleasure the best children's books. For instance, it would not bore you at this moment to be shut up for a day or two with nothing but "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," "Arabian Nights," Kingsley's "Water Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," John Burroughs' "Birds and Beasts," "The Seven Little Sisters," Hans Christian Andersen's and Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Tom Brown at Rugby," Lamb's "Shakespeare Tales," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," "The Jungle Book," the simpler poems by Scott, Lowell, Whittier, or Longfellow, and a sheaf of songs from the Elizabethan poets. If,

indeed, you would be dreadfully bored it is conceivable that you are a bit pedantic, stiff, and academic in your tastes, or a bit given to literary game of very high and "gamy" flavor, so that French "made dishes" have spoiled you for Anglo-Saxon roast beef.

But you may say you have no library worthy of the name, therefore you must at least help your child to choose. This is, in point of fact, so great a delight that it resembles a temptation; it is also a great responsibility, although I cannot discover that parents are bent to the earth because of the burden of it. When things come to this pass, and we are obliged to do for children what many of them can do better for themselves, a knowledge of child-nature and a knowledge of what really *is* literature — these two things are extremely handy to have in the family. You cannot so much as draw a common-place straight line without knowing two points — the one you start from and the one you wish to reach. The child is your first point: do you know him? What you wish him to learn, think, feel, and be is the second point: are you quite sure of your knowledge in that field? But this, you say, seems to presuppose a kind of psycho-pedagogical wisdom extremely rare. To which I return that common sense makes a fairly good substitute; and when you crush me by asking how the parent not gifted with common sense can acquire it, I reply (from the extreme confines of the corner where your logic has driven me), that, supposing the germ to be existent, resolution, reflection, fasting and prayer will commonly assist its growth to a point where at least it can be seen by the naked eye of your neighbors, who, by the way, generally use opera-glasses — big end for shortcomings, t'other way round for virtues.

It makes a deal of difference, not only what a child reads, but how and when he reads it. Fortunately, books are not the only means of grace. I have seen children, as well as grown people, who seemed to absorb and distill a wisdom from the world of nature — the mysteries of earth, air, sky, and sea — from sympathetic contact with fellow human creatures, and from some hidden source of power within their own souls, that put the wisdom of the books to shame. It is not prudent, however, to conclude that our particular child is a being of that rarified sort simply because he declines to read. Symptoms of intellectual forwardness are sometimes mistaken for the aberrations of genius. Let us try and penetrate the secret of the child's indifference, remembering that, young as he is, there are elective affinities and antipathies that must be taken into account, and perhaps controlled and guided. And, whatever else we do, if we wish to widen the spiritual horizon of our children, let us not close up the windows on the emotional and imaginative side by neglecting poetry. "There is in every one of us a poet whom the man has outlived." Don't let the poet die of inanition! Keep it alive by feeding the child's youthful ardor, strengthening his insight, guarding the sensitiveness of his early impressions, and cherishing the fancies that are indeed "the trailing clouds of glory" he brings with him from God "who is his home."

The rhythm of verse will charm his senses even in his baby days; later on he will feel the beauty of some exquisite lyric phrase as keenly as you do, until at last he can enter upon his full birthright, the "rich deposit of the centuries."

As to "adaptations" of the great things of literature by means of which the child may get a hint of the glories which await him just at the turn of the road — that subject, too, can be argued eloquently on both sides. Is it possible to expurgate, abbreviate, adapt, some of these books which the reading world agrees to call "classics"? It can be done especially by word of mouth, in the form of the story told to groups of eager listeners, and in the written volume it can be successfully done, too, perhaps by two persons in a million. My own belief in this form of literature is a trifle theoretical and weak on its legs. In my heart I incline to agree with somebody who said, "What's the use of adapting the classics to children when the children are already adapted to the classics?"

THE LITTLE LIBRARIAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRIET M. BENNETT

When I am very big and old
I'll write a book all bound in gold;
And all the things of which I think
I'll write about in pen and ink;
And all the boys and girls I'll tell
Of Mother, dear, who loves me well.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

By C. F. Richardson, Professor Of English In Dartmouth College.

Professor Richardson's volume on "The Choice of Books," his "American Literature" 2 vols., and many works in the educational field as well as his experience as Editor of "Good Literature," and the "Sunday School Times," prove his fitness to handle so important a subject as this.

EVERYBODY ought to own books. A house without books has been well called a literary Sahara; and how many of them there are! We are a "reading people;" but nothing is easier to find than homes in which the furniture, the pictures, the ornaments — everything, is an object of greater care and expense than the library. Is it any wonder that their inmates, whatever their so-called wealth or comfort, are intellectual starvelings?

Among the many wise things that Mr. Beecher has said, there is none wiser than his words about books in the house. "We form judgments of men," says he, "from little things about their houses, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years when traveling in the West, where taverns were scarce, and in some places unknown, and every settler's house was a house of entertainment, it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you should put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a little trough for flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log-cabin. In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people, is itself a clump of harebells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread. But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy *books*, unless they want them.

"If on visiting the dwelling of a man in slender means we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved étagère or sideboard. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting on luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comfort of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs? We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garish annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock religious books of his 'persuasion,' and that is all. No poets, no essayists, no historians, no travels or biographies, no select fiction, no curious legendary lore. But the wall paper cost three dollars a roll and the carpet cost four dollars a yard!

"Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. Let us pity these poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price which his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning and constantly adding to a library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life."

In this connection, do you remember Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenford," who stinted himself in every other way in order that he might have money to buy books?

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde long i-go,
Al-so lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and there to soburly.

Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde nought geten him yet a benefice,
Ne was not worthy to haven an office.
For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and reed,
Of Aristotil, and of his philosophie,
Than robus riche, or fithul, or sawtrie.
But al-though he were a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litul gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte gete, and his friendes sende,
On bookes and his lernying he it spende,
And busily gan for the soules praye
Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scolaye.
Of studie took ha moste cure and heed.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede;
All that he spak it was off heye prudence,
And short and quyk, and full of gret sentence.
Sownynge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

"To be without books of your own is the abyss of penury; don't endure it!" exclaims Ruskin. Lyman Abbott declares that "the home ought no more to be without a library than without a dining-room and kitchen. If you have but one room, and it is lighted by the great wood fire in the flaming fire-place, as Abraham Lincoln's was, do as Abraham Lincoln did: pick out one corner of your fire-place for a library, and use it." Still another truth is well stated by Sir Arthur Helps in a few words: "A man never gets so much good out of a book as when he possesses it."

The influence of the home library upon all the members of the family, and especially the younger ones, can hardly be overstated. The biographies of literary men, and of great men not literary, are full of testimonies to the value of the neighborhood and society of books in early youth. "I like books," says Dr. Holmes, "I was born and bred among them." He has lately told us, in an amusing way, what sort of a library he was "brought up" in; and, great reader though he has been, has lamented that he has not read even more: "It was very largely theological, so that I was walled in by solemn folios, making the shelves bend under the loads of sacred learning. Walton's Polyglot Bible was one of them. 'Poli-synopsis' was another; a black-letter copy of Fox's 'Acts and Monuments,' was another, and so on. Higher up on the shelves stood Fleury's 'Ecclesiastical History,' in twenty-five volumes octavo. In one of these volumes a bookworm had eaten his way straight through from beginning to end, leaving a round hole through every leaf, as if a small shot had gone through it. My father wrote some verses about it, I recollect, beginning: 'See here, my son, what industry can do.' I wish I had profited better by them.

I have not been the most indolent of mortals, but the industry of some of my acquaintances . . . makes me feel as if I had been lazy in comparison. I do not remember whether I have told this in any of my books or not; at any rate, the lesson taught by the book-worm and turned into verse by my father is one by which any young person may profit."

Another contemporary writer, Edmund About, has similarly ascribed his formation of the reading habit to his father's care in collecting a library: "Reading is assuredly an excellent thing, and my father never would forego it, after he had attained some leisure and affluence. By degrees he had obtained five or six hundred well-chosen volumes. He constantly turned over the leaves of the 'Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge,' and Boret's manuals; he had even subscribed with three or four neighbors to a liberal Paris paper; but he prized far above all the knowledge that he had gained quite alone. Gently and patiently he also accustomed me to look and think for myself, instead of imposing upon me his ideas, which my docile, submissive spirit, would have blindly accepted."

In lieu of a thousand similar utterances, perhaps it will be enough to quote what a veteran journalist, Mr. Charles T. Congdon, has lately written on the encouragement of a love and a care for books on the part of children: "I would early encourage in children a reverence for books. The need of it is the greater, because school business so tends to raggedness and destruction. And this naturally brings me to a topic which is well worth considering — I mean the care and preservation of books. I have known young people who were highly particular in the conservation of their small libraries; and I think that this is a tendency which it would be well for parents and guardians to encourage. I argue well of a child who carefully conserves its books, covers them, and ranges them on a little shelf in a little row. When I encounter this particularity, I see before me future collectors and bibliographers in embryo. And what I say to the children, I would say to adults. It is so hard to get books, and so easy to lend and to lose them. Nobody can have a library unless he takes good care of what comes into it. All the great gatherings have a small start. There is a curious story of the beginning of Richard Heber's magnificent library, which is told in Burton's 'Book-Hunter,' and which is worth repeating here, because Burton's 'Book-Hunter' has become so scarce. Heber accidentally met with a little volume called 'The Vallie of Varieti,' by Henry Peacham. He took it to Mr. Bindley, the celebrated collector, and asked him if it was not a curious book. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Bindley, 'not very — but rather a curious book.' What came of this, those who know anything of the enormous Heber collection will understand. From that day forth Richard Heber was a bibliomaniac. He would travel hundreds of miles to buy a book which he did not possess. . . . In advising young people respecting the formation of a library, my advice would be not to lend but to keep. Nobody can have a decent collection unless he takes good care of it; but

it is easier to lose than to acquire. I know nothing like the immorality which pervades the ranks of borrowers. They forget to bring back, and sometimes, I fear, they do not forget. I would not say a word about it, for fear of hurting the feelings of somebody who will find my book-plate in some volume upon his shelf if he will look for it, unless, indeed, he has eradicated it — I would not, I say, speak a word of the matter if I were not writing for children and begging them to keep their books together. It will be such a promising beginning. It will teach such habits of care. It will give them so much pleasure hereafter to look at what so delighted them when the world was new and small things charming. One cannot expect these young people to be learned in Lowndes, or really to know how a book can cumulate in value; but they may take my word for it that what was worth reading, it would be wise to preserve."

I have just happened to find some sensible words of the same sort in a country weekly, the very place where such expressions are likely to do most good to the local public: "Nothing is more important to young people than an early love for good books. In no way can this love be better fostered than by the formation of home libraries. No matter how few or small the books are, to commence with, they will make a beginning, and you will wonder at its growth. Don't have the books scattered about, but collect them. Any boy can make shelves which are good enough, and the very act of getting your books together will form a desire for more. When you have thus made a beginning, make it a rule never to add a poor or 'trashy' book. A good book is worth a hundred of the other kind. In this day of cheap books there is no reason why every boy . . . need not have something of a library." And boys may well remember that from such a beginning great results may grow. From no greater a collection than any young reader can easily make, the historian Gibbon tells us that he gradually formed a numerous and select library, "the foundation of my works, and the best comfort of my life, both at home and abroad."

Aside from the reading of books, their mere society and companionship is of high advantage. Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson thought it well even to look at the backs of books: "No sooner had we made our bow to Mr. Cambridge, in his library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of the books. Sir Joshua (Reynolds) observed (aside), 'He runs to the books as I do to the pictures; but I have the advantage. I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books.' Mr. Cambridge, upon this, politely said, 'Dr. Johnson, I am going, with your pardon, to accuse myself, for I have the same custom which I perceive you have. But it seems odd that we should have such a desire to look at the backs of books.' Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheeled about and answered, 'Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it.

This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries.' Sir Joshua observed to me the extraordinary promptitude with which Johnson flew upon an argument. 'Yes,' said I, 'he has no formal preparations, no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant.'" People who are accustomed to know where particular books are, are able to fly to them in an emergency; and sometimes a little library at home, well understood, is a more effective armory than a great collection, unknown.

Dr. J. A. Langford, an English writer who has made a graceful and serviceable collection of quotations from English authors on books and reading, cites Charles Lamb's expression: "What a place to be in is an old library!" and then proceeds to speak of the society of books, in a strain of affectionate eloquence with which any book-lover can sympathize: "It is a delight to merely look at books — in a state of quiet reverie to dream of the rich fruit which you will not pluck, of the sweet grapes which you will not taste. There, spread before you, is a banquet fit for gods, and the consciousness that you could eat and be satisfied fills up your cup of pleasure to the brim. It is a feast at which the imagination supplies ambrosia and nectar and, for the time coarser food is neither required nor desired. You walk in meadows of asphodel, and in the gardens of the Hesperides, and have no wish to pluck a flower, or to gather the fruit. It is enough that they are there, and the spirits who guard them are ready to supply you with both." Nor is such a sentiment any less likely to come, in a true sense, to the owner of a few books, than to the visitor at the largest library. The true owner of books loves his books, and they come to have real personalities. When poor Southey, after a life of hard work among books, lost his mind, and even the power to read a word, he spent hours and hours in just wandering through his library, feeling his books, and petting them, and laying his head against them.

It is not necessary to advise buyers to possess this or that particular book, nor to present to them a definite list of ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand volumes, and say, "Buy these, and you will have a library." Any intelligent person can tell, when he reads a catalogue of publications, or visits a bookstore, what are the standard books of all time, and what are those which are good books for him and his to read. Every one's conscience, too, will tell him books to shun. Some volumes are to be read for a temporary purpose, and the choice of books to own should, of course, be borne in mind. Buy nothing that you are, or will be, ashamed of, and remember that "art is long and time is fleeting." In a word, choose your books as you would choose your friends and helpers.

The collector of a home library should not be discouraged because there are so many books in the world, and he can buy so few. Says Emerson: "I visit occasionally the Cambridge Library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home. The inspection of the catalogue brings me continually back to the few standard

writers who are on every private shelf; and to these it can afford only the most slight and casual additions. The crowds and centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation, echoes and weakeners of these few great voices of Time." In precisely the same strain are these words from an editorial in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* of London: "It is some comfort to reflect that without possessing a library equal to that of the British Museum, and indeed one which can be coaxed into a single room of moderate dimensions, one may have everything in the way of literature which has been so far produced by the human race which is still worth reading — not to say a good deal more. A large collection of English poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, will go upon a small shelf; and all that has since been written of any importance will fail to fill another. Three-fourths even of that collection is of interest only in a historical sense. And truly it suggests melancholy as well as comfort to look round any decent library, to mark the collected works even of the greatest, and to remember how small is the proportion of grain to chaff."

As for the choice of editions of books to own, a remark of Dr. Johnson's is worth remembering, though, of course, not of universal application: "Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all."

The care of the home library should chiefly consist of keeping its contents accessible and neat. Books that are imprisoned, or are kept in unfrequented rooms, are deprived of half their usefulness. It is better to have a book worn out with use, or faded by sunlight, or kept where it needs a daily dusting, than to have it preserved like a stuffed bird in a glass case. Open shelves are better than glass-doored bookcases, and the original binding of the book is better than a brown-paper cover. Who would like a friend always dressed in a "duster"? or who would enjoy living in one of those melancholy rooms where all the furniture is shrouded in linen? Brown paper book-covers may be excusable in public libraries, but never in private ones. A few hints, selected from a paper by Mr. S. L. Boardman, will be found serviceable: "Whatever the room chosen for the library, let it be warm and sunny, on the south side of the house if possible, and plainly furnished, for what furnishing so gorgeous and attractive as good books? An open fire is the only means of warming that should ever be thought of in a library room. . . . And remember; no glazed doors! I was gratified a few weeks ago, in visiting a friend, to find that he had taken the glazed doors from his library cases; and I wish everybody who has these useless things would do the same. They are not a protection against dust; they are always in the way; no one is going to carry away your books without leave when you invite him to your library; and when you want a book you do not care to be bothered by a bunch of keys. Besides, books have a far more cheerful and social look when you ran readily see them, and handle them, and become acquainted with them, than when they are locked up as though you were afraid somebody would read them, or that they would make somebody

happy if he could only turn over their magic pages. Open cases, then, for all books in private libraries, especially in what we call 'working libraries.' . . . Do not put too much money in expensive and luxuriant bindings. I am not talking to the wealthy bibliophile who is able to employ Bedford, or Pawson, or Charles White to bind his books regardless of cost, but to the average book lover or collector. Put the extra money your fine bindings would cost into more and more serviceable books, and be happy. Choose editions in plain substantial dress, and leave elaborate gilding, and blind tooling, and silk linings, to your exquisite fancier. . . . Books should never be crowded tightly on the shelves. They should be so kindly disposed as to gently support each other. Great injury comes from placing them too closely together. Books are generally taken down from their positions by the top of the backs, and in many, many instances I have seen books, some of which were in their day strongly bound, completely broken away at the back from being pulled carelessly out of position. In removing a book from its place the proper way is first to loosen the books standing each side of the one wanted, by giving them a gentle sideward pressure; then, tipping the book from you at the top and taking hold of the bottom, gently draw it out. Do not pile books flat-ways upon the top of those standing upright in the case. It injures those upon which they rest very much. Remember the advice of old Richard De Bury, centuries ago, 'never to approach a volume with uncleanly hands.' Books are easily soiled, paper and binding retaining the imperfection of the least pressure of unwashed hands. Dust off the books every day, and remember that, like house plants, they need a constant supply of fresh air. They are dear friends. We become attached to them from constant intercourse, and when we remember how much enjoyment we receive from their silent, tender companionship, we should in return treat them well, give them the best room in the house, and teach our children and visitors to pay to them due respect."

A NEGLECTED DUTY OF SOME FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

By E. S. Willcox, Librarian Public Library, Peoria, Ill.

BECAUSE a child is not admitted to the public schools until he is six years old is no reason why he should not know how to read before that time. Every child should have learned his letters at his father's or mother's knee by the time he is three years old, and at the age of six should be able to read anything he could understand spoken. Do fathers and mothers nowadays owe no duty to their offspring in the matter of their early training? Can they throw all the responsibility off on the school board? Franklin and Webster did not remember when they could not read, which is true of many of our older people to-day. It was the rule fifty years ago. Swift was reading the Bible at three, Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin and Beecher were reading everything at four, Coleridge read the Arabian Nights before he was five, George Eliot read Waverley at six, Brougham was in the high school at seven and Byron had read the Bible through and through before he was eight. These are but a few instances out of thousands that might be mentioned. In music it is the same; Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Paderewski, were all busy at the piano between the ages of four and six, before their little fingers could stretch an octave on the keyboard.

Do you say these were born geniuses?

Every normal child is a genius, or at least something of a genius. Ask his mother. How do we know it was not the early start they got and the pleasure of doing something worth while that endowed them with what we call genius?

It is preposterous to claim that either the body or the brain of a healthy child is hurt by learning to read young. We may be sure he is learning something at that age and not half so good for him. A child is a small embodied cyclone of restless activity. He learns more new things before completing his seventh year than in all the rest of his life together. It is the most eager, inquisitive period of his life.

Admitted to a world of new and wonderful things, the child's curiosity is insatiable, his memory is never again so retentive, and of all the thousand and one things he learns nothing can be so serviceable to him, nothing can give him such a lift on the road he has to travel in after life, as knowing early how to read. For this throws the doors wide open to all knowledge, this it is that marks the immeasurable distance

between the cultivated man and the clown. And it is to be borne in mind that a genuine taste for reading can never be acquired so long as reading itself is a labor and a stumbling block — the picking out of words slowly one by one. But knowing how to read with ease anything, after that, geography, arithmetic, everything, comes easy and progress at school is rapid.

BOOKS IN THE HOME.

By Webster Merrifield, President of The University of N. Dakota.

When a scholar of such deep learning in the Departments of Political and Social Economy turns his attention to such a subject as this, his words must carry unusual weight and authority.

THE study of literature in school is not enough. For one author or recitation studied in school a score — yes, a hundred, should be read at home, during winter evenings, on holidays and Sundays and in the long summer vacations. The school studies of very few children of school age occupy more than one-half of their waking hours during the year. What shall be done with the rest? The town boy, unlike the farm boy, cannot ordinarily be put to work to advantage in his leisure hours — or those not spent in school. The same is true, to almost an equal degree, of the town girl. How shall these leisure hours be spent?

The home without books is a cheerless and largely a profitless refuge for the active boy and girl, and yet, in the average home, there is lacking either the means or the appreciation for the intelligent selection of such a range of literature as the mental and moral nature of the active boy and girl demands. . . .

I agree with Henry Ward Beecher that no man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy them. "Children," says Mr. Beecher — and all experience confirms his statement —"Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices." Did time permit, I could easily quote a hundred tributes to the habit of reading formed in childhood, each one as apt and cogent as the following from Sir John Herschel. "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."

STORIES WITH THE CHILDREN.

By Katharine Beebe.

THE child at times needs from the adult assistance in storing his mind with play material, in order that at other times he may have a stock of ideas from which to draw. His imagination needs food and stimulus other than that supplied by the ordinary happenings of his daily life. This is proven in the kindergarten by the difference in the power to play existing between children who come from homes where this stimulus is supplied, and those who come from homes where it is lacking. The more fortunate little ones are seldom at a loss for play material, while the others often have actually to be taught to play those games in which thought and imagination play a part.

Children of this first class, as we all know, love to dramatize the life about them, are fond of games which are largely, if not wholly, of a physical nature, and will indulge both of these tendencies freely, but while in spite of this they continue to demand "something to do," we who have charge of them will have to continue our search for opportunities and employments for their active minds and bodies if we are not to give stones for bread and serpents for fish.

In the homes of the poor, for obvious reasons, the children seldom have stories told to them, rarely if ever hear story books read, and never have music adapted to their minds and hearts provided for them. Consequently the beautiful imagery of song and story is lost to them. Their imaginations are starved and their souls often remain unawakened long past the time for such unfolding, while many powers never develop at all which exist potentially in them. It is true that poets and artists sometimes come from very humble walks of life, but in most cases Genius or Nature provided the necessary stimulus. Happily the schools of to-day are doing for the less fortunate what is done for the more fortunate at home.

It is with the children of the ordinary well-to-do class that we have now to deal, however, and we know that these children love stories told and read, and that their souls open to music. These things are such potent factors in, and such a vital part of kindergarten life, that they

From "Home Occupations for Little Children." By Katharine Beebe. Copyright by the Werner Co. By permission.

surely belong in the child's home life as well. Kindergartners never have time enough with their children to give them half the songs and stories which they really want to give, and they would be glad to pass over to the home their uncompleted work and store of material to help fill those hours which echo with the cry, "What can I do *now?*" In the kindergarten the stories are not told and then dismissed as something finished and gotten through with. They are carefully selected in the first place, and there is a pedagogical reason for each selection with which just now we have nothing to do. One prime object is to feed the growing imagination and stock it with play material, as well as, in technical phrase, to help the child to self-expression. The stories told are not only retold by the children later on, but they are also "worked out;" that is, the children picture the story, or such part of it as appeals to them, on the blackboard or with paper and pencil. They also play it with their blocks and sticks; they model objects suggested by it with clay; they cut these objects from paper, sew them or paint them, as the exigency of the occasion demands.

Children love the definite, and gladly take and work out definite suggestions. When clay, paint, paper, or other material is put into a child's hands and he is told to play with it, an active imagination will sometimes supply a sufficiency of ideas to be expressed, but usually he soon reaches his limitations, if not on the first occasion then very soon after, and will be apt to say, "I don't know what to make."

"Oh, make a horse!" mother or nurse will suggest.

"I don't want to make a horse," says the child, in whose mind only images of indefinite and general horses are called up by the word. But, if after hearing Longfellow's beautiful story of "The Bell of Atri," that particular horse is suggested, it becomes another matter, and one object often suggests another, until the whole story is worked out by busy fingers stimulated by a live imagination.

The mother then wants from the kindergartner a list of stories to be told and of books to be read which shall fill her child's mind with beautiful images which can be expressed by the little hands so anxious to *do*. She should adopt in the nursery the kindergarten method of working out or making these stories with whatever material is at hand. These home stories should not only fill the time in which they are read or told, but many happy after hours; often only a suggestion will be necessary to set the children to work, and sympathy and appreciation only will keep them at it.

With some children the mother may find it necessary to participate actively in the play to show the children how it may be done, and to get them started; but this she will not accomplish by playing *for* them, but by playing *with* them, and encouraging their efforts by judicious praise and admiration.

Stories are dramatized in the kindergarten with great success, and children who can be led to do this at home will have an inexhaustible store of material for play hours. I know of one group of ten-year-old children who played "The Prince and the Pauper" a whole winter, and

of another who played "Robinson Crusoe" day in and day out. One little home kindergarten went to Greenland one snowy day and lived there for three weeks.

If the mother's own imagination will seize upon those particular stories which are best adapted to dramatic action, if she will aid the children a little in their representations, occasionally take part, and always sympathize, she will soon develop a dramatic talent, which, to say the least, will make stormy days interesting in her household.

As a rule it is hardly wise for the mother and kindergartner to be using the same material in the same way. Fortunately this is rarely done, as only a trained kindergartner has the power of using the material without wearying the child or reaching his limitations too soon. Mothers are often made to feel that the knowledge they lack and should posesss is the knowledge which kindergartners use in giving gift and occupation lessons. Not that this knowledge would not be of great advantage to any mother, but the point is that there is much that she can do without it. Such a profound knowledge of the possibilities of the gifts and occupations as would enable her to continue, enlarge and supplement the kindergartner's work would be of the greatest use, but to be able to give the child the same work with blocks or sticks which he has had or will have in the kindergarten is of no particular advantage, except when the child cannot go to the kindergarten.

In the matter of stories, however, she need have no fears of trenching on kindergarten ground. When a child loves a story he will hear it many times, and one often-told and well-loved tale is frequently better than many.

One direct help which the kindergartner craves of the mother is her encouragement to the child to retell at home the stories he has heard in the kindergarten. If in addition to this he will at home play or work out these stories the kindergartner's work will be carried on.

Some stories are better told than read, others make good reading, and it is important that a child should learn early to listen to reading. [A list of one hundred of the best books will be found at the end of the volume.]

THE CHILD, HIS THINKING, FEELING, DOING.

By Amy Eliza Tanner, Professor of Philosophy in Wilson College.

NATURALLY enough children have always been objects of the greatest care and solicitude to society, and have always been observed and studied, as early educational theories show. Still, while some systematic observation has been done before, it has been left for our scientific age to attempt to reduce children, along with men, to the terms of a general formula.

The importance of ascertaining the laws that govern the growth of the child's body and mind is apparent to the most superficial observer. Until we know how a child grows; whether he is of the average height and weight or not; whether he has the average control of his body or not; whether he shows signs of nervousness or not, we can know nothing of what the correct treatment for that child is. We may hit accidentally upon it, but we are just as likely to leave the child to suffer from improper food or exercise or work. Similarly, until we know the general characteristics of each stage of mental development, we are unprepared to say what a child should study and how much he can do, We cannot settle any of the questions concerning the courses of study, the order of subjects and the mode of presenting a subject, except as we know the child-nature which we expect to develop by our education.

Now there is a great body of facts about children, which has been obtained from the casual contact that we all have with them, and which is in some respects accurate and in others inaccurate. It is the object of systematic Child-Study to supplement and to correct these common ideas by a more careful study of the facts, and so to give a firmer foundation for educational theory and practice.

In this study, two methods are possible, each of which may be pursued in two different ways: (1) We may study some individual child with great care and detail, or (2) we may collect statistics from large numbers of children. In both cases we may get our material simply from observing children, or experiment upon them by fixing certain conditions under which they shall act.

(1) Individual study has the decided advantage of accuracy in details. We become intimately acquainted with some one child, and learn

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to see the various fine shadings of his mind. We discern the gradually increasing complexity of his mental processes. We can see the close connection between mind and body in many details, and trace to their origin numerous quaint ideas and marked characteristics. In this way we can learn to deal with this one child so that we shall make comparatively few mistakes, even though our theoretical knowledge be not very wide.

On the other hand, such a study fails us in many respects when we come to work with other children. We can not be certain which of this child's traits are peculiar to him or his family and which are common to all children of his age, nor can we be sure just what importance to attach to certain traits. We can not tell whether to ignore them because they will naturally be outgrown, or to repress them.

(2) Statistical study aims to give just this sort of information. It collects data from large numbers of children of all ages, compares them, and finally is able to make a statement about certain characteristics of the great majority of children of each age. Such general statements, when based upon sufficient data, rest upon the same kind of foundation that the laws of any science do, and have the same authority.

It is evident that such statistical study is strong where individual study is weak and, vice versa, is weak where individual study is strong. It lacks the detail and vividness of the individual study, but is more generally true and is likely to be a safer guide when difficulties come up in treating the average child whom we have not had the opportunity to study. The two methods should, therefore, supplement each other. Each parent or teacher should get a perspective for himself by a knowledge of the general facts of child-nature, and then fill in details by a study of the Mary and Johnnie with whom she lives.

This outline of child-nature is what Child-Study hopes to accomplish, but as yet the outline is fragmentary. More observations have been made on the physical nature of the child than on anything else, but even here there is a great divergence of opinion as to the meaning of the facts observed and as to their practical bearing. Good work has been done on small groups of children in observing most of the mental processes and some of the forms of expression. From this we may get hints for an educational theory, but it is valuable so far principally in giving suggestions for further observations.

Meyer von Bremen
Berlin 1879

MORE MISCHIEF STILL

AFTER THE PAINTING BY MEYER VON BREMEN

This picture reminds that someone
"Finds more mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Little hands and little minds must be occupied. If we lead the child aright and provide it with proper occupation for its natural activities, we shall not have to complain of its mischievous tendencies.

LEADING THE CHILD.

By Annie Coolidge Rust,

The Frobel School of Kindergarten in Normal Classes, Boston.

CHILDREN know those who understand them and those who do not; for example, a child had been left for a day or two in the care of his aunt, and most unfortunately for little Charles, as she did not like children and never knew how to meet them. Charley had had a very hard time each day, for whenever he tried to do this or that, it was hindered by "don't Charley," until the little one was very weary of it. There was no suggestion telling him what to do and thus to render the time pleasant and happy during his dear mother's absence. When his Aunt Carrie went with him to bed, and in a cool, matter of fact way, said, "Now Charley kneel down and say your prayer," he could hardly approach her knee, the loved place to say the prayer with his mother; but he looked at her most appealingly and said, "Won't you leave me alone with God?" She had to leave him but listened outside the door. After the usual one he added "Dear God, Aunt Carrie says I have been naughty. I suppose I have. Say God! will you forgive me?"

When his mother returned, he threw his arms about her neck, and said that he had another name, "Don't Charley."

The child comes to us endowed with all its innate powers infolded and we have the privilege and great responsibility of assisting in its unfoldment; but we have no right to interfere with his individuality, his all round development. We would never think of disturbing the rose-bud in its growth; yet how often the heart and soul of the child is most ruthlessly torn asunder.

Let him remain for a time ignorant of himself, let him live naturally, and drink in his wisdom and his religion from the influences which God makes play around him. In order to rightly lead the child, we must psychologically understand him, take time to study him, to know something of his thoughts, somewhat of the ground we are stepping upon, for it is sacred, and we would not willingly offend one of these little ones, or hinder its full unfoldment. There is no more interesting and absorbing study than that of the human being, especially the very active, unconscious child. We wish to keep him unconscious but lead him to the control of this activity, using it in just the rightful way

for his best good towards the development of his self-activity. Froebel desires that we should lead the child to choose to be his best self, to free self-determination.

The great question among mothers, teachers, and those who have the daily care of children, is, "How can this be done?" We must not force him; but lead him to see the force of his own actions, and by realizing this, he becomes aware of the fact that he harms himself more than anyone else. The outcome of it all being that we lead the child to self-control, and when he is self-controlled then he has the inner power of resistance when any temptation comes, and he becomes stronger in not yielding to this temptation, thus being able to master a greater one. "The exceedingly bad boy of the tenement house," in fact when asked his name, gave this. Yes, this boy can be reached, by touching the divine spark within him, by leading him to see that there is the possibility of his being one of the best boys in the great city and the best in the tenement house." When this was said to him who was considered quite hopeless by some, his reply to me was, "No one ever told me that before." By leading him to direct his own activity in the right way, he fully realized the force of his own actions, and having experienced the great pleasure that came to him after doing a kind act, he much preferred to be this kind of a boy. He learned to discriminate between the lawless acting and the self-directed activity for good.

The opposite over-indulged child in the luxuriant home with every wish gratified and anticipated, should also be led to see the need of his self-control, his free self-determination, which is just the opposite of the self-willed child who is weak and tyrannical. The child's innate yearning is to be his own self. Of course all this is unconscious to him, he is simply his happy, true self. He resents being constantly interfered with, therefore never having a chance to find himself, and to know himself, which is the beginning of wisdom. There are many examples of how this true leading of the child is done, and, of the grand results which followed in the individual child's life. We must first believe in his really at heart truly desiring to be his best self, therefore if he knows that we expect this from him in thought and deed he will more easily be so, as it is a stimulus to him. Children like to be valued as individual human beings and fully respected according to their age, and their rights regarded just as we expect them to regard our rights. If we expect respect and love from the children, we must first give both, and prove our theory in our lives, not demanding one thing of the child and utterly neglecting the same rightful demand on the part of the child, on the ground of the right, the good, the true when it comes under our own acts.

We must lead the child to see that he can make himself what he chooses — it lies in his own hands. By asking him "What is the name of the child you take care of?" you throw him upon his own responsibility. At first he thinks that you mean someone else, his younger brother or sister, but after leading him on with appropriate, pertinent questions he will respond and say "Why the boy is myself." Now this

leading of the child does not rest only upon behavior, but it is basic, and he will be led on to the fuller expression of what has been roused and quickened within him and through his self-expression, either in language, action, of the expression of the face, you will know that he is beginning to realize the power of this inner life, his self-hood. This once realized, the happiness of this self-expression is his reward for the effort it caused him, and the response to that craved by him. Of course, he is unconscious of the depth of this, its great value to him in his life always; but as he grows older he will come more fully into its realization. He simply "feels rightly all through" and this has been said by many of them. He feels this unity in his life. He is being formed and with this development at each stage will not need to be reformed later in life. He is full of happiness, love, full expression of himself.

Leading the child also refers to the matter of fully allowing the powers to grow, or be expressed, to have him unfold, and of finding out his innate powers, when for instance, he is allowed to do the certain thing that he will naturally wish to do, then you will be able to better know what he can do and thus is led on to the greater realization of his ability in one way or another, whether later on in music, art, poetry, fairy stories, mechanics, etc., etc. If we do not allow this freedom in the start we may crush out the simple desire which afterwards remains dormant, for the possessor may never know that he had this power until too late.

There is much in the sincere manner in which the child is met, even in the expression of the face, which should be one that will inspire him to right action. This influence does not stop in the child's life, but the great inspiration which helped him over difficulties, for he knew that his father, mother, teacher understood it all, stays with him when older, and he can and will look back to the crisis of his life and say, "What would I have done had it been otherwise?" The child has a right to his God given powers, his endowment, his birthright, and no one has a right to trespass upon them, to destroy them, and so crush him, that he cannot be his best self, and fully express the creative power within him. "Man is a creative being." (Froebel.) He must reach the realization of his self-activity in its fullest sense. How grand a work it is for fathers, mothers, teachers to thus lead the child. It is really ideal and ideally real. To truly live every human being must realize this, and thus life becomes so full of meaning, of joy, peace, freedom, according to each stage of development, child, boy, youth and manhood. Froebel says "The child must be his best at each stage or what each stage calls for." His threefold relationship, and threefold development must be secured, neither one to the detriment of the others,— all harmoniously blended. We must have the self-controlled human being, therefore, free determining, obedient to the law of love, truly himself in his all-round unfoldment, the finest manifestation of God.

CHILDREN'S AMUSEMENT (STORY-TELLING).

By Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, Founder of the National Congress of Mothers.

It would be of infinite advantage to the childhood of the world if every young woman could, in the course of her education, have at least one year in a kindergarten training school. There are women who are endowed with a marvellous spirit of maternity and who seem to know by intuition how to amuse, direct and develop their children in the best way; but such women are rare, and the majority of mothers are often at their wits' ends to find suitable amusements and occupations for their young children. In communities where kindergartens flourish the children from four to six years of age who attend them are well provided with occupations and games; these, the ready mother who is wise enough to visit the kindergarten, can in a measure adapt to home needs.

The children should be encouraged to sing the songs, repeat the stories and play the games in their homes which they have learned in the kindergarten or primary grades. These often prove a source of healthful diversion for father and mother, the older brothers and sisters, as well as a means of development to the child through a use of his newly acquired power in a field outside the school.

It is interesting to an adult and helpful to a child for the former to draw forth the child's conception of things seen and heard. By this means children are taught to express what they feel and think, and are thereby saved suffering in later life through unnecessary repression. The busiest mother can learn a few stories "by heart," as the children say, and these may be told over and over again, for familiarity with a story usually increases its charm for a child; and I believe all kindergartners are agreed that a story well told is of more vital interest and has a higher educational value than one which is read. However, the great majority of mothers need not be discouraged because of lack of time in which to commit stories to memory, for any really good story either told or read will receive rapt attention from eager young listeners.

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FIRST STEPS IN WONDERLAND,

[A story to read with the children.]

By Charles Welsh.

THIS is the story of the most wonderful shoes in the world.

It all came about in this way.

The father of Lottie and Carlo was a great traveller. There was hardly a corner of the world into which he had not been.

He had been far up North among the Esquimaux and had lived in their snow houses or igloos, as they are called. He had been away down South in the beautiful islands of the Pacific Ocean. He had lived among wild and savage tribes wherever they were to be found. But most of all he loved the wonderland of the East—the earliest home of Fairy Tale and Romance, and many were the stories these happy children heard of their father's wanderings and of the marvelous things he saw—and many were the wonder-tales which he told them as they sat in the garden under the trees in the summer time or on his knee by the firelight during the long winter evenings.

But it was long before they were old enough for Travellers' Tales that the Wonder Shoes came upon the scene.

Their father had been a great traveller for years before they were born. He used to bring with him from every journey all sorts of curious and wonderful things which he came across in his travels. Odd-looking bows and arrows—queer guns and wonderful swords—gorgeous dresses of silk and satin—carpets so soft and thick that your feet would seem to sink into them almost up to the ankles. Curious carved cabinets for holding delicate china—cups and saucers as thin and as light as an egg shell—and a thousand other things too many to tell.

But the one thing he had such as no one else had ever brought together was a great collection of the boots, shoes, slippers, sandals, moccasins, *sabots,* and other kind of foot-wear which can be called by none of these names which he had gathered up in nearly all the countries of the world.

There were shoes of all sorts and sizes, and made of all sorts of material. Babies' shoes, boys' and girls' shoes, shoes for young misses, and for young and grown up people of all ages. There were shoes which had long pointed toes hung from the knee by a silver chain—and there were shoes so broad that they could take in two ordinary feet—there were sandals and shoes that scarcely covered the ankles—and boots that came up over the knees. In fact there were in this collection specimens of nearly all the shoes that ever men and women had worn since they left off going with bare feet. Indeed there were so many, and so many different kinds that I could not describe them all if I had a book twice as big as this to tell about them in.

But there were two pairs of shoes that came from the Far East—from a country where, at the time of which I am writing, few Europeans or Americans had ever been, and they were bought in a bazaar, which is a sort of fair, but entirely unlike any fair or store of which you, my children, can have any idea.

Imagine a long narrow street so narrow that a man standing in the middle of it could touch the stores on either side. The sun's rays which are so strong in the East are partly kept out by matting hung overhead, which stretches across the street. But it is torn in places and the fierce sunlight strikes in here and there, lighting up the gaudy colors of the merchandise and the brilliant display of jewelry so that it all looks like a bit out of Fairyland.

The stores are something like big boxes with the lids off set on their sides. The merchant sits within, on the floor, his legs crossed like a tailor on his bench, and he is generally smoking a curious pipe with a long stem which he calls a *chibouque.* Gay goods of all kinds are

AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Life in the Orient is strangely different from our own in detail and yet wonderfully alike in principle. It is really climate that makes the very small differences. In colder lands business must be done indoors. In the lands of heat and sunshine, business is done out-of-doors, as we see in the picture. There people have plenty of time to bargain—they take life easily and spend hours in shopping which would be done in one quarter of the time in a colder country.

displayed before him. In one of these box-like shops are scarfs and shawls, stuffs for dresses, morning gowns and vests, handkerchiefs, sashes, purses and tobacco-bags in rich and brilliant colors lying about in careless heaps.

In another are cloaks of camel hair and cloth of gold —so stiff that they will almost stand upright of themselves. In another, which is a drug or apothecary's store, are to be found wonderful scents and strangely perfumed drinks and the marvelous attar of roses, the secret of making which is known only in the East. In another which is enclosed behind bars, sits a Jew with his store of precious stones spread out before him. Pearls, opals, turquoises, diamonds, curious rings, wonderful filigree work in silver and gold are here, and the merchant sits calmly smoking and carefully watching while his customers handle and examine the goods.

And the people in this narrow, busy street are as wonderful as the display of merchandise. The women are veiled and wear long drapery—only their eyes can be seen. The men are dressed in gay colors and costumes which are as strange as they are striking and beautiful.

It was in one of these bazaars in a box of a store which contained nothing but foot-wear that these wonderful shoes of which I have to tell were bought.

FIRST STEPS.

I don't think I have told you that Lottie and Carlo were twins. Their mother was a sensible mother, and she did not confine her babies' feet in shoes until they were ready to use them and wanted to begin to walk out of doors. She put their little feet into something warm and soft and fluffy—when it was needed to keep them warm—but whenever she could she let them go with bare feet, so that their toes should have room to curl and uncurl themselves and grow as nature intended them to do.

Their mother was also a very careful mother in other ways. She thought there was no need to buy shoes for her babies when there was so large a collection in the

house. So she went and looked through all of them, until she found two pairs exactly alike and of the right size for her two babies.

"This is lucky," thought she, but she did not know how lucky, as you will learn, and she at once decided that these were the shoes that the babies should wear.

They were white and soft and smooth and strong—they were so strong that they could not be torn or broken—they were so smooth and soft that they could not hurt the babies' tender feet, and so white that—but I must not tell you about that just yet.

And the shoes were something more than all this. You will remember that they had come from the East, which is the land of magic and mystery and wonder, and though their mother did not know it, she had picked out the original and only Wonder Shoes in the world. Shoes that did such—but you will see what kind of shoes they were and what they did as you read on.

And now the twins were ready to walk—or rather they wanted to try to walk, and so one day the shoes were put on—it was wonderful to see how easily they fitted, and it seemed as if the shoes helped them to stand upright and guided their tottering feet from chair to sofa—and from sofa to chair again. Then there was another wonderful thing; babies' feet do not grow very fast, but they do grow, and these wonderful shoes grew with the babies' feet—so that they were never too small for them.

For some time they toddled about in the house with these easy and comfortable shoes on their feet. But the summer time was coming on, and after awhile the twins found their way into the garden. Now the garden was one of those old-fashioned gardens with rambling paths, and high hedges on either side, with beautiful walks and high trees, where the birds built their nests and the winds made sweet music as they blew the leaves and the branches to and fro.

Hand in hand they wandered about this garden day after day until the summer sun grew warmer, and sometimes they became so hot and tired that they were glad to lie down in the shade and rest. Sometimes, too, they

THE FIRST STEPS

AFTER THE PAINTING IN THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904

Prince or Pauper alike make their first steps into the wonder-land of life with faltering feet, and by this means they learn their first lesson of self-reliance and of profiting by example.

fell asleep, and their nurse and mother had to hunt a long time before they found them.

One part of this old garden the children always liked the best; it was farthest from the house, it was the shadiest spot, and it was called the Queen's Walk. The reason why it was called the Queen's Walk was this. Some three hundred years before a famous Queen had visited the house and grounds, and in honor of her visit a grove of young trees was planted. Of course, in three hundred years the trees had grown to a noble size. All sorts of lovely flowers grew on either side of the walk, and it was as beautiful a place as any queen or princess might love to wander in.

With uncertain steps, because of the sunlight which came through the leaves of the trees, making spots of bright gold on the ground which the little ones vainly tried to pick up, they were toddling along one day, when all at once they saw at the end of the avenue a lady such as they had never seen before. She was an old lady, with a pleasant, kind and motherly face, and she was dressed as they had never seen any one dressed in all their little lives before.

Her hat was not like anything that any one wore in their day; she wore a curious dress with an open-worked bodice, and a short quilted skirt; she carried a cane in her hand, she had a broom under her arm and wore shoes with silver buckles. But I cannot describe her with my pen. I am sure you have seen a picture of her.

At first the little ones were somewhat frightened, but as she came nearer and smiled and looked kindly at them, they did not turn and try to run away, but kept toddling along until they seemed to be quite close to the old lady.

Some of you may have guessed the name of this wonderful old lady by this time, but I am sure none of you know just how old she is. "The world was but a baby when she came." She is older than the ancient Druids, older than the Egyptian Pyramids, older than the ruins of Baalbec, and if you don't know how old these are, ask your teacher or your parents, or your big brother in the High School.

Then she has had to do with even more babies than that other

"Old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed."

She was, in fact, the very same old woman about whom somebody wrote, but nobody knows who, hundreds of years ago, but nobody knows when, telling how she was

Tossed in a basket
Seventeen times as high as the moon,
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs down from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

She was the same old lady who

When she wanted to wander
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

And she also

Had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

Now who can tell me the name of this queer old lady? If you don't know it now you will surely find it out in the next chapter.

IN THE LAND OF MOTHER GOOSE.

The twins toddled so far to meet her that they had gone beyond the Queen's Walk, but still they seemed to get no nearer to the old lady.

All at once, however, she stopped and said:

"Welcome, children, to the land of Mother Goose—you are now over the border and must meet the Baker man at once."

And she turned to a very correctly dressed baker, with a white cap and jacket, and face and hands all covered with flour. Then Carlo, never knowing how it was he came to do it, began to say

"Pat a cake, pat a cake Baker man
So I do master as fast as I can.
Nick it and prick it and mark it with C
And put it in the oven for Lottie and me."

The Baker man quickly disappeared as if to do as he was told, when all at once five little pigs came in sight. Lottie was saying, and she never knew why,

"This little pig went to market
This little pig stayed at home
This little pig had roast beef
This little pig had none
This little pig went squeak, squeak,
All the way home."

The pigs could not have been very far on their way home before Carlo spied

Two little blackbirds
Sitting on a hill

and they seemed to know without being told that

The one was named Jack
The other named Jill

so they cried out both together

"Fly away Jack!
Fly away Jill!
Come again Jack!
Come again Jill!"

For a long time they amused themselves, watching the blackbirds fly away and come again until they were tired of the fun. Just when they were about to go on their walks again—

"Look, who is this coming?" said Mother Goose.

How the children knew I cannot tell you, but cer-

tain it is that they both clapped their hands in glee and cried out together—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?"

and Mary came quickly up to them and replied

"With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all of a row."

So saying Mary led them to her wonderful garden, which is of course only to be found in Mother Goose land, and they spent some time looking at the curious things that grew there. Then the old lady in some wonderful way took them—

"To market to market to buy a plum bun"—

which they ate on their way back toward the house. On their way they came to a pretty little summer house, and as they were tired with walking so much the old lady and the twins went into the summer house to sit down and rest. There while they sat and finished their cake—

"Cushey cow bonny, came and let down her milk."

and the old lady at once "gave her a purse of silk." Presently Lottie asked her if she would not tell them a story—and sing to them as their good mother did. This was an easy thing for Mother Goose to do, for she knows more stories and songs and lullabies than all the mothers in the world put together. So she showed them "The way the ladies ride" and told them first,

What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

and afterwards,

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all that's nice.
And that's what little girls are made of."

After that came the story of

Diddle, diddle dumpling
My son John.
Who went to bed
With his stockings on
One shoe off
The other shoe on
Diddle, diddle dumpling
My son John

Then they began to feel more and more tired, and they heard a soft voice singing:

"Hush-a-by baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all,"

and then:

"Good night
Sleep tight
Wake up bright
In the morning light
To do what's right
With all your might."

The next thing they knew was that the sun was shining in at the window of their own bedroom, where they were both in their own little cots, which stood side by side.

How they got there they could never remember.

MOTHER GOOSE'S ZO-O-LO-GI-CAL GARDEN.

And the Wonder Shoes grew bigger and bigger, and every fine day the children wandered away down the Queen's Walk. But the old lady was not to be seen every day.

At last there came a day which was one of the most wonderful days in the wonderful lives of these two little children. They were out bright and early and the Wonder Shoes seemed to help them to walk faster and farther than ever before, and very soon they saw the old lady coming to meet them from the end of the long walk.

After their good-mornings were said in the politest manner possible, she said:

"I think we might spend today in my Zoo."

Now this puzzled the children very much, and they said in one breath, "Your Zoo? What is a Zoo?"

"Well, it is my Zo-o-lo-gi-cal Garden," replied the old lady.

"What a long, funny word," said Carlo.

"What grows in the garden?" said Lottie.

"Come and you shall see.' And as they went the old lady sang to them—

"Bow, wow,"
Says the dog;
"Mew, mew,"
Says the cat;

"Grunt, grunt,"
Says the hog;
And "squeak"
Goes the rat.

"Tu-whu,"
Says the owl;
"Caw, caw,"
Says the crow.

"Quack, quack,"
Says the duck;
And what sparrows
Say, you know.

So, with sparrows and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

When she had finished, Lottie said in a whisper to Carlo:

"Perhaps the Zoo Garden is where she keeps her pet cats and dogs and Dicky birds."

Before he could answer the old lady, whose ears were of the very sharpest, said, "You have guessed right, and here we are at the gate."

As the gate opened, one of the most beautiful pussy cats in the world came up to the children and rubbed itself against their legs. Of course the children in some queer way knew exactly what to say, and they both repeated:

"I love little pussy her coat is so warm
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm,
So I'll not pull her tail nor drive her away
But pussy and I very gently will play."

Then the other cats they saw! There was

A cat who came fiddling,
Out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes
Under her arm.
She could ding nothing
But fiddle cum fee
The mouse has married
The Bumble-bee.

And the children and the old lady all sang together:

'Pipe cat, dance mouse,
We'll have a wedding
At our good house.

Then there was pussy cat Mole
Who jumped over a coal
And in her best petticoat
Burnt a great hole.

Pussy cat Mole,
Shan't have any milk
Till the best petticoat's
Mended with silk."

And then there was the cat that ran up the plum tree. As soon as the children saw it do that, they said:

"Half a crown,
To fetch her down
Diddledy, diddledy dumpty."

But no one fetched her down, and the cat never came back, so they kept their half a crown.

After looking in upon

Dame Trot and her cat
Who lead a peaceful life
When they were not troubled
With other folk's strife.

They saw:

The two gray kits
And the gray kits' mother
All go over
The bridge together;
The bridge broke down,
And they all fell in.

This was funny and made the children laugh, because no one came to any harm, but it was nothing to the way they laughed when they saw:

The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see such sport
While the dish ran away with the spoon.

While they were still laughing at these funny antics a fine black cat came scampering by with something in her mouth. She went so quickly that the children could hardly see what it was, but they both began:

"Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Cat's ran away with the pudding string,
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two."

Sitting in a stately manner in a corner all alone was the biggest and proudest looking cat that ever was seen. Round its neck was a curious collection of pieces of paper of different colors, with curious words in strange languages, names of foreign cities and far-away hotels printed on them. Any one could see that this cat had been a great traveler and the children at once said to him:

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?"

Very proudly he purred his reply:

"I've been to London
To look at the Queen."

Then the children asked him

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What did you there?"

And still more proudly he said:

"I frightened a little mouse
Under her chair."

The prettiest thing that they saw in the Cat-land of Mother Goose's Zoo was the cutest little cats' house that you ever could imagine. In it were three of the loveliest little kittens, living at home with their mother. As they watched and admired the beautiful group—

The kittens began to cry,
"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

Oh, let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens
And hung them out to dry,
"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by!"
"Hush, hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a rat close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

But there were dogs as well as cats, and as one came up with a

"Bow, wow, wow,"

Lottie said:

"Whose dog art thou?"

And the wonderful dog replied:

"Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow."

Then they saw the

Two little dogs
Who sat by the fire
Over a fender of fire-dust.

Said one little dog,
To the other little dog,
"If you don't talk, why I must."

And there was also the dog who

Leg over leg went to Dover
When he came to a stile
Jump — he went over.

The cats and dogs in Mother Goose's Zoo were wonderful and wise beasts, but I think the Twins were even better pleased with the birds they saw there. They saw the cock robin who got up early

At the break of day
And went to Jenny's window
To sing a roundelay.
He sang Cock Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren
And when he got unto the end
Then he began again.

There were also the

Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie,

They saw that

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing

And then the twins said to each other:

"Is not that a dainty dish
To set before a King?"

But they happily just missed seeing the cruel sight when

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
And up came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

They did, however, see that

Little Robin Redbreast who sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mee-ow," and Robin flew away.

And then the hens and chickens and roosters there were there! Somehow Lottie began to tell Carlo about:

"Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Higgledy piggledy, my black hen."

There must have been something in the air of Mother Goose Land, for Carlo seeing a handsome bird crowing away with all his might turned to his sister and said:

"The cock doth crow
To let you know
If you be wise
It's time to rise."

But the old lady said, "Not yet, for you must go to bed before you rise. I have more to show you in my Zoo before you go to bed, but let me first tell you about another Mary who is not contrary. You can see her if you look in at the window over there":

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs; upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd often sit,
To hear her own Canary.

The very same Cushey-cow bonny they had seen before was wandering near them with a lovely little calf by its side and Carlo was so merry at the thought of more warm, sweet milk that he sang:

"I had a little cow; Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song half.
I had a little cow;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song all!"

And the old lady told them that

There was an old man
And he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

Then there was a poor dirty, muddy pony standing all alone with his head hanging down and looking very tired indeed. When Lottie saw it she told Carlo in quite a secret way, as if she wished no one else to hear:

"I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire."

But Carlo hardly listened to her story, for he was looking at the most curious horse that ever was seen, and the most curious thing about it was that a little boy was carrying it in his arms and singing:

"I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple gray;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without another groat."

Now pigs are almost the funniest little beasties in all the wide world, but the pigs in the Mother Goose Land are funnier than all. The children saw there:

A long tailed pig, a short tailed pig,
A pig without a tail,
A sow pig, a boar pig,
And a pig with a curly tail.

There was also the wonderful pig about which the old lady said:

"Upon my word and honor,
As I was going to Bonner
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor."

And—this pig really had no wig, so the children knew it must have been the same one.

Then there was the pig that

Flew up in the air and
The man in brown who brought him down
With a dickery, dickery dare.

And of all the queer pigs there was the pig that belonged to Betty Pringle—and this is the story which Mother Goose told the children about it.

Betty Pringle had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big,
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.

So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died;
So there was an end of one, two, and three:
Billy Pringle he
Betty Pringle she
And the piggy-wiggy.

"But what is that little girl crying for?" said Lottie, hardly able to keep politely quiet until the old lady had finished.

"Why, here is little Bo-peep," said she, "and I will tell you *her* story."

Little Bo-peep
  Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell
  Where to find them;
Leave them alone,
  And they'll come home,
And bring their
  Tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
  And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke and found it a joke,
  For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
  Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
  For they'd left all their tails behind 'em!

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
  Unto a meadow hard by —
There she espied their tails side by side
  All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
  And over the hillock she raced;
And tried what she could, as
  A shepherdess should,
That each tail should be
  Properly placed.

Carlo's attention was wandering again, and as soon as the story of Bo-peep was done he went up to two sheep which stood by themselves and Lottie listened while he had this conversation with them:

"Bah, bah, black sheep,
  Have you any wool?"
"Yes, marry, have I,
  Three bags full:

"One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane."

The sight of the little lambs frisking about by the side of their mothers then set Lottie to singing:

"Young lambs to sell,
Young lambs to sell;
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry — young lambs to sell."

But, oh, dear me, if I do not make haste I shall never tell you all the children saw that day. There was

The mouse that ran up the clock,
The clock struck one
And down he run,
Dickory, Dickory, Dock.

And the little:

Mice that sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by and he peeped in.
"Shall I come in and cut off your threads?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you'll snap off our heads,"

said the mice.

Presently they came to a fine old-fashioned farm-house and the farmer's wife greeted them with a pleasant smile and invited them to go inside. They had not been there long before they saw the

Three blind mice, see how they run
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving knife.

And the old lady said:

"Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?"

It was in the farmer's house too that they saw that

Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;

The cat saw him jump and run under the table,
And the dog said, "Catch him, puss, as soon as you're able."

Out of doors again trotted the children, and while Carlo was saying to a snail which he saw on the wall:

"Snail, snail, put out your horn,
Then I'll give you a barley corn."

the children were startled by a terrible rushing of feet, and a sound as of a crowd of people hurrying away.

The children knew at once that it was

The four and twenty tailors
Who went to kill a snail,
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail;

She put out her horns
Like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run! or
She'll kill you all e'en now.

By this time the evening was coming on—the owls were begining to wake up, for you know owls sleep all day and only wake up at night, and the last thing the twins remembered seeing and hearing that day was

The owl who lived in an oak
Wisky, wasky, weedle,
And every word he ever spoke
Was "fiddle, faddle, feedle."

. . . . . .

Truly this was a wonderful day for the children and I have not told you of one-half of the wonderful things that there are in the wonderful Zo-o-lo-gi-cal Gardens of Mother Goose.

QUEER FOLK IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND.

And the Wonder Shoes grew bigger and bigger, and the children kept on their wanderings in Mother Goose Land. It was not long after their wonderful day in the

Zo-o-lo-gi-cal Gardens of Mother Goose—the twins could now find their way through the gates alone, and they often used to roam about without ever seeing the old lady herself,—when one bright morning the old lady met them, and after they had all three politely wished each other good day, she said:

"I think it is time you met some of my queer people."

"What are queer people?" said the twins. "Are they like Mary, Mary, so contrary?"

"There is no one else quite like her," was the answer. "There are queer people of all sorts."

"Are they kind and good?" asked Lottie.

"They were never known to hurt little boys and girls," replied the old lady. "Ah, who is this?" and Mother Goose said:

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry."

So they left him sleeping there. Just then who should come along but Simple Simon. The children knew him at once. It was the same

Simple Simon who met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail!

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;

He pricked his fingers very much,
  Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky bird,
  And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt,
  To put upon its tail.

He went for water with a sieve,
  But soon it all ran through,
And now poor Simple Simon
  Bids you all adieu.

As Simple Simon went away there came up

The girl in the lane that couldn't speak plain
  Cried gobble, gobble, gobble,
And the man on the hill that couldn't keep still
  Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

Charley Wag, who ate the pudding and left the bag, followed them, and then sure enough it was nobody but Little Jack Horner whom they next saw. There he was in his corner

Eating of Christmas pie,
  He put in his thumb
  And took out a plum
And said "What a brave boy am I!"

For a while they wandered along and met no one else, but they presently saw the most odd, curly-wurly, crinkley-wrinkley little house that ever was; nothing about it was straight. The chimney was like a corkscrew and the children soon found out who lived there. It was

The little crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a crooked little house.

Presently

A man came riding on a little Jack Nag
Another before him with bottle and bag.

These of course were,

Robin and Richard
Two pretty men,
Who lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten.
Then up starts Robin
And looks at the sky,
Says "Oh brother Richard,
The sun's very high!"

Then there was

Margery Daw,
Who sold her bed
And lay upon straw.

and

The three Wise Men of Gotham
Who went to sea in a bowl,

As they passed them the children fancied they heard some one say,

"If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer."

So far the children had wandered without seeing anything to disturb or frighten them. It was all amusing and interesting—as they would have said if they had known what such long words meant. But all at once they heard a terrible screaming, and looking around they at once saw what was the matter, for there were

Jack and Jill who went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Mother Goose, however, soon came on the scene and mended Jack's head for him, but there was more noise to come, for

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run,
The pig was eat and Tom was beat
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Tom was no sooner out of sight, however, than a man in a curious dress of red, black and white, and as thin as a piece of cardboard, came running out of a fine-looking house, for all the world just like a king's palace, and so it was. He was crying and screaming and making a great to-do.

"What is the matter? What shall we do?" cried both the children. And the old lady, who was quite near them in all this turmoil, told them that,

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more."

All was quiet once more and it really seemed as if the children had heard noise enough for one day; but no, there was a loud scream from a little girl and a deep groan from a funny little old man. The girl was

Little Miss Muffett,
She sat on a tuffett,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffett away.

And the old man was

The man in the moon
Who came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

Then there was a loud barking of dogs, and Carlo said to Lottie:

"Hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,

The beggars are coming to town;
Some in tags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns."

The children themselves by this time thought they had had enough noise for that day, and asked the old lady to show them some quiet queer people, for they said:

"We're all in the dumps,
And diamonds are trumps
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's,
The babies are bit
The moon's in a fit
And the houses are built without walls."

"Very well," she replied, "but let us go into the house and rest awhile."

So they went in, the old lady saying:

"Cross patch
Draw the latch,
Set by the fire and spin.
Take a cup
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in."

Soon a neat and trim little serving maid appeared, and the old lady sang:

'Polly put the kettle on.
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea."

When they had drunk their tea, the twins asked for a story, and all they could get at first was:

"I'll tell you a story
About Jack a' Nory,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
About his brother,
And now my story's done."

"More, more," begged both the children. So she went on,

"I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint-pot,
And then I bade him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down,
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him little garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his little nose."

"More, more," again cried the children, and the old lady went on,

"There was a little man and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook, and saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was a swimming, with his curly tail,
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark!
He let off his gun, but he fired too soon;
And the drake flew away with a 'Quack! quack! quack!'"

Again the children asked for more, but it was time to be going homeward, the old lady said.

"And besides," she added, "we have to meet a few more of my queer people before you go to bed."

And sure enough they did meet some queer people. The first one was a man who could not walk straight, no matter how he tried. For it was

Peter White who will never go right,

because, as the children could plainly see,

He follows his nose wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

The next queer person they met was an

Old woman and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

Then a curious couple came creeping along the road, and the old lady said:

"Ah, here is

Jack Sprat who can eat no fat,
His wife can eat no lean,
And so betwixt them both you see
They make the platter clean."

Along came also

Little Tommy Tucker
Vho sings for his supper,
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er knife?
How shall he marry
Without e'er a wife?

After him a funny little fellow wheeling a pretty little lady in a wheel-barrow and singing:

"When I was a bachelor
I lived by myself;
And all the bread and cheese I got
I put upon the shelf.

The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To buy me a wife.

The streets were so bad,
And the lanes were so narrow,

I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.

As the sound of this singing died away, the children peeped in at the window of a house they were passing and saw three little fellows on three little stools, and this is what they heard:

"To bed! To bed!"
Says Sleepy Head.
"Tarry awhile," says Slow.
"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy sot,
"We'll sup before we go."

And then they saw and heard and remembered no more. Perhaps the rest of the queer people in Mother Goose Land had gone to bed, and perhaps the twins themselves had dropped off to sleep — I wonder which it was?

More Queer Folk

And the Wonder Shoes grew bigger and bigger, as the babies continued to grow bigger and bigger, and still they wandered in the Land of Mother Goose. But the days were growing shorter, and neither Mother Goose nor the children now spent so much time out of doors in the Queen's Walk—or in the Wonder Land beyond. But there were some few fine days left and some more of the old lady's friends to meet. One day they met the man who

Was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched 'em in again.

Another time they saw

Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
Turn them out now all three.

And there were more kings in Mother Goose Land also. First there was

Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust that was the wall,
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes, you ne'er saw the like.

Then there was

The King of France who went up the hill
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France who came down the hill
And ne'er went up again.

But the funniest and the merriest and the jolliest of all the kings the children saw was

Old King Cole
The merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee," went the fiddlers,
"Twee tweedle dee," said he
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

They met also

The three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
All on a summer's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other said "Nay;"

CHILDHOOD JOYS

FROM THE PAINTING BY VON LASCH IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

One of the best of the joys of childhood is the joy of life out-of-doors. And there is after all no more healthy joy than the joy of being useful. The mother with the hay-rake feels it—the little ones playing at driver feel it—the girl pulling and the boy pushing the wheelbarrow both feel and know it, for tasks become a pleasure when performed with a will.

The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other said "Nay;"
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o' 't cut away.

But if these huntsmen were curious fellows, some of the children they met were curios-er, especially

The three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer day;
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

Another time the old lady showed them two of her very curios-est characters. One she said was

The man in the wilderness who asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

and the other

Was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up through the chimney pot
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

There were many, many more wonderful things in Mother Goose Land, and the children used in these days to go as far as the old lady's house, which as you know

> Was built in a wood
> Where an owl at the door,
> For sentinel stood.

Now the owl, you know, is said to be a bird of great wisdom—why, I do not know, perhaps because he does not look very wise, only very solemn. Anyhow, the old lady was a very wise old lady herself and she taught the twins a very great many things which they did not quite understand then, but which meant a great deal to them when they grew older.

One night when the wind was blowing hard she told them

> "My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind
> Went round the house to find
> A chink to get her foot in:
> She tried the key-hole in the door,
> She tried the crevice in the floor,
> And drove the chimney soot in.
>
> "And then one night when it was dark
> She blew up such a tiny spark
> That all the house was pothered:
> From it she raised up such a flame
> As flamed away to Belting Lane,
> And White Cross folks were smothered.
>
> "And thus when once, my little dears,
> A whisper reaches itching ears,
> The same will come, you'll find:
> Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
> Remember what old Nurse has sung
> Of busy Lady Wind!"

At other different times she told them about the signs of the weather; about the seasons of the year; the days of the week and of the month; and told them games and riddles; about how to tell the time; the days to play and the time to go to bed; and the time to get out of bed; to

> Come when you're called
> Do what you're bid,

Shut the door after you
And never be chid.

And all this lasted until a whole year and more had passed away. One day soon after

Daffy Down Dilly
Had come up to town
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

The old lady and the twins were walking along the Queen's Walk toward their homes, when they met three of the oddest folk they had ever seen and yet it seemed to the children that they must have seen them somewhere before. As they came nearer all three of them politely bowed, and Mother Goose said:

Ah, I see,
Little A
Great A,
Bouncing B.

"Yes," she continued, each of the Twins saying after her two lines in turn:

A, B, C, and D,
Pray, playmates, agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess.
W, X, and Y,
Will not quarrel or die.
Z, and ampersand
Go to school at command.

"Children," said the old lady, a little sadly, "I fear I must now say 'good-bye.' Here are some new and powerful friends who can show you more wonderful and more beautiful things than I have done."

"But may we never come and see you any more," said the twins, who were more than half crying.

"Oh, yes," she said, "my Wonder Land is always open to people of child-like minds—they always come back to it with pleasure and I am always glad to see them, no matter how old they are."

The twins stood silent and were quite sad for a little while. Then the old lady said:

"Wait a little longer, I must not leave you without my parting gifts."

What else she said and what the gifts were the children did not understand or know, but I understand and know what they were—and so did the children in later years.

One gift she gave them was the gift of taking pleasure in innocent fun and odd fancies; another gift she gave them was the gift of a love of rhythm, of rhyme and of song—a gift which enabled them ever afterward to love the music of verses and sweet sounds, and later on gave them the power of enjoying the beauties there are in music.

IN NURSERY STORY LAND.

And the Wonder Shoes grew bigger and bigger as the twins grew bigger and bigger. The children soon grew to know the new friends they had met—I told you of them in the last chapter—so well that they did not have to stop to remember their names when they met them, no matter how they were mixed up—and they did mix themselves up in all sorts of queer ways, it is true.

These new friends turned out to be the very best friends they ever made—for now in all the wonderful wanderings of the twins of which I have yet to tell you, they were always to be found, and it was these new friends who helped them to understand the people they met, and the things they saw as they went through Nursery Story Land, and many of the other curious places into which the Wonder Shoes led them in these and in later years.

Of course, I shall not be able to tell you of all the

things the twins saw in their wandering, or of all the things they heard and did. Time and distance made no difference to these wonderful shoes, and they often took the children fast and far. Indeed, the older the children grew the faster and farther they traveled, and as the Wonder Shoes always kept their bright whiteness they were a lamp for their feet and a light for their path wherever they went.

Just beyond Mother Goose Land, but so near as to seem to be a part of it, was another country which was full of people and places which kept the twins busy exploring for a long while. Some people think that part of this land belongs to Mother Goose, and indeed I have seen in some maps of that part of the world in which it is all marked as belonging to her. But I know that Mother Goose herself does not claim it as her own. She has enough to do with what really does belong to her, and she is always kept busy showing her visitors about in her own land. I wonder if you have any idea of how many visitors she has every year? There are certainly millions of them, but I cannot say how many millions.

However, our twins with their Wonder Shoes and their new friends were able to find their way about without the old lady by this time.

I do not think I told you of a very curious thing about the new friends the children met towards the end of their stay in Mother Goose Land. They were quite deaf and dumb, all the twenty-six of them (did you count them?) —and yet they were able to speak to the children in a language they could understand. It is true it took them some time to find out what their new friends meant, but their eagerness to explore new countries and to see new sights made it much easier for them than it would have been.

On one of their earliest wanderings in this new country, they met a rat and a cat and a dog and a cow, and a girl, and a man, and a priest and a rooster, and a farmer sowing corn in a field—all these were walking in a procession and their new friends told them

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Now if you can say all this backwards, beginning: This is the house that Jack built, This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built—and so on without making a single mistake, you will be as clever as the twins were—for they could do it easily.

It would seem that at this time there were many processions going about in the country, for not long after they met another. There was an old woman, and a pig, and a dog, and an ox, and a butcher, and a mouse, all walking round a fire, and a pail of water which was near a tree, over a bough of which a strong rope was hanging.

As the children were looking, the old woman put her hand in her pocket and found a nice piece of cheese; and when the mouse had eaten it,

The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig began to go.

The old lady very kindly explained to the twins that she was sweeping her house that morning when to her great joy she found a silver sixpence.

"What," thought she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I think I will go to market and buy a pig." So the next day, she went to market, and bought a nice

little white pig. She tied a string to one of the pig's legs, and began to drive him home.

On the way, the old woman and her pig came to a stile, and she said:

"Please, pig, get over the stile."
But the pig would not.

And the dog would not bite the pig, and the stick would not beat the dog, and the fire would not burn the stick, and the water would not quench the fire, and the ox would not drink the water, and the butcher would not kill the ox, and the rope would not hang the butcher, and the mouse would not gnaw the rope—until the old woman found the piece of cheese I have told you of. But what time the old woman and her pig got home, you, nor I, nor anybody knows.

Another time they came to a curious monument erected to the memory of a wonderful dog.

"This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight.
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write,"

was part of the writing on the monument. But he could laugh and feed the cat, and dance a jig, and play the flute, and ride a goat, and use the spinning wheel, and, said the silent friends, this is the way he came to his sad end:

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog a bone;
And when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
And when she came back,
The poor Dog was dead.

On one fine day the children saw a sign-post which read "This way to Lee." This looked as if there might be

something or somebody to see at Lee, for if not surely no one would have taken the trouble to put up the sign-post. The children made up their minds to go to Lee to see. Just as they reached the village a comical sight met their eyes which made the children smile. They could not help it, though they were too polite to laugh outright, so they bowed and said good-morning as soberly as they could. Now this was

Dame Wiggins of Lee
A worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle, or
Wash'd in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipa-thy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

Being a kind hearted old lady who loved children as much as she loved her cats—I am sorry to say I have seen some people who do not—she stopped her dancing and answered the greeting of the twins.

"Come, children, and rejoice with me, for I have my cats again," said she. "And as we go I will tell you about them."

She told them how the cats, having driven all the rats and mice away, had been sent to school where soon they all of them learned

How to read the word "milk,"
And to spell the word "mew,"
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea.
"Was there ever such dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The cats learned to fish, to row a boat, to mend carpets, to slide and skate on the ice,

And when spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.

"If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She told them, too, how the cats wheeled a poor sick lamb home in a barrow and nursed it till it was well. Then came the sad story of how

She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon — what a fuss!
"Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

And she told them, too, that she was dancing for joy, because one day when "her heart was nigh broke,"

She sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back,
Each riding a sheep.
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my.
Ah, welcome, my dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

Then she told the children how kind the farmer had been—how he

"Gave them some field mice
And raspberry cream,"

and the pranks the cats played afterwards, blowing on trumpets and riding each on the back of a goose. Until at last

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

Not very far from the village of Lee, as they were returning by another way which Dame Wiggins showed them, they came to a house in the middle of the wood through which they had to go. They had not expected to find a house there, so they went near to look at it more closely. On the wall was painted the words like this:

Three Bear House.
THREE BEAR HOUSE.
THREE BEAR HOUSE.

Now the name was printed so because one of the bears was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle Sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear.

The twins did not know enough to be afraid of bears, or perhaps they knew too much to be afraid of bears, for some wise men say that human beings are the last thing that beasts will attack unless they are provoked. So without any fear the children walked to the house and peeped in at the windows, and this is what they saw.

A little old woman had just lifted the latch and gone in; of course she had no business there, as the bears were out and they had left their porridge for breakfast on the table to cool. There was a little pot of porridge for the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and a middle sized pot of porridge for the Middle Bear, and a great pot of porridge for the Great, Huge Bear.

Now the old woman was not a good old woman, for she set about helping herself to what did not belong to her.

First she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then the little old woman sat down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the

chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came she, plump upon the ground.

Then the little old woman went upstairs into the bedchamber in which the three bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old woman would have put them in her pocket.

"Somebody Has Been At My Porridge!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the three bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the

little old woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody Has Been Sitting In My Chair!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old woman had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the three bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went upstairs into their bed-chamber. Now the little old woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody Has Been Lying In My Bed!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place and the pillow in its place upon the bolster, and upon the pillow was the little old woman's head—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed — and here she is!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. HIDDEMAN

This is another one of those stories as old as man, and as widespread as the world is big. In his "Tales of Mother Goose" Charles Perrault, a famous Frenchman, told the story in 1697. It was translated into English by one R. Samber, and it came to this country with the rest of the Mother Goose Stories. But the story belongs not alone to France—the Germans knew it, perhaps, before the French did, and the Swedes, perhaps, earlier still.

The little old woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of the wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the bears, like good, tidy bears as they were, always opened their bedchamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall, or ran into the wood and was lost there, or found her way out of the wood and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant, as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her. And the children were glad she was gone, too, for at one time they half feared that if the three Bears did not find the old lady they would think the mischief had been done by them.

. . . . .

A low growl, a "tweet, tweet," from a little bird, and a twang and a whizz and a whirr frightened the children almost out of their wits one day as they were walking through a little wood into which they had never been before. While they were wondering what it could all mean a very pretty little girl, looking rather pale for all that she wore a Red Hood on her head, came walking towards them. "Oh, dear! How glad I am," said she.

"What is it?" said both children at once.

"Sit down and I will tell you. My legs tremble so I can hardly stand."

They sat down and then the little girl told her story to the children, who, you may be sure, listened with all their ears.

"Mother baked some cakes and made some fresh but-

ter this morning. 'Go,' she said to me, 'and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she is ill in bed.'

"So I put the things in a basket, and at once set out for the village, on this side of the wood, where grandmother lived.

"Just as I came to the edge of the wood, I met a wolf, who said, 'Good-morning, Little Red Riding Hood.'

" 'Good-morning, Master Wolf,' said I without a thought of fear.

" 'And where are you going?' said the wolf.

" 'I am going to my grandmother's to take her a cake and a pot of butter; for she is ill.'

" 'And where does poor grandmother live?' asked the wolf.

" 'Down past the mill, on the other side of the wood.'

" 'Well, I think that I will go and see her too,' said the wolf. 'So I will take this road, and do you take that, and we shall see which of us will be there first.'

"Meanwhile I went on my way through the wood, stopped to listen to the birds that sang in the trees, picked the sweet flowers that grandmother liked, and made a pretty nosegay of them.

"As I went a wasp buzzed about my head, and lighted on my flowers. 'Eat as much as you like,' I said; 'only do not sting me.' He buzzed louder, but soon flew away.

"And a little bird came and pecked at the cake in my basket. 'Take all you want, pretty bird,' I said. 'There will still be plenty left for grandmother and me.' 'Tweet, tweet,' sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

"And soon I came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. 'Let me fill your basket,' I said, and I gave her the bread I had brought to eat by the way.

"The dame rose and patted my head and said, 'Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood. If you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray tell him from me that there is game in the wind.'

"I looked all about for the green huntsman, for I had never seen or heard of such a person before.

"At last I passed by a pool of water, so green that you

would have taken it for grass. There I saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Huntsman,' said I; 'the water-cress woman says there is game in the wind.'

"The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen. Then he took an arrow and put it in his bow. 'What can it mean?' I thought.

"At last I came to grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door. 'Who is there?' cried a hoarse voice which made me say to myself, 'Poor grandmother is very ill, she must have a bad cold.'

"'It is I, your Little Red Riding Hood,' I answered. 'I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother.'

"'Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up,' was the reply. I did so, the door flew open, and I went at once into the cottage.

"'Put the cake and butter on the table,' said what I thought was grandmother. 'Then come and help me to rise.' She had hid her head under the bed-clothes.

"I took off my things and went to the bed to do as I had been told. 'Why, grandmother,' I said, 'what long arms you have!'

"'The better to hug you, my dear,' said she.

"'And, grandmother, what long ears you have!'

"'The better to hear you, my dear.'

"'But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!'

"'The better to see you, my dear.'

"'But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!'

"'The better to eat you with, my dear,' said the wolf. For it was the wolf who had gone round by a quicker way. He had eaten poor grandmother all up and had got into the bed to play this trick upon me.

"He was just going to spring upon me when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

"The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside sang, 'Tweet! tweet!' This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and so the wolf was killed on

the spot. This was what you heard before I came out of the house."

"What a good job the wolf was killed," said Carlo.

"Yes, but what a shame to eat poor grandmother all up," said Lottie.

They walked a little way with the girl who told them her name was Red Riding Hood and they parted, each saying to the other that they hoped to meet again. But the twins never saw Little Red Riding Hood after this.

The children made many other journeys and wandered far and wide in this country, but as I have to tell of some things they saw and did in other lands, I can stay no longer with them here—except to tell you that at the end of these wanderings their new friends (who were more powerful even than Mother Goose) had very silently given to them a new gift, and this gift they called the first gift from the Treasury of Imagination, and along with it the gift of the love of stories which never left them in all their after life.

AMONG THE FAIRIES AND THE GIANTS.

Of course, the time was sure to come when these Wonder Shoes—which still grew bigger and bigger to fit the growing feet of the twins—should wander with them into a greater and more distant Wonderland.

With their new friends about whom I told you some time ago—I wonder if you have yet guessed their names—they were able to get acquainted with the Giants and Fairies, Genii and Magicians, Ogres and Monsters, Dwarfs and Dragons that dwell in all this vast Wonderland. They were able to go into the castles and dungeons of the Giants and the palaces of Princes and Princesses which are to be found from one end of it to the other. In fact, they traveled so fast and so far in this Wonderland that it is harder than ever for me to tell you of all their wanderings in it, or of all the wonderful things they saw and heard there. They wandered in this Wonderland for many years, and though

CINDERELLA

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. HIDDEMAN

The story of Cinderella is one of the oldest in the world—and is told in substance in almost every tongue. The oldest known form of it is perhaps that of Rhodope and King Psammeticus, which dates from B. C. 670. The slipper of Rhodope was carried off by an Eagle, while she was bathing—was dropped by it at Memphis—King Psammeticus saw it, advertised for the owner, and when she came for it, married her. Afterwards, she built one of the pyramids of Egypt.

they are grown up now they often make little journeys to it.

With the Wonder Shoes on their feet and their twenty-six friends in their head, it was always easy to get back there again. Indeed, they say that there is nothing in the world makes old folks young again so quickly as to go on these excursions.

But I must tell you of a few of the folk they met. I expect you have heard of some of them and can remember their names, and as I shall not name any names in this chapter, you will have to guess them, or else ask some one else who these people in Wonderland were, and what were the names of the castles and palaces and dungeons and other places they saw.

One of the first of the Fairies they met was that Fairy Godmother who turned a pumpkin into a gilded coach, six mice into six dapple-gray horses, a rat into a fat coachman with a fine moustache, six lizards into six footmen, rags and tatters into clothes of gold and silver all decked with jewels, and sent her god-daughter with a pair of wonderful slippers to a ball, where a Prince fell in love with her, and afterwards married her.

Perhaps you know what the slippers were made of, and how the Prince found out who she was, who wore them, and if you do, and if you remember how good the Princess was to her envious sisters, you will have learned from her story the beauty of obedience and of returning good for evil.

Then they met that Fairy who sent a beautiful, wise, graceful and accomplished Princess into a deep sleep for a hundred years, and they saw the enchanted palace just as it was when the Prince came and woke her up with a kiss. They saw the governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bed-chamber and all the servants, the horses, the dogs and the Princess's little spaniel, and the beautiful Princess herself all fast asleep, and they saw the Prince make his way through the trees and the bushes and brambles which had grown up so thick that no man or beast could pass through, and they saw the beautiful Princess herself just as she woke up.

They also became acquainted with that clever little fellow, whose parents tried to lose him and his brothers and sisters in the forest. They saw him drop the white pebbles one by one so that they might find their way back. They saw also the little birds come and eat the crumbs of bread which he dropped the second time they were lost in the forest, so that they could not find their way back. They saw the lost children going to the ogre's castle and they saw the clever little fellow put the gold crowns of the seven daughters of the ogre on his own and his brothers' heads and their bonnets on the heads of the ogre's daughters. They saw the ogre who meant to kill the seven little wanderers kill his own children instead. They saw the clever little fellow steal the ogre's seven-leagued boots, which were not half so wonderful as the Wonder Shoes, and they saw him get away with his money and jewels. They saw also all the wonderful things that the clever little fellow did with the ogre's seven-leagued boots, by means of which he and his brothers grew rich and powerful.

They saw also that other ogre, the richest ever known, who lived in a stately castle, and who had the power to change himself into any animal he pleased. They saw him change himself into a lion to frighten away the famous cat who did so much to make his master rich.

Then they heard the artful pussy say that though the ogre could change himself into a big beast like a lion or an elephant, he could not change himself into a small one like a mouse or a rat.

When the proud ogre said, "You shall see what I can do,"—and changed himself into a mouse, they saw the clever cat pounce upon him and eat him all up in a second, and they saw the clever cat's master come and take possession of the castle of the ogre.

Once they went all over that wonderful castle where every room was unlocked but one. They saw the key with which the disobedient and curious wife opened the door of that room. Indeed, they peeped into it themselves and saw the horrible things that were in it with their own eyes. They saw the cruel monster of a hus-

band just as he was going to kill his wife, although she was very sorry for what she had done, and they saw her brothers come up just in time to save her life.

Another time they followed that wonderful little fellow—surely you know his name—when he went out one fine morning and dug a big hole in the ground in front of the castle of a cruel giant.

They saw the giant come out to eat up the little fellow and they saw him fall into the pit. Then they saw the little fellow come up and kill the giant with his pick-axe. They saw him string up two other giants by the neck. They followed the little fellow when he went into the castle of the Welsh giant, where he put a block of wood in the bed and slept on the floor. They saw the giant come in with a club and strike many heavy blows on the bed, thinking to kill him. And at breakfast time they saw the little fellow at breakfast with the giant, and they saw the clever trick by which he made the vain old giant kill himself. They saw also all the wonderful things that the little fellow did in his Coat of Darkness and in his Shoes of Swiftness, with his wonderful Sword of Sharpness.

They visited also the giant who had the wonderful hen that laid the golden eggs, the bags of gold and silver, and the beautiful harp that would play the most lovely music without being touched. Perhaps you may remember who it was that took them away from the giant and how the giant came to a sad end.

The magician who gave his nephew the magic ring by which he obtained the wonderful old lamp, which made a powerful genius his slave and procured for him everything he wished, were early friends of the twins. They saw the wonderful palace which the genius procured for the young man. They saw the trick by which the old lamp was exchanged for a new one, and the palace conveyed to a place far away. They were present when the magician who had tricked the youth out of the lamp drank the poison and saw the young man take the lamp away from him after he was dead; they saw the palace restored to its place and the wonderful wedding of the

youth and the Princess. I wonder if you know the name of this youth.

The lovely girl who, out of pure goodness of heart and compassion, agreed to marry the Beast, who was changed into a powerful Prince the moment she did so, was a very dear friend of the twins, and every time they looked at the statues of her two sisters at the gates of the palace, they were reminded that kindness was better than beauty.

Now there are several different provinces in Wonderland. I don't think I shall stay to tell you of all the people the twins met in Hans-Christian-Andersen-land, or in Grimm-land, for I think you will be pretty sure to go there by yourself or be taken there some day, if you have not been there already. But do not forget when you do go to look out for the Snow Queen, and the Tin Soldier, and the Storks, and the Ugly Duckling and the wonderful Silver Shilling. You must also enquire for Hansel and Gretchel and the Frog Prince and the Cat who married a mouse, and the Fisherman and his wife and the Fairy Tale Tree, for the twins met them all and many more, and they stayed a long time among them.

There was another province of Wonderland in which the children stayed quite a long while also. They went with that little fair-haired girl all through her adventures with the rabbit and the mouse and the Duchess and the Hatter and the March Hare; they heard her try to say, "How doth the little busy bee," "You are old Father William," and "'Tis the voice of the sluggard," and how the twins laughed when the words would not come right! They saw the baby pig and that wonderful Vanishing Cat. They went to the Mad Tea Party, and played croquet in the Queen's grounds. They heard the Mock Turtle tell its tearful tale, and took part in the Lobster Quadrille.

They saw the trial of the Knave of Hearts, who stole the tarts, and they remembered that they were actual witnesses of the crime, when they were visiting the Land of Mother Goose. Then they went on that wonderful visit with the same little girl to Looking-glass House,

and met the Red Queen and the White Queen and all their court. They saw the Jabberwock with "the jaws that bite, the claws that catch—" and the Jub-jub bird and the Bandersnatch. They went through the Garden of Live Flowers and talked with Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee and heard the latter tell the story of the Walrus and the Carpenter. There they met also another old friend of Mother Goose Land,—that same Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall—and listened to the curious poetry he recited to the little girl. They met the Lion and the Unicorn, both old friends from the Land of Mother Goose, and laughed heartily at the antics of the Red Knight and the White Knight, and last of all they saw the fair-haired little girl crowned queen, and all the wonderful things that happened at this famous banquet given on the occasion. I wonder if you know the name of this corner of Wonderland and of the little girl, and if you know of the other curious and curioser adventures which she had?

At another time they were conducted by the Wonder Shoes to a land of little men, and saw all the wonderful things that happened to a traveler from England who was visiting there at the same time. In this land the people were about as big as an ordinary man's little finger, their loaves of bread about as big as shot. One of their barrels held about half a pint, their ships of war were about nine feet long, and the man mountain, as they called their visitor from England, could hold several of the people in one hand. Once he held a review of all the troops of that country on a space as big as his pocket handkerchief. It would take me too long to tell you of the wonderful things the children saw there, or how the visitor got away from the country, but I think some of your friends can tell you how you can find out all about this, as well as about the other land where the men were as high as a church steeple with voices louder than megaphones, where the cats were three times as large as oxen, the rats as big as great mastiffs, and the bees as big as partridges. The maps were a hundred feet square and the books twenty-five feet high.

The twins saw all these wonderful things and many more, and they saw also the way in which the traveler with whom they went through this country, escaped therefrom. The Wonder Shoes guided the feet of the twins safely through both of these wonderful countries, and brought them always safely back home.

Once in their wanderings the twins came across a man who was possessed of a pair of shoes almost as wonderful as their own. He, poor man, had been tricked out of his shadow by an evil spirit. You can have no idea of how very awkward it is to have no shadow. Every one suspected this poor man of all sorts of horrid things, because he had no shadow. One day the twins saw him go into a market place to buy a pair of shoes. All the new ones were too dear for this poor man, who had not only lost his shadow but nearly all his money as well. So he went to a second-hand store which was kept by a beautiful fair-haired youth, who was really a good fairy in disguise. There he bought a strong and sound pair of boots, and in them he set out to wander over the face of the earth.

Soon he found that he had on the wonderful Seven-Leagued Boots, one of the same kind as the Ogre wore, about which you read in another chapter. Now these boots were in some ways as wonderful as those Shoes of Swiftness of which you have heard, but they had not all the power of the little Wonder Shoes. For the twins were able to follow the Seven-Leagued Boots to the frozen North, and from thence to the rice fields of China. They followed them across Asia to Africa, among all the wonderful ruins of Egypt; thence into Europe to the North Pole, and across Greenland to America. They watched them as they sped on through North and South America to Cape Horn and back again. They saw them across the Behring Straits into Asia, from whence the shadowless man strode in the Seven-Leagued Boots to Sumatra and Java to Borneo.

They do say that the shadowless man is still striding about the world in the Seven-Leagued Boots. If it be so, only the wearers of Wonder Shoes can see him. But

however that may be, it can do no harm if you try to look out the places on the map and get an idea for yourselves just where he did go and how far he did travel. I am rather disposed to think that we can beat the Seven-Leagued Boots with our railroads and steamships, but I am certain that there is nothing that can take us so fast and so far as the Wonder Shoes took the twins.

I think Carlo enjoyed the wanderings they had with the Seven Champions of Christendom even more than his sister. The death of the fiery dragon was a terrible sight, but she was delighted with the release of the Princess who had been changed into a mulberry tree, and they never forgot the deeds that were done by that famous sword which was chained to the rock. On it was written, "He that can lift me up shall conquer all," and when they grew older they always called it by the name "Excalibur," because that was the name of another famous sword, or perhaps it really was the same about which the poet Tennyson wrote.

Through the land of the Amazons they wandered with one of the champions and through Persia with the other six, but I can not stop to tell you all they saw there. They were both delighted when the castle of the wicked knight, who was protected by the magicians, was destroyed. They saw the champion ride up to the gate and heard him read aloud what was written there. It was:

> "Who sounds this trumpet shortly will behold
> The drawbridge fall and yonder doors unfold;
> Yet if you entering here, you must take heed
> Lest, for presuming it, you chance to bleed."

They heard him blow the trumpet and saw the drawbridge fall. They saw the fight in the castle and all the horrors inside, as well as the flight of the dragon. They followed the champion into the hall of the seven lamps, where was written, "While seven lamps burn day and night in this hall, no power can end the enchantment." They saw the lamps put out, the castle crumble into ruins and the Seven Champions re-united after all their

wanderings and wonderful escapes. I wonder if you know the names of these champions.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful travels in all the wanderings which the Wonder Shoes led the twins was when they followed some pilgrims all the way from one world to another. I cannot stop to tell you of the journeyings of these pilgrims, but I must tell you of the Giant and his castle and what happened there, because this was one of the things which the children never forgot.

Two of these pilgrims once after a long journey found a little shelter, and being weary they fell asleep. The owner of the grounds in which they lay was a cruel Giant and the twins saw him get up in the morning early and walk up and down in his fields. They saw him catch the pilgrims asleep. They heard him, in a grim and surly voice, bid them awake and ask them who they were and what they did in his grounds. They saw the Giant drive the pilgrims before him and put them into a very dark dungeon, where they lay from Wednesday morning until Saturday night without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or any light or any one to ask how they did. They saw the cruel Giant go down to the dungeon and fall upon the pilgrims and beat them so that they were not able to help themselves or to turn them about on the floor.

They heard the Giant tell the poor pilgrims to make an end of themselves, for if they did not he would surely kill them. Then they saw the Giant go to them and take them to his castle yard and show them the bones and skulls of the poor people he had already murdered, and heard the Giant say, "These were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you. Go get you down to your den again." They saw the Giant beat the pilgrims again all the way back. But what was their joy when they saw that one of the pilgrims remembered that he had a master key in his pocket which he had forgotten, but he no sooner thought of it than he began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt gave back and the door flew open with ease. They saw them open the outward

door that leads into the castle yard, and with much pains the great iron gate also. They heard the creaking of the gate which wakened the Giant who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, and they saw him fall into a fit so that he could by no means go after them, and to the great joy of the twins the pilgrims escaped his clutches.

It was quite another sort of pilgrim that they followed when they first saw the giant with the long name who had one eye in the middle of his forehead. The Wonder Shoes and their friends had transported the twins to a far off land in a far off time. I think I told you that time and distance were nothing to these marvelous shoes. They had been to that land where the lotus grows, a wondrous fruit of which whosoever eats cares not to see country or wife or children again. But, unlike some of the pilgrims they followed, the twins did not eat of this fruit. They saw these travelers come to a land where there was a great hill sloping to the shore. There rose up smoke from the caves where a rude and savage folk dwelt apart, ruling each his own household and not caring for others.

They saw the chief pilgrim and twelve of his bravest men go on shore and enter into a cave bearing a mighty skin of wine sweet smelling and strong. The cave was full of sheep and goats, and of full milk pails and fast ripening cheeses. Presently they saw a monstrous giant, twenty feet in height or more, come to the cave bearing a vast bundle of pine logs for his fire, which he threw down with a crash. They saw him close his cave with a huge rock which twenty wagons would not bear. How they got into the cave with the pilgrims and the giant without being discovered, I do not know, but I suppose it was the Wonder Shoes and their twenty-six friends which did it. There they heard the talk of the giant and the pilgrims and they saw the one-eyed monster catch up two of the pilgrims, dash them on the ground and tear them limb from limb, devouring them, and leaving not a morsel, not even the bones. They saw also how the pilgrims got free from the giant's cave. The chief of

the pilgrims gave him of his sweet wine to drink. He found it good and drank of it three times. Then they heard the chief pilgrim say "Thou didst ask my name O Giant. Lo, my name is No-man." They heard the giant promise that he should be the last of the band to be eaten and then they saw the monster fall asleep. But they never expected what followed. The chief pilgrim took a stake which he had sharpened from the fire where he had put it in readiness and no sooner was the giant asleep than with it he put out his only eye. The monster roared with the pain but when his neighbors came and asked what ailed him he replied, "No man slays me by a trick."

Then they said, "If no man does thee wrong, we cannot help thee," and they went away. Then they saw the pilgrims tie each other one by one under the bellies of the big rams which had come in the cave with the other sheep.

And in the morning they saw the rams go out of the cave each bearing a man beneath him, and so the pilgrims all of them escaped, except those which the monster had eaten. They saw the pilgrims go on board their ship with the sheep they had taken from the giant. And they saw how the monster broke off mighty rocks from the hillside and hurled them into the sea to crush the pilgrims' boat. They heard the pilgrims mocking the giant and heard the giant cursing the pilgrims. They went with these pilgrims in all their wanderings and only left them when the chief of them returned to his home and to his wife and his family. I cannot stop to tell you how his faithful old dog knew him again when his wife and servants did not, and of all the wonderful things that befell him in his wanderings. The twins never tired of wandering in this part of Wonderland, and they often returned to it when they grew older.

They saw many other wonderful things in this country. They saw the fairy who conferred on the king the Golden Touch, and they saw how the Golden Touch was washed away, and they learned that there were many things on earth better than gold.

They saw the opening of that fairy box which con-

tained the whole family of Earthly Troubles—the Evil Passions, the Cares, the Diseases and Naughtinesses, and all the sad results which it brought about. And they learned something of the harm that disobedience may do —for the owners of that box had been told not to open it. Then they saw how there was after all a good fairy at the bottom of the box who did and does so much to lessen the evils which the rest of its occupants caused in the world and are still causing today.

It was about this time too that they met the giant who did the twelve greatest deeds that man ever did. If you do not know who he was and what he did I am sure you know some one who can tell you about him and how he tricked the giant who bore the world on his shoulders and got away with the three golden apples.

Now all these things took place in the southern, or perhaps I ought to say the middle part of the globe. But the twins wandered north as well and many were the marvelous things they saw and heard in the land of snow and ice.

This land of snow and ice is a very strange land. One half of the year it is always light, for the sun never goes down in the summer time, which lasts just six months. The other six months it is always night; the sun does not shine, but the moon and the stars are wonderfully bright. And then there is another strange thing—when the sun is gone the sky is often filled with lights of many beautiful colors. Red, yellow, orange, green, blue and violet streamers flash up out of the northern sky and reach almost overhead. They dance and quiver and grow brighter and less bright by turns. Sometimes they form a glorious arch in the sky.

In this land once lived the gods who have given their names to two or three days of the week. If you do not know how this came about, I am sure if you keep on asking you will find some one who can tell you. They saw the forging of that wonderful hammer which when it was thrown far out against the clouds caused the thunder to roll, the clouds to fill with blackness and the lightning to flash as it returned humming through the air to the

hands of him who threw it. They saw the terrible struggles which the frost giants had with those who brought warmth and fragrance and flowers to the earth. And they saw all that happened when that wonderful hammer was lost and found. More wonderful still was the losing and finding of the apples of life in this country of ice and snow. The twins saw the evil disposed one slide down the rainbow bridge and saw him borne away through the air by that wonderful bird. They saw him made prisoner by the great Frost Giant and all the sad things that happened after the golden apples were gone. How the apples were restored and the joy and happiness that reigned thereafter you can learn from others who have been to the Northland and have seen and heard all the wonderful things that the twins saw and heard there. For as I have still more to tell you of their wanderings —this time in quite another land—I cannot stay to tell you more.

But I must not forget to tell you that although they hardly knew it at the time, the twins carried away many good gifts from their visits to the land of the Giants and the Fairies. One of them was a gift of courage, of daring to do right, and then they made the acquaintance of famous and noble personages, friends who lasted through their lives. These heroes and princes they met and the adventures through which they went in their visit to Wonderland gave them a wealthy imagination which enabled them to have sympathy with their fellow men, gave them a love of truth and purity of sentiment, soundness of judgment and right direction and control of the will. Another gift was a love of justice and mercy and a belief in a power which in the end sets all things right. Not the least important of the gifts that these wanderings imparted to them was the power of understanding the books they read in later life; for nearly all the people who write books have been and are wanderers in Wonderland, and they often talk about the very things that Lottie and Carlo saw and heard. And very pleasant it was to them to meet in books some thing about their old friends in Wonderland. Indeed those children who are

not so fortunate as the twins were are much to be pitied, for they can generally only understand about half what they read.

Of course, they did not know all this at the time, but now they can look back with wiser eyes on all the good the Wonder Shoes brought them and these are some of the things they now tell me they brought back with them from these visits to Wonderland.

SOME ANIMALS THEY MET.

You remember that the twins were much delighted with their visit to Mother Goose's Zo-o-lo-gi-cal Gardens, and you have not forgotten the curious creatures they met there. In the course of their wanderings in the Wonder Shoes, which still grew bigger and bigger as they grew older, they came across many famous and interesting animals, and in this chapter I will tell you, as the title of it promises, about some animals they met. And I think that, so as to make this chapter more complete, I had better go back a little and tell you of the first animals they met in Fable Land. Now they wandered into this country very soon after their journeys into the land of Mother Goose were finished.

There are some people who say that the animals in Fable Land belong to Mother Goose's Zo-o-lo-gi-cal Gardens, but that is not true, for Fable Land is I think a much older country even that Mother Goose Land.

Now in this Fable Land there was a meaning in every thing that the animals did and said, for there the beasts used to talk as much as men do, but I shall not tell you the meanings. The twins found them out for themselves and so must you, for

> I do not write for that dull elf
> Who cannot picture for himself
> The meaning of my tale.

When the twins saw one day in their wanderings a crow with a piece of cheese in its beak and a fox following the crow, they crept nearer and heard the fox say:

"Good day, Mistress Crow. How your feathers shine, and how bright your eyes are! Won't you let me hear you sing? I am sure you have a lovely voice."

Of course the crow, who has a very ugly voice but does not know how ugly it is, opened her beak and began to "caw," and Master Fox snapped up the cheese which fell to the ground and ran off with it. At which the twins laughed heartily.

Another time they saw a mouse gnawing at a net in which a big, big lion had been caught, and the little mouse gnawed and gnawed until the lion got free. I wonder if you know why the mouse did this.

Another time there was a terrific roaring in the forest and the twins coming near to where it was saw a lion and a tiger fighting over a dead deer. They fought until they could fight no more. When they were in that helpless state a fox who had been watching them came up and ran off with the young deer. And again the twins laughed heartily.

As they were wandering by the banks of a river one day they saw a dog come along with a large piece of meat in his mouth. He was crossing over the bridge when he saw his shadow in the water. Thinking he saw another piece of meat there, he dropped his own piece and jumped in after the other. The children laughed heartily at this too. But they grieved much over the fate of a lamb who was drinking from the same stream a little higher up, for a hungry wolf came along and said:

"What do you mean by muddling the water I am going to drink?"

And the lamb replied, "How can I do so? The water runs from you to me."

"Never mind that," said the wolf. "You spoke ill of me behind my back a year ago."

"That could not be for I was not born then," replied the lamb.

"It was your brother then," growled the wolf.

"That cannot be," bleated the lamb, "for I never had any brothers."

"Well, it was one of your family," snapped out the wolf, and forthwith he fell upon the poor lamb and ate it all up.

Once the twins paid a visit to a house in this strange country, where they met two mice—one belonged to the town and the other to the country. The town mouse was telling his friend how much better he lived there than in the country; instead of corn and wheat he had beans and meal and dates and honey. And as they were having a feast of all the good things, a man opened the door and the mice had to hide themselves in a crack in the floor. When he was gone they began feasting again, and then the maid came in and scared them away once more. Last of all, when the cat came and they had to hide from her, they heard the field mouse say, "With all the good things you have, you are always in fear of your life. I, though I have only corn and wheat, would rather live at home in fear of no one."

Speaking of mice reminds me that once the twins had the good fortune to be present at a great council of rats and mice. They had come together to consider what they could do to warn themselves of the coming of the cat. "For the cat moves so quietly," said one of them, "that we never hear his footsteps and we only know he is there when he pounces upon us, and then it is too late."

Then a rat got up in the council and said that the best way was to buy a bell of brass or of bright silver and hang it on the cat's neck, so that they could hear when the cat was coming. To this they all agreed, thinking it was a good plan until one of them—a wise old mouse—arose and said, "But which of you will fasten the bell around the cat's neck?"

At this the twins laughed heartily, and the council of rats and mice broke up in confusion.

The twins were present once at a sad, sad scene. It was among the mountains where there are many fierce wolves. One of them came into a house and tried to devour a baby who lay asleep in a cradle. But the good old house dog was watching by its side and he furiously

attacked the wolf and punished it so that it was glad to escape with its life. In the scuffle the cradle was overturned and the hound himself was all bloody and torn, and the floor and walls were spattered with blood. The father came home and seeing the state of affairs supposed that the faithful hound had killed his child. In his rage and grief he drew his sword and slew the dog. When they came to clear up the room and to set up the cradle again, they found the babe asleep and unharmed. I think the twins were as much grieved as the poor man was when he found that he had slain his best friend, the faithful hound, in mistake.

It is not often that you can see a man and a lion living together like good friends, but in the course of their wanderings the twins came across just such a couple. And the man told them how he was once a slave and had run away from his master and hidden himself in a cave where there was a lion wounded by a big thorn in one of his paws. The man took out the thorn, and the lion went away doing the man no harm. But the soldiers found the poor slave and put him into prison. One day he was taken from the prison and in front of thousands of cruel people was put into a ring like a circus ring and a lion, which had been kept many days without food, was let loose upon him.

Instead of springing upon the man and tearing him to pieces and devouring him, the great beast came and licked his hand and showed by every means in his power that he was pleased to see him. For it was the very same lion whose wounded foot the slave had cured. When the people saw this and the slave had explained to them why the lion did not kill him, the people shouted, "Let him go free!" and he and the lion both went out together and lived together always afterwards. And I think when the twins heard the story of the slave they understood why the mouse set the lion free by gnawing at the net in which he was a prisoner. Do you?

The twins were wandering in Beast Land one day when the Wonder Shoes guided them into a Court House where a trial of some criminal was going on. Now this Court

House was not like those which we have. The court was held in an open valley with high hills covered with trees all around and open to the sky. But for the Wonder Shoes I am sure they would never have seen such a wonderful sight. Here were all the beasts of the forest sitting around in a circle and the lion, the King of Beasts, occupied a position which showed that he was the judge. In the middle of the circle, to the great surprise of the twins, was a boy about their own age looking so frightened that he seemed as if ready to sink into his shoes. The lion, looking around, said, "Well, what have you against this boy?"

"He stones and drowns dogs! He hunts and kills cats!" cried all the animals.

"No, the dog Rough kills the cats," said the boy, finding his tongue at last, and hoping to excuse himself.

"Very well," said the judge, "we will send for Mr. Rough."

Presently in comes trotting Mr. Rough.

"Mr. Rough," said the lion, "this boy says it is you and not he who kills the cats and dogs."

"Bow-wow-wow," cried Mr. Rough. "Am I to blame? Who taught me to do it? That bad boy there. Bow-wow."

Then Mr. Rough told all he knew, how that the boy had taught him to be cruel when the dog was little and knew no better.

The lion and all the beasts then talked over the matter together and decided that the boy should be punished.

"Gentle Beasts, Birds and Fishes," said the lion, "you have all heard what this boy has done. He ought to be treated as he has treated us. But we should not be cruel because he has been cruel, yet he must be punished. So we will tie an old tin can to him and chase him from Beast Land, and Mr. Rough shall be our leader."

So when everything was ready the lion gave a great roar and the boy, frightened for his life, started to run. He was chased out of Beast Land with the old tin can tied to him and the dog and all the other animals at his heels.

And the twins thought he was justly punished. So do I. What do you think?

But the twins were present at a still more famous trial than this. It was at that time of the year when every tree is clothed in the green and white livery of glorious leaves and sweet smelling blossoms, and the earth is covered with her fairest mantle of flowers, and when the birds with much joy make the air sweet with their song, The Lion, the Royal King of Beasts, had commanded all the beasts to his court. The twins arrived just in time to see them, great and small, come in infinite multitudes —all except Reynard the Fox who knew himself to be guilty of so many crimes that he dared not show himself.

When the court was assembled nearly all the beasts had some complaint against the Fox. First the Wolf told how the Fox had assaulted his wife and blinded his children. Then the Dog complained how the Fox had stolen his only meal in the cold season of the winter when the frost was most severe. The Panther then said, "The whole world knows the Fox is a murderer, a vagabond and a thief," and went on to tell how the Fox pretended to teach the Hare to say his prayers and while he was repeating them after the Fox the artful beast seized him by the throat and slew him.

Then the Badger arose and said, "Wolf, you are malicious and malice never spake well. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your teeth. You once cheated him out of a fine fish and out of a fat flitch of bacon. How then can you complain of him? As to the Hare, he would not learn and so the Fox had to punish him. And as to his stealing the food of the Dog, the Dog had first stolen it from the Cat, and it is fit that be evil lost which was evil won. Who can blame the Fox for taking stolen goods from a thief?" As he was explaining how the Fox had repented of his evil ways, had given up hunting, had given his wealth to the poor and was living only on the charity of others, Chanticleer, the Cock, came bringing upon a bier the body of a hen whose head the Fox had bitten off. With him was his sorrowing family, and the Cock, kneeling before the

King, made his complaint, telling how the Fox had come in the likeness of a good hermit and holy friar with a letter sealed with the King's seal, ordering that no beast should do harm to the other, which order he was sworn to obey. He told how, deceived by this, he trusted his family far afield, where the crafty Fox lying in wait had killed them one by one.

Then they heard the King give orders to the Bear to go and summon the Fox to court so that he should be tried for his offences. This trial lasted for a long time and I have not time to tell you all that the twins saw and heard. They stayed on until the end and saw how the Fox was tried and sentenced to death; how by his wit he cheated the hangman and how he was afterwards received into the King's family. This famous trial was duly recorded, as all famous trials are, and when people first began to print books in England nearly five hundred years ago, the account of this trial was done into a book. And as this is one of the most famous trials in the whole history of Beast Land, you must one day get the book and read all about it for yourself.

And there were many other animals they met, and learned much from them, but they were so much interested in all they saw and heard in the strange places to which the Wonder Shoes guided them that they never knew they were learning anything and they did not realize until afterwards what good gifts they brought back from their journeyings. One of the gifts was that of kindness to all living creatures and love and affection for them, for they are the little brethren of all mankind. Another gift was a gift of sympathy which made them kind, not only to animals, but to other boys and girls, and as they grew up they had a gift of understanding some of the secrets of Nature which less fortunate children never possess.

AND LAST.

Now these Wonder Shoes still grew bigger and bigger, as the children grew older. They kept their white brightness so that they were still like a lamp to their

feet and a light to their path. By means of them and their twenty-six friends they were able to go to school and college with famous men and women of all times and all countries, to see how they did, what troubles they went through, what pleasures they had and what lessons they learned.

They were able to follow the great adventurers and explorers. They penetrated with them into unknown lands and sailed with them into unknown seas. They were able to witness many of the greatest deeds of bravery and heroism that were ever done in the world. They went around the globe with the famous travellers. They made friends with the wise men of all ages and learned from them many of the secrets and the wonders of earth, sea and sky.

They saw all the great scenes in history and witnessed most of the famous battles that took place on sea and on land.

The Wonder Shoes and their twenty-six friends guided them also into the land of Story and of Song, and introduced them to the great men of all ages, and best of all they guided their feet into that land from whence they brought the great good gift which should enable you all to "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." I wonder if you know what land I mean?

THE LITTLE SHOWMAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. SONDERLAND

This little man has learned something from his visit to the menagerie, and has made one of his own for the benefit of his little girl visitors. This is an excellent indoor amusement which may well be encouraged; and it involves little expense. In every house where there are children, a Noah's Ark should be found, and from its contents the characteristics of the different animals may be learned;—the imparting of the knowledge gained fixes it in the memory of the Little Showman.

"PLEASE TELL ME A STORY"

In response to this never ending request of the little ones, often made before they can speak plain, we give here nearly a score of short stories, each conveying a moral, without obtruding it, and each full of vital interest and action which never fail to attract and to hold the attention of the child.

The mother, the nurse, or the older brother or sister will welcome this little collection. The stories were written by Miss Gertrude Sellon, and have been told and retold to thousands of happy children since they were first written over thirty years ago.

THE MAN'S BOOT.

IN a dark wood, where the wild beasts lived, there once lay a man's boot. How it came there I can not say, for no man had been there; at least the beasts had not seen one in all their lives. But there was the boot, and when the beasts saw it, they all came around to find out what it was. Such a thing was quite new to them, but they were not much at a loss, for all that.

"Well, there is no doubt what it is, I say," said the Bear.

"Oh, of course not," said the Wolf, and the Goat, and all the beasts and birds, in one breath.

"Of course," said the Bear. "It is the rind of some kind of fruit of a tree. The fruit of the cork, I should say. This is cork, it is plain to see;" and he showed the sole of the boot.

"Oh! just hear him! just hear him!" cried all the beasts and birds.

"It's not that at all," said the Wolf, with a glance of scorn at the Bear. "Of course it is some kind of nest. Look! here is the hole for the bird to go in, and here is the deep part for the eggs and young ones to be safe. No doubt at all, of course not."

"Oh! oh!" cried the Bear, and the Goat, and all the

birds and beasts. "Just hear what he says. It is not that at all."

"I should think not," said the Goat. "It is quite plain. Look at this long root," and he showed the lace at the side of the boot. "It is the root of a plant, of course."

"Not at all," cried the Wolf and the Bear; "not at all. A root! How can you say so? It is not that, we can all see."

"If I might speak," said an old Owl, who sat in a tree near, "I think I can tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot."

"A what?" cried all the beasts and birds. "What is a man? and what is a boot?"

"A man!" said the Owl. "Well, a Man is a thing with two legs, that can walk, and eat, and talk like us, but he can do much more than we can."

"Pooh! pooh!" they all cried.

"That cannot be true!" said the beasts. "How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four. It is false, of course."

"Of course it is, if they have no wings," said the birds.

"Well," went on the Owl, "they have no wings, and yet it is true. And they can make things like this, and they call them boots, and put them on their feet."

"Oh! oh!" cried all the beasts and birds at once. "How can you say so? For shame! Fie on you! That is not true, of course. It can not be."

"A fine tale!" said the Bear.

"Can do more than we can!" said the Wolf.

"Wear things on their feet!" said the Goat.

"Not true! not true!" cried they all. "On the face of it, your tale is not true. We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be worn on the feet?"

"Of course they could not," said the Bear. "It is false."

"It must be false." cried all the birds and beasts.

"You must leave the wood," they said to the Owl. "What you say can not be true. You are not fit to live with us. You have said what we know is false."

And they chased the Owl out of the wood, and would not let him come back.

"It is true for all that," said the Owl. And so it was.

BY-AND-BYE.

"WHEN shall you build your nest?" said a Thrush to a Jay, one fine day in the spring.

"Oh, by-and-bye, some time," said the Jay. "It is so fine now. I must hop, and fly, and sing, and have some fun, while I may."

"One can sing while one works," said the Thrush.

"When shall you build your nest?" asked the Jay.

"Mine? Oh! I have built some of it. Look!" and the Thrush, with a glad chirp showed the bush where she had laid moss and twigs, and twined them so as to make part of a nest. "And now," said she, "I must be off to get some hay or wool, or some more moss to go on with."

"Oh, come and play a bit," said the Jay. "Why don't you rest for a time?"

"Oh! that will come by-and-bye," said the Thrush. And she sang her song—

"When I've done
I'll have my fun;
In my nest
I'll take my rest;
That I know will be the best."

"Well, well," said the Jay, "if you like to work all the best part of your life, pray do so."

"Of course," said the Thrush, "the best part of my life is to work in!"

"Time for work by-and-bye," said the Jay.

"Time for rest and play by-and-bye," said the Thrush. And off she flew, as she sang her short gay song.

"I do not like that song," said the Jay.

Day by day it was the same. The Thrush had built her nest, and had laid five smooth, round eggs in it, and yet the Jay had not brought one stick to make hers. At last, one day, in great haste, she brought some twigs, and some coarse grass, and laid them on a bough in a low bush. But she did not place them well, and when she had worked an hour or two, she left off, and went to see the Thrush, who sat on her nest in a bush close by.

"When will your nest be done?" said the Thrush.

"Oh, by-and-bye," said the Jay. "I must rest now. Have you found time to rest yet?"

"Oh dear no!" said the Thrush. "Just look, I have five dear little young ones here. How could I leave them, or find time to play? I fetch them food, or I sit here to keep them warm all day and all night. They are such dear wee things, and they do eat so much, the pets! I must be off now to get them some more food, I see? Time to rest by-and-bye, when they have grown up, and can get their own food." And off she flew.

The Jay's nest was not made, when one day she saw the Thrush with five young ones, all round her on the grass.

"Have you built your nest?" cried the Thrush.

"No," said the Jay. "At least, it is not done yet, but I have laid my eggs, and the rest of the nest I can build by-and-bye, when they are hatched."

"That will not do," thought the Thrush. But she did not say so.

That night came a great storm. It rocked the bush where the Jay had laid her eggs on the loose twigs and grass. They were not well twined together, and there was nothing to keep the eggs safe. The eggs slipped on one side, and one by one they fell on the ground. When the Jay woke next day, all her eggs were gone, and bits of shell lay strewed on the ground round the bush.

And that was what came of the Jay's "by-and-bye."

I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU.

NOW this is an odd tale, but if you do not think it is at all true, why that is a good thing.

A Hen trod on a Duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt much, but the Duck would get even with her, she said. So she flew at the Hen, but as she did so, her wing struck a Rooster, who stood close by.

"I'll get even with you," cried she, and she ran at the Duck. But as he did so, his claw tore the fur of a Cat, who was just then in the yard.

"I'll get even with you," cried she, and she flew at the Cock. But as she did so, her tail struck the eye of a Sheep who was near.

"I'll get even with you," cried he, and he ran at the Cat. But as he did so, his foot caught the foot of the Dog, who lay in the sun.

"I'll get even with you," cried he, and he ran at the Sheep. But as he did so, his leg struck an old Cow, who stood by the gate.

" I'll get even with you," cried she, and she ran at the Dog. But as she did so, her horn grazed the skin of a Horse, who was by a tree.

"I'll get even with you," cried he, and he ran at the Cow.

Then there was a run! The Horse flew at the Cow, and the Cow at the Dog, and the Dog at the Sheep, and the Sheep at the Cat, and the Cat at the Rooster, and the Rooster at the Duck, and the Duck at the Hen. What a noise they made, to be sure!

"What is all this?" said the man, who took care of them. "I can not have this noise." So he took a big stick. "You may stay here," he said to the Hen. But he drove the Rooster to his roost, and the Duck to her pond, and the Cat to her hearth, and the Sheep to his fold and the Dog to his house, and the Cow to her field, and the Horse to his stall.

"I'll get even with you all," said he.

I WISH.

A DOG saw a Cat on the top of a high wall. And he said, "I wish I could get up there. It must be so nice to sit up so high: but I can not climb." And he was cross, and would not wag his tail.

Then he went on, and saw a Bird in the air. And he said, "I wish I could fly like that Bird. What fun it must be! and I am so dull here." And he felt still more angry.

Then he came to a pond, and saw a Fish in it. And he said, "I wish I could live in a pond all day. Then I should not be so hot as I am now." And he would not look at the Fish, but shut his eyes, and lay down on the grass.

Then he heard the Fish say, "Oh, I wish I could lie down on the fresh green grass, as that Dog does! It looks so nice and warm out there."

The Dog sat up, and went back by the road he had come.

As he went he saw the Bird, and he heard it say, "I wish I could play all day long as that Dog does, and have a house made for me to live in. I have to make a nest, and my wings are so tired; yet I must fly to and fro, day by day, till it is done."

Then he saw the Cat on the wall, and heard her say, "There goes that spoiled Dog home to get his plate of meat! I wish I was as well off, and could get meat as he does. I have had no food all this long day. I wish I was like that Dog!"

I DON'T CARE.

"I SHALL go this way," said a young black Colt, who was out on the moor. And he looked down the road.

"No, no," said a Horse who was close by. "You must stay on the moor.

"Why?" asked the Colt.

"I can not tell," said the Horse, "I have been told to stay by an old Horse, and I shall do so."

"I don't care," said the young Colt, and off he ran down the road.

By-and-bye he met an old Mare, at an inn door. "What are you here for?" asked she.

"I have come out for a bit of fun," said the Colt.

"But you should not do so," said the Mare. "You are not fit to go out in the world. You have no shoes on."

"I don't care," said the Colt, and he kicked his heels high up in the air to show that he did not mind what the old Mare said. But the Mare was a Mare of few words, and she said no more.

Then he went on down the road, as fast as he could run.

He met a Mule with a pack on his back. The Mule shook his head when he saw the Colt.

"You should not be here," he said. "You have come from off the moor, I know. The town is close by."

"I don't care," said the Colt. And he raced on.

Right on through the town he went. He had not been in a town in all his life. And the noise, and the sight of all the men, and carts, and cars, made him feel quite mad. He ran here, and he ran there, while men and boys ran to catch him, and threw stones and sticks, and cried out at him, all up and down the streets.

At last, in a great sheet of glass, he saw what he thought was a young Colt, and he ran up to ask it what he should do, and how he could get back to the moor. Of course, it was not a Colt, but his own self that he saw in the glass.

The glass cut him when he dashed at it, and he fell down. And then he was caught.

"Why, that is my young Colt from off the moor!" said a man who just then came up. "These are his tricks are they? He must have a log of wood tied to his feet so he can not run away again."

So he was led back to the moor, with his head cut, and his feet all sore, and there he had to stump from spot to

spot with a great log tied to his feet. But he did not say, "I don't care" any more.

GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES SPRING.

ONE day a Hare was on the top of a high hill. In mere play, for he was gay and young, he kicked a small stone down the hill. Then he ran off, to leap and bound through the wood.

As the small stone fell, it hit a large stone, which moved too, and rolled down as well. And this large stone, as it went on, struck a rock, which lay on the side of the hill. The rock was not firm, and a small thing could move it. The stone struck it just at the bottom, and the rock shook and moved, and at last fell from its place. It fell in the midst of a deep stream, which ran through the fields, with a bank on each side.

There the rock stood, in the midst of the stream. Day by day, the mud and sticks, that came down with the stream, were stopped by the rock, till they made quite a high bank. At last the stream was stopped up, and could not get on. Its course was choked by the rock, and by the dam made by the mud and sticks.

But the stream could not stay still. It rose and it rose, till it reached the top of the dam. Then, with a great roar, it burst on its way, and rushed on each side, all down the valley.

There was a great flood. All the living things that were in the vale were forced to flee for their lives. But it was no use. They had not time, and they all lost their lives in the flood.

That day the Hare was once more on the top of the hill. His eyes filled with tears when he saw the flood. "Poor things! poor things!" he said; "I can not bear the sight. How sad this loss of life is! It breaks my heart to see it. There is but one thing that seems good to me at this sad time, and that is that I had to do with it in no way. I should die of grief, if, through my fault, such pain and woe came on the world!"

THAT IS MY PLACE.

IN an old yew tree lived a Wren. She had built her nest there for two years, on the same bough. The third year, when she came to build her nest, she saw a young Wren on what she called her bough.

"What are you here for?" she said, for she saw that the young Wren had some moss in her beak, as if she meant to build her nest.

"I am here to build my nest," said the young Wren, in a pert voice.

"You must not, that is my place," said the old Wren.

"It is not. It is mine," cried the young one. "I was here first this spring. You are but just come, and see what I have done," and she showed some moss twined in the twigs of the bough.

"I don't care. It is my place," said the old Wren. "I had this tree first. I have had it two years, and now, when I come back, I find you here."

"First come, first served," said the young Wren.

"That is what I say," cried the old Wren in a great rage.

"And that is what I say," said the young one. "So it is all right."

The old Wren gave the young one a peck, and tried to tear the moss off the twigs. The young one flew at her, and they had a great fight. Each cried out, "It is my place." "No, it is mine." "I was here first." "No, I was."

"What is all this?" said an old Cat, who lay near in the sun. "What a noise! I must go and see." So she went, and she heard what the two birds were saying.

They were in far too much of a rage to see her. But all at once they heard a great fierce voice close to them, which said, "You can not both have the place." And she caught them, each in one of her front paws. "It is not yours," she said to the old Wren. "You were too late this year. You are a cross bird, and you fight. I can not let you live."

And she ate her up.

"And it is not yours," she said to the young one. "The old Wren had it last year, you know. You have not been at all fair. I can not let you live."

So she ate her up too.

Then the Cat went down the tree, and lay in the sun.

"There is an end of that," said she.

HE DID IT FIRST.

THERE were once two Sheep who lived in a field. One was black, and one was white. In the same field lived a Horse and a Cow.

Now the black Sheep was not at all a good sheep. But where he chose to go the white Sheep would go, and what he did the white Sheep would do. So they both did what they ought not to do. And when the white Sheep was asked why he did what he ought not to do, he would say, "The black Sheep did it first!"

One day a Boy went through the field and did not shut the gate. The black Sheep saw it, and ran out of the field with great glee. The white Sheep saw it too, and they both went some distance.

But soon they met a large Dog, who knew that they ought not to be out in the road. He ran at them, and bit them, and tore some wool off their backs. They were glad to run back and the white Sheep was quite ill with fright all the rest of the day.

"But why did you go?" said the old Cow.

"The black Sheep went," said the white one. "He did it first."

Well, the gate was shut, but one day the black Sheep found a way out of the field through a hole in the hedge. He crept through the gap and of course the white Sheep crept through it as well. They got out on the moor, and went a long way. They thought it fine fun to be out there, with no one in sight.

Soon the black Sheep, who was first, came to the edge of a deep pit. He gave a great jump and leaped into it.

The white Sheep did not stop to think. He gave a

great jump, and leaped in too. Down, down, down he fell, on to a heap of great stones. Both he and the black Sheep were much hurt. They could not get out, and were forced to lie there in great pain.

By-and-bye some Men came by, and saw the Sheep in the pit. The Men got them out, and took them back to the field, and sent for some one to see what could be done for them.

The Horse and the Cow, in great grief, came and stood by the side of the white Sheep as he lay on the grass. They were fond of him, in spite of all his faults.

"Oh! why," cried the Cow, with tears in her eyes (and the bell that was hung round her neck shook and rang as she leant over him)—"Why did you leave the field with the black Sheep?"

"He did it first," said the white one, in a faint voice.

"Then why did you jump down that steep place? Could you not see that it was a pit?"

"I did not stop to see. He did it first," said the white Sheep. Then, with a groan, he went on to ask, "How is the black Sheep? Is he here too? And what does the Man think who comes to see us?"

"I grieve to say," said the Cow, "that he thought you were both far too much hurt to live. The poor black Sheep, who lies close by, has just died, and I fear that you must die too."

"He did it first," said the white Sheep. And with those words he died.

I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD.

THERE was once a young Pig, who wished to see the world. He lived in a sty with his mother, and he used to talk to her of his great plans, and of what he would do by-and-bye when he went out in the world. He had been born in the sty, and the door was too high for him to see the yard.

One day the farm boy did not shut the door of the sty.

"Ho! Ho! now is my time!" cried the Pig. "Now I'm off! It is no good for you to come, you poor old

thing," he said to his mother. "You will be in my way, and in your own as well, for I know you do not care to see the world. I will come back and let you have a look at me when I am a great Pig."

"Take care, take care," said his mother. "It may be well to go out in the world, if you must, but it is best to stop at home if you can."

"Poor old thing!" was all the young Pig said, and he turned up his snout as he said it.

He went through the door, out in the yard. It was a square yard, with a high wall all round it, and a high door in one side of the wall.

"So this is the world," said he. "What a large place it is! Dear me! I must take care, or I shall be lost. I must keep close by the edge of the world, so that I may not lose my way."

So he walked on by the side of the wall, and soon saw a flock of Geese. They put out their heads and made a great noise as he went by. The young Pig did not like this, and he went on as fast as he could. But as soon as he had passed, he felt quite proud that he had seen such strange things.

Next he saw two ducks in a pond, who cried, "Quack! quack!" when they saw him.

"What does that mean?" thought the Pig. But he could not find out. "How much I shall have to tell when I get home!" he thought.

By this time he had got to the high door.

"This must be the end of the world," said he, for he could not see through the door.

He went on, still by the side of the wall, and met a large Cow, and when he saw her great horns, he thought he had best get out of her way as fast as he could. So he made haste, and soon found that he was back at the door of his own sty.

"So here you are!" said his mother.

"Here I am!" cried the Pig.

"And what have you seen?"

"Oh! such things! I have been all around the world.

I find it is square, and has a wall all around it, lest pigs should fall off. In fact, it is like a big sty."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"And the end of the world," went on the young Pig, "is made of wood, and has two high posts, one on each side, to mark the place. The first thing that I saw in the world was a herd of such queer pigs. They had but two legs each, and they were quite white. Then I saw two pigs that could swim. There are but two in the world. Think of that! And they said, 'Quack, quack.' "

"What does that mean?" asked his mother.

"Oh! it is what they say in the world," said the young Pig, with a grand air. "It is no good to tell you what it means, for you have not been there, you know. Then I saw a huge red pig with two horns. There is but one pig of this sort in the whole world!"

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"I should have made friends with him," went on the young Pig, "but he did not look my way. And then, as I had gone all round the world, I came home. Ah! The world is a fine place, you poor old thing!" and he turned up his snout once more.

"I know all that is to be known now," said he. "The farm boy may shut the door when he likes. I am a great pig now. I know the world!"

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

I DON'T KNOW.

A YOUNG Rat once lived who would not take the pains to make up his mind. When the old Rats asked him if he would like to come out with them at night, he would say, "I don't know;" and if they said, "Would you like to stay in?" he still used the same words, "I don't know." He would not take the pains to choose, or to find out which he would like.

An old gray Rat said to him one day—

"No one will care for you, if you go on like this. You have no more mind than a blade of grass. It is good to

give up your own way, but it is not good to have no way at all."

The young Rat sat up and looked wise, but said not a word.

"Don't you think so?" said the old gray Rat; and he gave a stamp with his hind feet, for he could not bear to see the young one so cool.

"I don't know," was all the young Rat said, and then he walked off with slow steps, to think for an hour whether he should stay at home in the hole, or go out in the loft.

One day there was a great noise in the loft. It was old, and the rain had soaked through some of the beams, so that the place was not safe to live in. On this day one of the joists gave way, and a beam fell with one end on the floor. The walls shook, and the hair of all the Rats stood on end with fright.

"This will not do," said the old Rats, and they shook their heads as they spoke. "We must leave this place."

So they sent out scouts to look for a new home, and in the night the scouts came back, and said they had found an old barn, where there would be room and food for all.

"Then it is best to go at once," said the old Rat, who was the chief. "Form in line."

The Rats came forth from their holes, and stood on the floor in a long line.

"Are all here?" and the old gray Rat looked around. "You all choose to go?" asked he. "Make up your minds at once."

"Yes, yes," said all in the line.

Just then the chief caught sight of young Grip (that was the young Rat's name). He was not in line, nor was he out; he stood just by it.

"You did not speak, Grip," he said; "of course you will come?"

"I don't know," said Grip.

"Don't know! Why, you do not think it safe, do you?"

"I don't know," said Grip. "The roof may not come down yet."

"Well, stay then," said the old Rat, "and serve you right if you are killed."

"I don't know that I will stay," said Grip. "The roof might come down soon."

"Well, we cannot wait for you to make up your mind. Come or stay, as you like. Right about face, Rats! March!"

And the long line marched out of the loft. Down the steps they went, one by one, and the young Rat looked on.

"I think I will go," he said; "but yet—I don't know. It is nice and snug here."

The tail of the last Rat was lost to sight as he spoke. He went near the steps, and looked down. "I will go back to my hole for a short time, just to make up my mind," said he.

That night there was a great crash. Down came beams, joists, tiles, and the whole roof.

The next day some men came to look at the loft. They thought it odd to see no Rats, but at last, as one man moved a great tile, he saw a young Rat, quite dead, half in and half out of his hole.

WHY?

"NOW, you must not go in there?" said an old Dog to a Puppy, who stood on the white steps of a large house. "You must stay out now."

"Why?" asked the Puppy. For it was a trick (and a bad trick) of his to say "Why?" when he was told to do, or not to do, a thing.

"Why," said the old Dog. "I can not say why. Old as I am, I do not know why. But I do know that if you go in when it is a wet day like this, the Maid will drive you out."

"But why?" went on the Puppy. "It is not fair. There is no sense in it. I have been in the house some days, and no one turned me out, so why should they now?"

"Those were fine days," said the old Dog.

"Well, on the wet days I most want to be in," said the Puppy. "And I don't see why I should stay out. So here I go."

And so he did.

But he soon found that though no one stopped to tell him "why" he must not come in, it was quite true that he might not.

The first who saw him was the Cook, who had a broom in her hand.

"That dirty Puppy!" she cried. "Look at his feet!"

"What is wrong with my feet?" barked the Puppy.

But she did not wait to tell him. She struck him with the broom, and he fled with a howl up the stairs.

"Oh, that Puppy!" cried the Maid, as she saw the marks of his feet. "He ought not to come in the house at all, if he will not keep out on wet days."

"But why?" yelped the Puppy, as the Maid threw a broom at his head.

Still no one told him why. But a man just then came up stairs.

"Why, what a mess!" he said. "Oh,I see. It is that Puppy. I thought he knew he must not come in."

"So I did, but I did not know why," growled the Puppy, as with sore back and lame foot, he crept under a chair.

"Come out, come out," cried the Man. "I will not have you in the house at all. Out with you!" And he seized him with a strong hand, and chained him up in a stall.

"You might have played on the grass, if you had stayed there," he said. "But as you will come in the house when you ought not you must be kept where you can not do so."

And so the young Puppy had to stay in the dull stall. And when at last he was let out, he did not ask "Why?" if he was told to do, or not to do, a thing, but did as he ought at once, like a wise dog.

YOU DARE NOT.

"YOU can't jump that," said a Goat to a Sheep. They were on a cliff near the sea. In the cliff there was a deep, deep cleft or crack, which went down to the sea. It was not broad, but it was too wide for a Goat or a Sheep to cross. At high tide the waves of the sea foamed and raged in this cleft, and it was high tide now.

The Goat and the Sheep stood on one side of the cleft.

The Sheep looked, but said not a word. She knew it was too much of a jump for her, but she was too vain to say so.

"You dare not," said the Goat.

The Sheep did not like this. She would not say it was true that she dared not, and she did not know what else to say. At last she thought of a way out.

"You dare not!" said she.

Now it was the Goat's turn to look vexed.

"You just say that to get out of it!" he cried. "You dare not, you know."

"You dare not, you know," said the Sheep.

"I do dare, then!" cried the Goat.

"So do I," said the Sheep. "How dare you say I do not dare?"

"You do not!" cried the Goat.

"You do not!" cried the Sheep.

"I do! I do!" cried both at the same time.

And at the same time both, as if with one voice, cried, "Prove it!"

There was a pause. Both went back a few steps, ran to the edge of the cleft, and leapt with all their might.

It was too wide. The Sheep fell in the midst of the cleft. The Goat just touched the edge of the side with his foot, but could not gain sure hold, and he fell too.

When the tide turned, a dead Goat and a dead Sheep were swept out to sea.

I AM AS GOOD AS YOU.

ONCE there was a Cat whose name was Smut. But she chose to say it was Grim, for she thought that was a grand name. She liked to be thought much of, and to say to all she met, "I am as good as you."

One day she set out to see what could be seen in the world.

First she came to a pen, in which was a great, fat Pig. She leapt up on the wall, and said, "Good day, Pig."

"Who are you?" said the Pig.

"I? I am as good as you, I hope," cried the Cat.

"No doubt," said the Pig, for he was not proud. And he was glad to find some one who would talk to him.

The Cat was well pleased. "This Pig is a wise Pig," thought she. "He knows what is what, I can see." So she sat on the wall, and told him all the news.

Then she went on, and met a Dog in the yard.

"What do you want here?" said he in a gruff voice.

"You are here," cried the Cat. "And I am as good as you, I hope."

"Humph!" said the Dog.

"He is not half as nice as the Pig," thought the Cat. And she said, "I can not stay. It will be dark soon, and I must find a house to sleep in. Good day, Dog."

"Humph!" said the Dog.

She went on some way, and came to what she thought was a house. She went in, and saw a Horse in a stall. He was blind, but he heard her come in, and he said, "Who is there?"

"It is I," said the Cat, in as loud a voice as she could.

"What an odd voice," thought the Horse. And he said, "But who are you?"

"I am as good as you," said the Cat.

"Are you a Horse?"

"Well, I am not quite a Horse," said the Cat. "But I am as good as one."

"What is your name?" said the Horse.

"My name is the great Grim."

A PICNIC PARTY

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS

A beautiful scene of children's out-door enjoyment by a German painter whose heart is big as the world is wide. The sweet lesson taught by this charming picture is one which all may take to heart. That Heaven-born instinct:—

"Meek and lowly,
Pure and holy,
First among the blessed three
Heaven-born art thou, Charity."—

is never more finely exemplified than when the well-to-do little ones share their pleasures with those less fortunate.

"And how tall are you? For I can not see, you know."

"My head is as high as the top of the door," said the Cat. And, in fact, so it was, for she had got up on to the top of the door, where there was a nice broad ledge for her to sit on.

"How grand you must be!" said the Horse. "Will you share my stall, if you have no place to sleep in?"

"Thank you," said the Cat, "you are most kind. If you will take care to leave room for me, I will come when it gets dark. But mind you leave room for me."

"I will," said the Horse, and he went quite on one side of the stall.

In the night the Cat came, and lay down on the straw. There she went to sleep. The Horse had not gone to sleep, but he did not hear her come in.

"Why does not the great Grim come?" thought he. "I will let him have this side of the stall, I think. It is not so cold as the side near the door."

So he went to the side by the door. As he did so, he trod on the Cat's tail.

"Mew!" cried she.

"Why, what can that be?" said he. "You must move out of the way, if you please." But as he spoke, he put his hoof on the Cat's head. There was one loud "Mew!" Then all was still.

Next day the Horse heard the Groom come to the door. and say to a Boy, who was with him, "Why! there is a dead Cat in the stall!"

"Poor thing!" thought the Horse. "But where can the great Grim be?"

THAT IS NOTHING TO ME.

A DOG once set out to go through the world and see all that was to be seen. He had been spoiled in his young days, and his heart was hard, so he did not care for the pains or the joys of those that he saw, as long as he was safe. In this way he lost half the joys that he might have had, and was of no use in

the world; but he did not know that, or, if he did know, he did not care.

One day as he went through a field he saw a Sheep in a stream.

"Help me! oh, help me!" she cried; "I shall be drowned."

The Dog could have pulled her out, for he was a strong Dog, and could swim well; but he said in a calm voice, "That is nothing to me," and went on.

The Sheep was not drowned; the stream took her down to a place where the bank was low, and she was saved; but she owed the Dog no thanks for that.

He went on, till he became hungry; soon he caught sight of a Cat, drinking from a pan of milk, which she seemed to like, for she purred as she lapped at it.

"Give me some of your milk," cried the Dog.

But the Cat only arched her back, and growled, so the Dog drove her from the pan with a snarl which showed his great teeth.

"Oh, do not take it all, pray!" cried the Cat. "It is all I shall have; I do not have milk more than once in a day."

"That is nothing to me," said the Dog; and he drank it all up, and went on, well pleased.

Day after day he was the same. He would not help a poor Cow that was shut out of her field, though he knew of a gap in the hedge by which she could have gone. He would not take the pains to point out the way to the old oak in the wood, when a young Bird, who had strayed too far from its nest, asked him. To each and all he said, "It is nothing to me."

At last he came to a great forest. He was tired, and not quite well too, for he had found a large piece of meat, all of which he ate at one meal. So he thought he must rest for a time, though he had heard it was not a safe place to sleep in, for wolves were there.

Very soon he went to sleep.

In his sleep he dreamed that a great Wolf came out of the wood and seized him.

"Save me! save me!" he cried.

"Why should I save you?" said the Wolf, with a fierce gleam in his eye. "Is there one who would say a good word for you?"

At this the Sheep, who had asked the Dog to help her, came out of the forest.

"I have a word to say," she said, in a grave voice, "but it is not a good word. This Dog would not help me out of the water. 'It is nothing to me' if you kill him."

"Oh!" groaned the poor Dog. "Is there none who will say a kind word."

Then came the Cat. "I do not care if you kill him," she said to the Wolf. "'It is nothing to me.' He did not care for me when he drank all my milk."

The Cow came next. "Do as you like," she said. "He is no good. 'It is nothing to me' what is done with him, for he would not help me out of the field."

And then came a crowd of Beasts and Birds, and they stood around and cried with one voice, "Do as you will with him. 'It is nothing to us.'"

The Dog's fear in his dream was so great that he woke. How great was his joy to find that no Wolf was near!

"But it might have been true!" he thought. "I will mend my ways. I will not go through the world as I have done; and I will not say of those who live in the same world with me that their joy, or grief, or pain, is 'Nothing to me!' I will help others as I wish them to help me."

GREEDY JICK.

JICK and Jock were two young Rooks, who lived at the top of a tall tree in a copse. They were quite young, and could not get their own food yet, but though they were of the same age, they were not the same in some things.

When the old birds brought food to the nest, Jick would not wait for his fair turn. He called out "More, more," when he had just had some, and as he was a fine young bird, and Jock was not, Jick was the pet of the old Rooks, and so had more than was good for him, while

poor Jock had less. All the fat worms fell to Jick's share; day by day he grew more fat, and still called out, "More, more."

Jock soon found out that he should not be well off till he could get his own food. So he tried to hop and fly soon, and went through all the drill that old Rooks teach their young ones, and most of the Rooks in the copse said he got on well, and were grieved to see him so lean and thin. But Jick, who had all done for him, did not care to find food, or to fly. He grew so fat that he lay all day in the nest, and blinked his eyes.

"You spoil that child!" said all the wise Rooks to those who brought Jick food. "He will be the worse for it, you will see."

"O no! the pet!" they said. "When he asks in that sweet way for 'More, more!' we must give it him."

So things went on, and all the young Rooks could get their own food but Jick.

One day the old ones brought him a large worm.

"That will make you a good meal," they said, "and be quick, for we hear some boys are near, with their guns, and we want to be off."

Jick was quick, but as soon as the worm was gone, he gaped with his great beak, and cried, "More, more."

"One might have done for you," said the old ones, "but what must be, must." And off they flew to find more food.

Once, twice, thrice, did they bring him "one more" worm, and then Jick, too fat and full to eat more, shut his eyes, and went to sleep.

"Bang! bang!" went a gun. Two shots were fired, and the two old birds fell dead. But Jick did not know. Jock knew, and he, the one for whom they did not care, was the one who mourned when they fell.

"Wake! wake!" he cried to Jick. But Jick did not wake.

"Wake!" cried Jock once more. "Here is a boy at the foot of the tree. He will climb up. Wake, and fly."

But Jick still did not wake.

The boy did climb, and Jock, when he drew near, gave

Jick a great peck to wake him up, and then flew to a bough near by.

"There is one on that bough," cried the boy to a man who had the gun. "Don't shoot him, though, he is too lean."

"Could not shoot him if he was not," said the man, "he is out of reach." For Jock, when he heard the boy speak, had spread his wings, and flown off with ease.

"Why do you go on?" cried the man to the boy. "It is too late in the year to find young Rooks in the nest."

"Is it, though?" asked the boy. "Here is a fat one. Why, he can not fly."

Jick woke now. He stood on his feet, and tried to fly, but he could not. He was so fat and dull, and blinked so with his eyes, that the boy laughed.

"You might as well have hopped into my hand as have sat there," he said.

"Save me, save me," the Rook tried to say, but the words that came were, "More, more." The boy did not know what they meant, though.

So the two old ones and Jick were baked in the same pie.

IT IS TOO HARD.

"YOU must learn to fly," said a white Dove to her two young ones, as they sat in the nest.

"I'll try," said Pluff, who was a good Dove.

"Oh, I can not, it is too hard," said Duff.

"Now, do as I do," said the old Dove. "I will take care of you. Hop on this bough. Spread your wings as I do, and fly to this branch quite near."

Pluff tried. His heart beat, and his head swam, when he found himself first in the air, but he tried to do just as he was told, and in a short time (which seemed to him a long time), he found that he was safe on the branch.

But Duff was not there. He still sat in the nest.

"Come, Duff," cried the old Dove. "You must come. If you do not learn to fly, you will die. You will starve, for I shall not feed you when you are big. And if a

storm comes, and blows down the nest, you will be killed if you can not fly."

"Oh, I can not," said Duff; "it is too hard."

"Why, Pluff has done it, and what Pluff has done, you can do. Come, hop on this bough. I will have you do it."

So Duff hopped on the bough. But he would not spread his wings. He would not try to do what he was told to do. He slunk back to the nest, and there he stayed.

Day by day it was the same. And when Pluff could fly quite well, Duff could not fly at all. He had not once tried.

One night a storm came. The tree in which the nest was, rocked to and fro. The nest was old, and at last it gave way. The old Dove and Pluff flew out as it fell, and were not hurt, but poor Duff, what of him?

They cried to him to spread his wings; but he could not fly.

"It is too hard," he moaned as he fell on the hard ground.

And so it was. He was killed by the fall.

WHY NOT?

THERE was once a young Fish, who lived in the sea. One day, as he swam by the shore, he saw a small stream, which ran down to the sea through the sand.

"I think I shall go up there when the tide is high," said he.

"Up where?" asked a big Fish, who heard him.

"Up that stream, to be sure! Do you see how nice it looks? No rough waves or great rocks to bruise my smooth sides, and rub my bright scales. Yes! I shall go up there at high tide."

"Pray do not think of such a thing!" said the big Fish with a grave face. "The stream is not meant for you; your place is in the sea, and in the sea you should stay."

"But I do not want to stay," said the young Fish, with

a cross flap of his tail; "there are fish in the stream, I know, and why should not I be there?"

"The stream is fresh," said the old Fish, "and the sea is salt. If you tried to live in the stream you would die. Some fish can only live in the sea, and some only in the stream. You are meant to live in the sea, and it is no good for you to fret."

"I shall fret! I will fret!" said the young Fish; "that is, if I do not go. But I will go—so there!"

"Take your own way, then."

"And as to what you say of the kinds of fish," cried the young Fish, "I know that the same do live in the sea and in the streams, or ponds, which are the same, of course. Crabs, and Shrimps, and Flat Fish live in both, I know; and why not I?"

"Why not? I am sick of your 'Why not's,'" said the old Fish. "The same Crab or Shrimp could not live in the sea and in the stream. They are not the same kind."

"Well, then!" said the young Fish, "I know there is one kind that does live both in the sea and in the streams —I have seen some. They go up the streams, and stay there, and then come back. I know it. And they get so fat and big, and splash and dash about in the streams, and have such fun."

"THEY do! yes! But you are not one of them. You can not do what they do." And the old Fish looked with a smile on the young one by his side.

"I can not see why not," said he. "You can stay here, old Stick-in-the-sand! but I shall not." And he swam off.

He went to a shoal of Sprats and told them what was in his mind. They all joined fins, and said they would do what no Sprat yet had done. "If some fish can do it, why not all?" said our young friend.

And all said, "Why not?"

One Sprat, who thought he was a great wit, made a verse, which they all sang as they set forth for the stream. It ran thus:

"If some fish can, why not all?
If the great, why not the small?"

But the old Fish, who met them on their way, said they ought to add this third line—

"Pride, they say, must have a fall,"

which they did not like to hear.

By help of the high tide, they went some way up the stream. They were in high glee, and laughed, and flapped their tails.

"This is grand!" they cried. "We shall soon grow big and fat, and splash, and dash, and leap in the fresh stream."

But soon the tide began to slacken. They reached a small hole in the stream, and lay there. The salt tide passed back down the stream.

"Ugh! how vile this water tastes!" said one. "Is this what they call fresh water?"

"Ah! I feel sick—so sick!" cried our friend. "I shall die. I can not live in this. It is not like the sea. Let us go back."

"Let us go back!" they all cried. But when they tried, they found they were so far up the stream, and were in so deep a hole, that it was hard work to get back.

"Oh! the sea! the dear old sea!" they said. "Shall we ever get back to it? We feel as if we should die in this stream. It makes us so weak and ill."

It did make them ill. They gasped, and their bright skins looked dull and pale. Their fins seemed to have no strength, and some of the poor Sprats gave up at last, turned on their sides, and died in the stream. Some got back, and they reached the sea with great pains, but they did not look like the same fish which had set out a few hours since. The old fish were kind to them, and did not laugh at or scorn them. They could see at a glance what the poor things had gone through, but they used for a long time to tell the tale of the Sprats to any young fish who was heard to say, "Why not?"

THOSE OLD FOLKS.

"I DO NOT see why we should make our cells the same way as they have been made till now," said a young Queen Bee to the crowd round her. "Those old folks will have them with six sides. And why, pray? Let us try a new plan. We will have them round."

"Yes, yes," cried the bees with one voice, for they had just been put into a new hive, and could do as they liked. "Those old folks! We will see what we can do."

So they tried round cells, but soon found it was a great waste of room and of wax to make them. Then they tried square cells, but found the walls would not bear the weight when they were full. Then they tried two or three shapes at the same time, and made them fit as they could, but that gave them much more work, and was of no use.

Time went on all the same, and their heads were so full of their own plans, and of scorn for "those old folks," and they tried such odd ways, that at last no one knew what the old shape had been.

"Let us try cells with six sides," said a young Bee one day, when they had tried all the ways they could.

"Six sides! ah, yes!" said the Queen, "What a bright thought."

So they pulled down the old cells, and built them up with six sides. They were just right!

"There," cried they all with great joy, "see what we have found out! This is the best way that could be! If 'those old folks' could but see us now, and our new plans."

And those Bees still jeer at "those old folks!"

ORDER AND DISORDER.

BY ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Mrs. [Anna Letitia] Barbauld (1743–1825) wrote numerous books and poems for children, many of which are forgotten. This is one of them that has always lived, and has interested generations of little girls.

JULIET was a clever, well-disposed girl, but apt to be heedless.

She could learn her lessons very well, but commonly as much time was taken up in getting her things together as in doing what she was set about.

If she was at work, there was generally the housewife to seek in one place, and the thread-papers in another. The scissors were left in her pocket upstairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy-book was generally missing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The slate and slate-pencil were never found together. In making her exercises, the English dictionary always came to hand instead of the French grammar; and when she was to read a chapter, she usually got hold of "Robinson Crusoe," or the "World Displayed," instead of the Testament.

Juliet's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to make a visit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with young folks. Here she was shut up in a room above stairs by herself after breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her.

This house was one of the very few that are still haunted by fairies. One of these, whose name was Disorder, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at, being crooked and squint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters.

She prevailed on the old lady to let her set Juliet her tasks; so one morning she came up with a workbag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colors, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked to copy. It was a pansy, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. "Here, miss," said she, "my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come down to dinner. You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red and and a purple, and a blue and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with. After taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change it for another.

Juliet saw that, in going on at this rate, it would take days instead of hours to work the flower, so she laid down the needle and fell a-crying. After this had continued some time she was startled at the sound of something stamping on the floor; and taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a diminutive female figure advancing toward her. She was upright as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or discomposed.

When she came up to Juliet, "My dear," said she, "I heard you crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your assistance. My name is Order: your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me; but I hope we shall know one another better for the future."

She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. Immediately the threads separated, and arranged themselves in a long row consisting of little skeins, in which all of the same color were collected together, those approaching nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, she disappeared.

Juliet, as soon as her surprise was over, resumed her work, and found it go on with ease and pleasure. She finished the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praise for the neatness of the execution.

The next day the ill-natured fairy came up, with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is my mistress' house-book, and she says you must draw out against dinner an exact account of what it has cost her last year in all the articles of housekeeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article, under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so forth, taking special care not to miss a single thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious grin, she left her.

Juliet turned pale at the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book, and saw all the pages closely written, but in the most confused manner possible. Here was, "Paid Mr. Crusty for a week's bread and baking," so much. Then, "Paid Mr. Pinchtoe for shoes," so much. "Paid half a year's rent," so much. Then came a butcher's bill, succeeded by a milliner's, and that by a tallow-chandler's.

"What shall I do?" cried poor Juliet—"where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Was ever such a tedious, perplexing task? Oh that my good little creature were here again with her wand!"

She had but just uttered these words when the fairy Order stood before her. "Don't be startled, my dear," said she; "I knew your wish, and made haste to comply with it. Let me see your book."

She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, "I see my cross-grained sister has played you a trick. She has brought you the daybook instead of the ledger: but I will set the matter to rights instantly."

She vanished, and presently returned with another book, in which she showed Juliet every one of the articles required, standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-

book; so that there was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in single lines.

As Juliet was good at addition, she was not long in finishing the business, and at dinner produced her account neatly written on one sheet of paper.

The next day Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts, but jumbled together promiscuously as if they had been shaken in a bag.

"Now, miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner you must exactly copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them line by line on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at first that this task would be pretty sport enough; but when she set about it she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, every one seeming to come to hand before the right one, that she proceeded very slowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finished. Sitting down and crying for her kind friend was, therefore, her only resource.

Order was not far distant, for, indeed, she had been watching her proceedings all the while. She made herself visible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themselves alphabetically in little double heaps, the small in one, and the great in the other. After this operation Julia's task went on with such expedition that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner to be witness to its completion.

The good lady kissed her, and told her that as she hoped she was now made fully sensible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of disorder, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but she should come and sit with her.

Juliet took such pains to please her by doing everything with the greatest neatness and regularity, and reforming all her careless habits, that when she was sent

back to her mother the following presents were made her, constantly to remind her of the beauty and advantage of order:—

A cabinet of English coins, in which all the gold and silver money of the kings was arranged in the order of their reigns.

A set of plaster casts of the Roman emperors.

A cabinet of beautiful shells, displayed according to the most approved system.

A very complete box of water-colors, and another of crayons, sorted in all the shades of the primary colors.

And a very nice housewife, with all the implements belonging to a seamstress, and a good store of the best needles in sizes.

EYES AND NO EYES;

OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

BY DR. JOHN AIKEN AND MRS. BARBAULD.

Dr. John Aiken (1757–1822) was the brother of Mrs. Barbauld. Many great writers have owned their indebtedness to this story: Among them are Charles Kingsley, Professor Archibald Geikie and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who says, "I have never seen anything half so good. . . . I am always grateful to the writer of it for calling my attention to common things."

"WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

ROBERT. "I have been, sir, to Broom Heath, and so around by the windmill upon Camp Mount, and home through the meadows by the riverside."

MR. A. "Well, that's a pleasant round."

ROBERT. "I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road."

MR. A. "Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would indeed have been better entertained upon the high road. But did you see William?"

ROBERT. "We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him."

"MR. A. "That was a pity. He would have been company for you."

ROBERT. "Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that. I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not home yet."

MR. A. "Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?"

WILLIAM. "Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of

the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river."

Mr. A. "Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high road."

William. "I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities."

Mr. A. "Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me."

William. "I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-apple tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it."

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants, whence they have been styled parasitical, as being hangers-on or dependants. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored."

William. "A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree and run up the trunk like a cat."

Mr. A. "That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and sometimes do damage to the trees by it."

William. "What beautiful birds they are!"

Mr. A. "Yes; they have been called, from their color and size, the English parrot."

William. "When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never

observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colors, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of."

MR. A. "That I will readily."

WILLIAM. "I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty grayish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew he showed a great deal of white above his tail."

MR. A. "That was a wheatear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers."

WILLIAM. "There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying 'pewit' so distinctly one might fancy they almost spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but, as I came near, he always made a shift to get away."

MR. A. "Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness."

WILLIAM. "I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price at which it sells. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before,—a young viper which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion and of a darker color than they are."

MR. A. "True, vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them."

WILLIAM. "They are very venomous, are they not?"

Mr. A. "Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal."

William. "Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples, and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave."

Mr. A. "What is that?"

William. "I will go again, and take with me Carey's country map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places."

Mr. A. "You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass."

William. "I shall be very glad of that. Well, a thought struck me, that as the hill is called Camp Mount, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount."

Mr. A. "Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, other Danish. We will examine them further when we go."

William. "From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then

darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail."

MR. A. "I can tell you what that bird was—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy, retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it lives."

WILLIAM. "I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe."

MR. A. "I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects."

WILLIAM. "There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes bored in the bank."

MR. A. "Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great way in, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers."

WILLIAM. "A little farther on I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the

deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs."

Mr. A. "I have seen this method: it is called the spearing of eels."

William. "While I was looking at him a heron came flying over my head, with his large flapping wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he alighted."

Mr. A. "Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their heronries, and a few are still remaining."

William. "I think they are the largest wild birds we have."

Mr. A. "They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small."

William. "I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I rested awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them, for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round they settled again, and presently rose once more in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them."

Mr. A. "Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous that they break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was observed even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes to a

cloud of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk."

WILLIAM. "After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn-fields on the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Looking into it I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells, and, upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there, I cannot imagine."

MR. A. "I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once in a very different state from what it is at present. When you study geology you will know more on this subject."

WILLIAM. "I reached the high field next our house, just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead."

MR. A. "It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising."

WILLIAM. "I have; but pray what is the reason of this?"

MR. A. "It is an optical illusion, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?"

ROBERT. "I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them."

MR. A. "Why not?"

Robert. "I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home."

Mr. A. "That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is one person walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other.

I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the houses they frequented in the different ports, and the price and quality of the food and drink. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel, without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

ROMAN STREET BOYS

FROM THE PAINTING BY T. J. MAEST

How universal and how alike the play instinct is, is well presented in this picture. How many American boys think when they play at leap-frog that the boys all over the world play the same old game in the same old way? These boys of Italy are playing it among the ruins of Old Rome, while ours are doing the same act in this New World.

THE THREE GIANTS.

BY JANE H. MARCET.

Mrs. [Jane H.] Marcet (1768–1858) wrote a book called "Tales of Political Economy," very much thought of in its day, but now quite old-fashioned. This story of hers, however, has been a favorite ever since it was written.

ONCE upon a time, a poor man who had a large family left England to find a better living for himself across the seas. There were many others on board the ship, and for a time all went well; but when they were nearing the end of their journey, a great storm arose, the winds blew, the waves rose and roared, and broke upon the ship; and at last they were very glad to be able to let her drift aground on the nearest land, which they found to be an island on which no one was living.

They all got safely to shore; and as the ship was broken up by the wind and the waves, they were able to get many planks, and nails, and other useful things from the ship, and from its cargo, with which they built themselves houses, made spades and ploughs, so that they were not so badly off after all. They had plenty of corn to last them until they could grow some more, and for a time all went well. But after they had got a good crop of corn, they had to grind it into flour, and this took a long time. There were no flour-mills on the island, and John Jobson —for that was the name of the laboring man—had to spend hours every day grinding the grain into flour for his wife and family to eat.

One day, after he had been grinding until his back ached and his arms were very tired, he began to be in despair. If it took him so much time grinding his grain, he would have no time left to look after the little farm which he had laid out. His little boys, although they had great

appetites and ate as much bread as their mother could make out of the flour which their father ground between the two millstones, were not strong enough to help him. All the other settlers were just in the same position. They had no machines to do any work for them. Everything had to be done with their hands. There were no people to hire as servants; and if there had been, they could not have paid them any wages, for they were poor and had no money. So Jobson became very downhearted, and not knowing what to do, thought he would take a stroll in the country and think over things.

He climbed up some rising ground, and walked a long way among the hills, wondering what on earth he should do if he could get no help. He was going up a little valley, which turned suddenly, and there to his great astonishment he saw a monstrous giant. He was terribly scared, and would have run away as hard as he possibly could, but on taking a second look at the giant he saw that he was asleep. Jobson looked again, and wondered at the immense size of the giant. He could hardly see to the end of him, and he saw that he was enormously strong; yet he looked so harmless and good-humored, that Jobson stood gazing on him till his fear was nearly over. He was clad in a robe of dazzling brightness where the sun shone upon it, but the greater part was shaded by the trees; and it reflected all their different colors, which made it look like a green changing silk. As Jobson stood, lost in amazement, the giant opened his eyes, and turned towards him with a good-humored smile.

As soon as Jobson saw him open his eyes he started to run again, feeling sure that he could have no chance if so huge a giant were to catch him; but as he ran the giant spoke. He was still lying down on his back in the grass, and his voice was gentle and kind.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I will do you no harm,"

"But you are so big," said Jobson, looking timidly at the giant, and making ready to run the moment the giant stirred.

But the giant did not stir. He said, "Yes, I am very strong and very big, but I will do you no harm."

As he still lay and smiled kindly, Jobson came nearer to him, and at last all fear began to leave him. Then he asked the giant who he was.

"My name," said the giant, "is Aquafluens."

"And where do you live?" said Jobson.

"I live in the island. I have always lived here, long before you came."

"Then does it belong to you?" said Jobson, fearing that the giant might treat him as a trespasser.

'I do not know," said the giant. "What does 'belong' mean?"

Jobson thought it was a queer question, but said nothing. Then Jobson began to think whether it might be possible to get this good-natured giant, who seemed so strong, to help him in his work. "Do you ever work?" he said to the giant.

"Oh, yes," said he; "I can work if you will set me work to do. I like it. All work is play to me."

Then Jobson's heart was glad within him, and he thought to himself, "Here is one who could grind all my corn with his little finger, but dare I ask him?" So he thought for a time, and then said, "You said you would work for any one?"

"Yes," said Aquafluens, gently, "for any one who will teach me to work."

"Then," said Jobson, "would you work for me?"

"Yes," said the giant; "if you will teach me."

"But what wages must I pay you?" asked Jobson.

Then the giant laughed, and said, "What queer words you use. You say 'belong.' What does 'belong' mean? I do not know. You say 'wages.' What are 'wages?' I have never heard of them."

At this Jobson thought the giant must be mad, and he was a little afraid; then again he thought to himself, "Perhaps he is not mad, but only weak in his head. Giants, they say, are often not very wise." So he tried to explain. "What shall I give you if you work for me?"

"Give me?" said the giant; "what a joke! You need give me nothing, I will work for you for love."

Then Jobson could hardly believe his ears, but he

thought he would go home at once and tell his wife the good news, that he had got a great, strong giant who would work for him for nothing.

"Where are you going?" said the giant.

"I am going home to tell my wife."

"Had you not better let me carry you?" said the giant.

Then Jobson was frightened in his heart. "Perhaps if I say yes the giant will swallow me alive." But he did not tell him so.

"How can you carry me?" said he.

"I can carry you any way you like," said the giant, "so long as the road goes down hill."

"Oh, it is down hill all the way!" said Jobson.

"Then," said he, "you must get upon my back, and I will carry you there as quick as you like."

Jobson was afraid, for when he came to look at the giant's back, and put his hand upon it, it sank right in; then he saw that the skin was so soft that, when you pressed upon it, it gave way under your hand, or your foot, and you seemed to sink right into the giant's back. So Jobson was terrified, and screamed as he pulled his hand out of the hole that he had made in the giant; but to his surprise the hole closed up, just as if he had never thrust his hand in. But his hand was wet with the giant's blood. It was such queer blood; it was quite cold, and it had no color.

Then the giant said, "That will never do, for you are so small and so heavy for your little size, that you would sink into me if you tried to sit on my back."

"But what can I do?" said Jobson. The giant took a tree-trunk which was lying close at hand, and put it on his shoulder. "Now," said he, "jump onto this trunk, and I will carry you safely."

Jobson was very frightened when he sat on the log, for he thought nothing would be more likely than for the log and himself to sink out of sight in the giant's body, but he soon found that although the log sank in a little way, it did not sink in far enough for him to touch the giant's body with his feet. He was very glad, for he felt all wet and cold where his arm seemed to have gone through the

giant's skin. "You had better have a pole with you to steady yourself with." Jobson picked up a long stick, and climbed up once more onto the giant's shoulders, where the great log lay; he seated himself, and waited with terror for the giant's movement. He thought that if he had seven-league boots he might throw him up into the air. He would fall off, he was sure; but, to his great surprise, the giant neither jumped, nor stepped, nor ran; he seemed in the strangest way to glide, without making any noise, down the valley, across the hill to the place where his cottage stood. When they came within sight of the cottage his wife and children were standing on a little hillock looking for him, and when they saw him seated on the shoulders of this strange monster they nearly had a fit with fright. The children ran into the house, and the wife fell at the feet of the great giant, saying, "Have mercy on my poor husband!" But the giant laughed and lay down on the grass: then Jobson jumped off the trunk and told his wife of the glad news, that this was a good giant, and that he would do all their work for them. The children came out of the house and looked timidly at the monster, who soon closed his eyes and seemed to be sound asleep.

Jobson went into the house to tell his wife all the wonderful story of the giant, but his wife did not seem to like the idea of employing the giant.

"But he will work for nothing, wife," said Jobson.

The wife shook her head. "That is all very well," she said; "but think of the food he will eat. He would swallow all the food we have in the house for breakfast, and we should starve."

The husband scratched his head, and said he had never thought of that. "But," he said, "let us go and ask him how much food we must give him."

"And what drink he will want, and where will you put him up?" said the wife.

Jobson began to believe that his workman was not such a good bargain after all.

So when they drew near to the giant, he opened his eyes and asked what was the matter.

Jobson said they were afraid they would not be able to put him up in their house, as he was too big to enter at the door.

"Oh," said the giant, "that does not matter, for I never live in a house. I will simply sleep here in the grass under the sky."

"But," said Jobson, "we are afraid that we shall not be able to feed you."

"Feed me?" said the giant, laughing, with a little ripply murmur that shook all his body. "Who asked you for any food? I never eat anything."

Then Jobson's wife was frightened, and said she was afraid that there must be something uncanny about him. But Jobson went on asking:—

"What do you drink?" said he.

"Only fresh water," said the giant.

Jobson was very pleased, and looking in triumph at his wife, said to him:—

"And how much work can you do in a day?"

"As much as you like," said the giant.

"But I mean," said he, "how many hours will you work?"

"As many hours as there are on the face of the clock," said the giant.

"You mean twelve," said the wife.

"No," said the giant. "I mean all the hours that are in a day."

"What!" said Johnson, "never stop night or day? And do you never sleep?"

"When I have nothing to do," said the giant, "I sleep, but as long as you give me work I will go on working."

"But do you never get tired?" said Jobson.

"Tired!" said the giant, "I don't know what that is. That is another funny word. What a queer language you speak. What is being 'tired'?"

Then Jobson looked at his wife and his wife looked at him, and they said nothing for a little time. Then they asked him when he was ready to begin.

"At once," he said; "as soon as you have put things right for me."

"What things?" said they.

"I told you I can only work going down hill. If you want me to work hard you must let me have some place that is very steep, and make a step ladder for me to go down on. If you will fix a wheel with steps on it, so that I can step on the steps and make the wheel go round I can do anything you like."

"Could you grind corn?" said Jobson's wife.

"I can grind stones," said the giant, laughing.

So Jobson and his wife set about building a mill with a step wheel for the giant. They connected a big wheel for the giant to step upon with grindstones on the inside of the mill, so when the giant stepped upon the wheel outside, he made the millstones inside go round and round and grind the wheat. When it was all finished they came to the giant and asked him if he was ready to begin.

"Yes," he said.

"Begin then," said Jobson.

And the giant slowly and steadily stepped first on one step of the wheel and then on another until it began to go round and round, and the millstones went round and round, and so it went on until the whole of a sack of corn was ground into flour, and still the giant went on, and on, and on.

"Are you not tired?" said Jobson to him.

"I don't know what you mean," said he.

"Well, now," said Jobson, "do you think you could get me some stones from the quarry?"

"Easily," said the giant. "But what have I to carry them in?"

Then Jobson made a long box and put it upon the giant's back; but he found that it was not so easy going, for the road was quite flat, and over and over again the giant stopped. He could go very well down hill, but on level ground he needed to be poked along with a long pole which Jobson carried. When it came to the least down hill, he went as quick as could be. This bothered Jobson a great deal, for he saw that if the giant could only go down hill, he could not be nearly so useful as if he could go both ways. So he spoke about it to the giant once,

and he laughed and said: "Hum! you must get my brother he could help me to go as quick along the level ground as I do when I am going down hill; but even he could not make me go up hill. Is there not plenty of work I can do without that?"

"Certainly," said Jobson; and soon he had the giant set to work to make all kinds of things.

When he had ground all the corn, they took away the millstones and fixed up a saw which had come ashore from the wreck. They found that the giant could saw wood as well as he could grind corn. They asked him if he would bring down the trees from the hills, with which they could make planks to floor their cottage.

"Nothing is easier," said the giant; and when the logs came down, he sawed them all up into planks, and soon the Jobsons were so comfortable that they not only had enough planks for themselves, but they had more than they wanted, so they gave them to the neighbors. Every one was very anxious to find out if there were any more giants in the island, because they could see that Giant Aquafluens was more useful than twenty men. He never ate, he never slept, he only drank cold water, and day and night he would go on working as regularly as if he were a machine. Only, when the sun got very hot, and he could not get any water to drink, his strength seemed to wither away, but a good heavy shower of rain set him up in time, and then he would work away as hard as ever.

One day Jobson asked him where this brother of his could be found. "You will find him usually on the hill-tops," said Aquafluens; "but occasionally he comes sweeping down, and disturbs me in the grass where I am lying."

"Can he do as much work as you?"

"When he is in the humor, but sometimes he is not; and sometimes he gets into a frightful temper, until you think he is going to destroy everything. He even gets me mad sometimes," said Aquafluens.

At this Jobson was silent, and wondered greatly, for he had never seen his good giant in a passion. He told all this to a neighbor called Jackson, who was very anx-

ious to have a giant of his own; and no sooner did he hear that the stormy-tempered brother of Aquafluens lived on the hilltops, than he went out into the mountains to see if he could find him.

At length, one day, Jackson, climbing a high rock, saw a magnificent figure seated upon the summit. He could scarcely distinguish the shape for his eyes were dazzled by its brightness; but what struck him most were two enormous wings, as large as the sails of a ship, but thin and transparent as the wings of a gnat. Jackson doubted not but that this was the brother of Aquafluens. Alarmed at the account he had heard of the uncertainty of his temper, he hesitated whether to approach. The hope of gain, however, tempted him, and as he drew nearer he observed that he also had a smiling countenance. So mustering up courage he ventured to accost him, and inquire whether he was the person they had so long been in search of, and whether he would engage in his service.

"My name is Ventosus," cried the winged giant, "and I am ready to work for you, if you will let me have my own way. I am not of the low disposition of my brother, who plods on with the same uniform pace. I cannot help sometimes laughing at his slow motion, and I amuse myself with ruffling his placid temper, in order to make him jog on a little faster. I frequently lend him a helping hand when he is laden with a heavy burden. I perch upon his bosom, and stretching out my wings I move with such rapidity as almost to lift him from the ground."

Jackson was astonished to hear Aquafluens accused of sluggishness; he told Ventosus what a prodigious quantity of work he had done for the colony.

"He is a snail compared to me, for all that," holloed out Ventosus, who had sometimes a very loud voice; and to show his rapidity he spread his wings, and was out of sight in a moment.

Jackson was sadly frightened, lest he should be gone forever; but he soon returned, and consented to accompany Jackson home, on condition that he would settle him in an elevated spot of ground.

"My house is built on the brow of a hill," said Jackson, "and I shall place yours on the summit."

"Well," said the giant, "if you will get me a couple of millstones, I will grind you as much corn in one hour as Aquafluens can in two. Like my brother, I work without food or wages; but then I have an independent spirit, I cannot bear confinement; I work only when I have a mind to it, and I follow no will but my own."

"This is not such a tractable giant as Aquafluens," thought Jackson; "but he is still more powerful, so I must try to manage his temper as well as I can."

His wonderful form and the lightness of his wings excited great admiration. Jackson immediately set about building a house on the hill for him to grind corn in, and meanwhile, Ventosus took a flight into the valley to see his brother. He found him carrying a heavy load of planks, which he had lately sawed, to their proprietor. They embraced each other, and Ventosus, being in a good humor, said, "Come, brother, let me help you forward with your load, you will never get on at this lazy pace."

"Lazy pace!" exclaimed one of the children, who was seated on the load of wood on the giant's back; "why, there is no man who can walk half or quarter so fast."

"True," replied Ventosus; "but we are not such pygmies as you."

So he seated himself beside the child, stretched out his wings, and off they flew with a rapidity which at first terrified the boy; but when he found he was quite safe, he was delighted to sail through the air almost as quickly as a bird flies. When they arrived, and the wood had been unloaded, Aquafluens said, "Now, brother, you may help me back again."

"Not I," said Ventosus; "I am going on, straight forward. If you choose to go along with me, well and good; if not, you may make your way home as you please."

Aquafluens thought this very unkind, and he began to argue with his brother; but this only led to a dispute. Aquafluens' temper was at length ruffled; Ventosus flew into a passion: he struggled with his brother, and roared louder than any wild beast. Aquafluens then lost all

self-command, and actually foamed with rage. The poor child stood at a distance, trembling with fear. He hardly knew the face of his old friend, so much was his countenance distorted by wrath; he looked as if he could almost have swallowed him up. At length, Ventosus disengaged himself from his brother, and flew out of his sight; but his sighs and moans were still heard afar off. Aquafluens also murmured loudly at the ill-treatment he had received; but he composed himself by degrees, and, taking the boy on his back, slowly returned home.

Jackson inquired eagerly after Ventosus, and when the child told him all that had happened, he was much alarmed for fear Ventosus should never return; and he was the more disappointed, as he had prepared everything for him to go to work. Ventosus, however, came back in the night, and when Jackson went to set him to work in the morning, he found that nearly half the corn was already ground. This was a wonderful performance. Yet, upon the whole, Ventosus did not prove of such use to the colony as his brother. He would carry with astonishing quickness; but then he would always carry his own way; so that it was necessary to know what direction he intended to take, before you could confide any goods to his charge; and then, when you thought them sure to arrive on account of the rapidity with which they were conveyed, Ventosus would sometimes suddenly change his mind, and veer about with the fickleness of a weathercock; so that the goods, instead of reaching their place of destination, were carried to some other place or brought to the spot whence they set out. This inconvenience could not happen with regard to grinding corn; but one of no less importance often did occur. Ventosus, when not inclined to work, disappeared, and was nowhere to be found.

The benefit derived from the labor of these two giants had so much improved the state of the colony that not only were the cottages well floored, and had good doors and window-shutters, but there was abundance of comfortable furniture—bedsteads, tables, chairs, chests, and cupboards, as many as could be wished; and the men and

women, now that they were relieved from the most laborious work, could employ themselves in making a number of things which before they had not time for. It was no wonder, therefore, that the desire to discover more giants was uppermost in men's minds.

They were always asking Aquafluens about where they could find another giant, for he was ever with them and never flew away, so they could always ask questions; while Ventosus used to fly away and disappear if they bothered him with questions which he did not like to answer.

They hunted high and low for more giants, but they found none. The heart of Aquafluens was grieved within him, that they should seek so much for a giant that did not need always to go down hill. So one day, after much doubt, he told Jobson that there was another giant who was stronger than he, and much more constant and regular in his work than Ventosus, who was here to-day and away tomorrow, and whom you could never be sure of. This giant was the strongest of all giants, but he was also dangerous.

"I will then have nothing to do with him," said Jobson.

"Well," said Aquafluens, "if you know how to manage him he will work for you."

"Can he go up hill?" said his little boy.

"As easily as I can go down," said Aquafluens.

"And who is this giant?" said Jobson.

"Alas," said Aquafluens, mournfully, "he is my own son."

"Where is he?"

"You can only bring him by a charm, and if you are not very careful, he may burst out and kill you."

"Is he so very violent?" said Jobson.

"Very. His breath is scalding hot, and he is a more expensive giant than either my brother or myself."

"Must you pay him, then?" said Jobson's wife.

"He will work without pay, but he needs to be kept hot. He will not work at all unless he is seated right on the top of blazing coals."

"What a funny giant!" said Jobson's little boy. "Does he not burn up?"

"No, the hotter you make the fire the stronger he grows, but when the fire grows cold, all his strength seems to die."

The Jobsons had a long talk over this, and decided that they had better not have anything to do with this strange giant. But once, when they wanted a great deal of heavy stone carried up the hill, they were driven to ask Aquafluens if he would tell them the charm.

"Yes," said he; "it is very simple, but you must not be afraid."

"No," said they, "we will not be afraid."

"Then take a little of my blood."

"Never!" said Jobson's wife.

"No, you do not need to be afraid," said Aquafluens; "you only need to take a very little."

"And what must we do with it?"

"You must put it into an iron pot, and then put it on the fire."

They were very loth to do this; but at last, their need being great, they did so. They were relieved to find that the taking of his blood did not seem to hurt the good, kind giant, and then they put the pot on the fire, and waited to see what would happen. After a time, they heard a singing noise, and they began to be frightened. At last out of the pot there came a cloudy vapor, which rose higher and higher and higher, until it went away. But they saw no giant.

So they went to Aquafluens, and told him that the charm would not work. He asked them what they had done, and they told him, and he said, "But did I not tell you my son would never work unless you put him in prison? I will give you some more of my blood, and you must put it in an iron pot and put the lid on, and fasten it down tight, and then see what will happen."

So they did as the good giant said. They took some more of his blood, put it into the iron pot, and put on a heavy lid, and fastened it on tight, then they put it on the blazing fire, and waited. This time they were ter-

ribly frightened, for after a time the iron pot burst into a thousand pieces, and blew all over the place, hurting Jobson's wife on the head, and cutting Jobson's hand. So they ran away frightened and told Aquafluens.

"Ah," he said, "I told you my son was a dangerous child, but he is very strong, and if you give him nothing to do he does mischief. So you must give him a handle to turn. If you do that, he will not burst anything, but will turn the handle as hard as ever you like."

And they did just as the giant told them, and they found that everything happened just so, for the new giant, whose name was Vaporifer, was a strong and willing worker. Up hill and down dale made no difference to him. He could carry and do everything they gave him to, but they must keep him hot, and they must give him a wheel to turn. If at any time he stopped they had to let him get out, otherwise, if he had no wheel to turn, and could not get out, he would blow his prison to pieces.

Thus it came to pass that Ventosus was wanted very little, for Jobson and his friends liked Vaporifer, who was regular and steady in his ways, and could be relied upon always to do what was wanted.

Aquafluens was still the most useful and the cheapest of all the giants, but his son Vaporifer was much stronger and more handy than his father. Nor was there any limit to what he could do if only they would give him plenty of heat and always let him have a wheel to turn.

Now, then, who do you think were these three giants? Perhaps you have already guessed from their names, and from their description. The first giant, Aquafluens, is the great giant of running water, which will always run down hill, but which comes to a standstill on level ground, and cannot go up hill, no matter what happens. It is this great giant which turned all the water-mills, which ground the corn, and sawed the wood, and did all manner of work. Ventosus, his brother, is the wind which bloweth whither it listeth, and sometimes lashes the water into stormy waves. While as to that of Vaporifer, you surely understand that it is nothing else but steam.

These three giants are real giants who are still doing their work day by day, and every day. There are no servants of man who have worked so cheaply, so untiringly, and so well.

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

BY DR. JOHN AIKEN AND MRS. BARBAULD.

ONE winter's evening, as Captain Compass was sitting by the fireside, with his children all around him, little Jack said to him, "Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. I have been vastly entertained, while you were abroad, with Gulliver's Travels, and the Adventures of Sinbad, the Sailor, and I think as you have gone round and round the world, you must have met with things as wonderful as they did."

"No, my dear," said the captain, "I never met with Lilliputians or Brobdingnagians, I assure you, nor ever saw the black loadstone mountains or the valley of diamonds, but, to be sure, I have seen a great variety of people, and have noticed their different manners and ways of living; and if it will be any entertainment to you, I will tell you some curious things that I have observed."

"Pray do, papa," cried Jack and all his brothers and sisters; so they drew close round him, and he began as follows:—

"Well, then, I was once, about this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clad partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by a particular art, but chiefly in garments made from the outward covering of a middle-sized quadruped which they used to cut off his back when he was alive. They dwelt in habitations part of which was sunk underground. The materials were either stones or earth hardened by fire; and so violent on that coast were the showers of wind and rain that many of the roofs were covered all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in light, but to prevent the cold air and

wet from coming in, they were covered by a sort of transparent stone made artificially of melted sand or flint. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for their fires had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone which, when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch."

"Dear me," said Jack, "what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was like the things we call fire-stones, that shine so when we rub them together."

"I don't think they would burn," replied the captain; "besides, these are of a darker color.

"Well,—but their diet was remarkable,—some of them ate fish that had been hung up in the smoke till it was quite dry and hard; and along with it they ate either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered seeds. These were the poorer class. The richer had a kind of cake which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter, that was the product of a large animal which lived among them. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and when fresh it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts when they could get it; and ate the leaves and other parts of a number of kinds of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others variously prepared by the aid of fire.

Another great article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. It had so rank a smell that often persons of weak stomachs could not bear to come near it. For drink they made great use of the water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a liquor of the seeds of a grass-like plant steeped in water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the mixture is used, it becomes perfectly intoxicating. But what astonished me most was their use of a

liquor so excessively hot and pungent that it seems like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, taking it for water, which it resembles in appearance, but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are not infrequently killed by it; and yet many of them will swallow it greedily, whenever they can get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above mentioned, which are harmless and even valuable in their natural state, though made to yield such a pernicious juice. The strangest custom that I believe prevails in any nation, I found here, which was that some take a mighty pleasure in filling their mouths full of smoke; and others in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils."

"I should think it would choke them," said Jack.

"It almost choked me," answered his father, "only to stand by while they did it—but use, it is truly said, is second nature.

"I was glad enough to leave this cold climate; and about half a year after I fell in with a people enjoying a delicious temperature and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs were furnished with a great variety of fruits which, with other vegetable products, constituted a large part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white and some red, of a very pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent that one might see the seeds at their very centre. There were whole fields full of odoriferous flowers, which they told me were succeeded by pods bearing seeds that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods, among which I was greatly entertained by one that without any teaching spoke almost as articulately as a parrot, though it was only the repetition of a single word.

The people were gentle and civilized, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibers of the stalk of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by soaking in water and then

beating with large mallets. Men wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool, growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was credibly informed, is manufactured out of the webs of caterpillars—a most wonderful circumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to the production of so large a quantity of stuff as I saw used. The people are very fantastic in their dress, especially the women, whose apparel consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising the form of the body. In some instances they seem very cleanly, but in other cases the Hottentots can scarce go beyond them, particularly in the management of their hair, which is all matted and stiffened by the fat of swine and other animals mixed up with powders of various colors and ingredients. Like most Indian nations, they wear feathers in their headdress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their homes an animal of the tiger kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women."

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack.

"Why, you might get an ugly scratch with it if you did," said the captain.

"The language of this nation seems very harsh and unintelligible to a foreigner, yet they converse with one another with great ease and quickness. One of the oddest customs is that which men use on saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads and remain uncovered for some time if they mean to be extraordinarily respectful."

"Why, that's like pulling off our hats," said Jack.

"Ah, ha! papa," cried Betsy, "I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country, and what is done at home, all the while."

"But," said Jack, "we don't burn stones, or eat grease and powdered seeds, or wear skins and caterpillar's webs, or play with tigers."

"No?" said the captain. "Pray, what are coals but stones; and is not butter grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar? and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat kind?

"So if you recall what I have been describing, you will find, with Betsy's help, that all the other wonderful things I have told you of are matters familiar among ourselves. But I meant to show you that a foreigner might easily represent everything as equally strange and wonderful among us as we could do with respect to his country; and also to make you sensible that we daily call a great many things by their names without ever inquiring into their nature and properties; so that in reality it is only their manners and not the things themselves with which we are acquainted."

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

Jane Taylor (1783–1824) wrote many books for children in conjunction with her sister Ann. The sisters are perhaps best known by their "Original Poems" and "Hymns for Infant Minds," in which will be found, among other favorites, the famous "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would

like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can tell me the exact sum?" The minute-hand, being *quick at figures,* instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—'I'll stop!' "

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and although this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do;* would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to enquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions.*"

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant,

you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

KINDERGARTEN MUSIC, SONGS AND GAMES

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN.

By Mrs. William Faunt Le Roy Senour "Caro Senour."

Composer of Musical Poems, Author of "Flower Ballads for Children," "Master St. Elmo, an Autobiography of a Dog," Etc.

I FIND that with young children, a song-play is the favorite, or a marching-piece, something in which the child may exercise either voice or member of his body. Therefore a song of flowers, where the little ones may sing about them, studying them in the meanwhile, and undertaking the care and handling of the dainty flowers, is in my mind a useful, playful and entertaining educational feature.

RHYTHMIC MUSIC FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

By Clara L. Anderson, Composer of "Instrumental Characteristic Rhythms for Home, School and Kindergarten." *

A LITTLE child's training which does not lay the foundation for appreciation of color and form has failed in giving the essentials of a practical education, and the result is a being almost wholly lacking in natural expression. Happily the child himself dictates, and we are learning to follow instead of to lead him in this matter. With the assistance of students of children we are growing wiser each year in finding out what is the most wholesome training for them.

We are constantly warned by physicians and psychologists not to give much fine hand work, but larger material and more nature work, all of which points to a freer and wider field for the child's natural expression. This is why many are beginning to see the value of special attention to work in rhythmic movements for little children.

Enviable, indeed, is the unconscious, natural person, not for her grace alone, but for the freedom which her pliant body gives her mind, and the unconsciousness of this avenue of expression, the most perfect of God's gifts. If the cultivation of grace, and grace alone, were the reason for inculcating early into the life of the child this ease of motion one should ask if the end does not justify the means; but I believe there is a deeper meaning in his early manifestations along this, as well as all other lines, than we are yet wise enough to read, and in this direction more than we are at first perhaps willing to grant.

While we may have the semblance of gracefulness and unconsciousness of self without the true inward harmony with external surroundings, the real thing is only developed through the unifying of thought and action. Here is a point of attack, I believe, for much unrelated work.

A child's whole being is essentially active, and this activity, whatsoever its manifestation, must be our guide in training him. A Mother Goose rhyme belongs to him as truly as it fills his needs. Why should we not train his physical activity now, while his whole body is crying

* C. L. Anderson Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. Copyright. By permission.

out for direction and help, as well as his mental activity, when it begins to demand nourishment which all hasten to furnish? Why should we not help him to keep time to rhyme or music with his hands, feet and finally his whole body, when it will help him to develop in a rounded way as nothing else can do in his earliest life?

Had every child such a home training for his first three years what wonders in the way of rhythmic movement might be accomplished, which might fix for life the habit of easy and graceful bearing.

Who that has watched the movements of an unconscious infant has not been impressed by its steady growth towards rhythmic grace. His first disjointed, jerking of arms and legs are but the embryonic expression of his future beautiful, free, physical movements. Most of this beauty and grace is lost, and how? So long as the little child remains unconscious of himself and has perfect freedom of action, unhampered by clothing or constant admonitions from those who watch over him, is unembarrassed by the opinions of those around him, his innermost personality shows itself to an admiring world. When he is old enough to have control of his body under such circumstances his voice rings *true,* his step is light, his gestures natural and beautiful (always provided his environment is good, as he imitates often to the destruction of his natural expression).

To preserve this simplicity and unconsciousness and its accompanying charm of movement is a problem, that merits much thought and study of the nature of children from a physiological and psychological standpoint.

The image, strongly impressed upon the child, of the thought or intent of the movement, withdraws his attention from how he is doing it and steadily directs it to the object of such expression. For instance, let him watch the movements of a horse in harness, in his stall, on the street, when a band is playing, etc., etc. Ask him to represent the different movements. Criticize his representation, not his personality; take him again to see the horse and let him unravel for himself the truest way of expressing the different movements, under the different conditions.

If these conditions were well expressed at the same time at the piano with music, suggestive of the different movements, it would greatly aid the children in expressing themselves freely. The co-ordination of every muscle of the body, resulting in harmony of movement, seems to react upon the child psychologically, and to free him from self-consciousness.

Certain rhythms adapted to certain movements classify different rhythms, and at once this classification opens the way for the appreciation and recognition of music and true expression, which should be the goal of all our activity with music and the children. Music and its physical expression is to a little child almost what the patent medicine promises to a sick person — a cure all, but requiring as an adjunct an intelligent leader in its judicious use.

A word to the mother and teacher who play. Your opportunity for furthering the success of natural expression is unlimited. The pianist who fails to express interest and sympathy in her accompaniments will fail in giving the child the encouragement he needs in working out the fullest development. Above all, make the tones sweet, sympathetic, and soft. The loud, harsh, unsympathetic tone can do almost as much harm as the same qualities in a voice; and these should be unknown to little children.

MUSIC WITH THE CHILDREN.

By Katherine Beebe.

MUCH of what has been said of stories applies also to music.* In the kindergarten the songs are dramatized and often worked out with different kinds of material. If at home the child sings for his mother and other members of the household, if he is aided in the correct use of words and tones, the kindergartner's work is continued. It often happens that in teaching a song little brains do not always get the ideas which the words of the song and the teacher's explanations are designed to convey. In the necessary concert teaching many a small mistake escapes the ear of the kindergartner which the mother can correct. For instance, one little girl sang for the words "All for the little ones' Christmas joys," "All for the little ones' Christmas *George*," and the teacher was greatly obliged to the mother for detecting and correcting a mistake which probably would have escaped her entirely.

In all homes, whether the children attend a kindergarten or not, the beautiful song books of these latter days should be in use. Mother and children should sing together, the children should be taught to sing for others, and where it is possible the song-story should be acted out in a play spirit. These song books furnish music for almost every occasion in child-life, and songs learned by the children can be *used* in a way that will make life happier for all who hear them. No kindergartner needs to say that she disapproves unqualifiedly of showing children off. Mothers still do this to their own and the children's undoing, and the songs and plays of the kindergarten seem to furnish added temptation to these fond and foolish parents to go on with the process of brushing off the bloom of childish unconsciousness. But children can sing for others without being shown off. Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter songs can be sung on the occasions for father. Groups of neighborhood children can give little serenades and concerts to friends and neighbors judicious enough to listen respectfully and comment sensibly. What invalid or convales-

* See "Stories with the Children," [page 46]. From Home Occupations for Little Children. By Katharine Beebe. Copyright by The Werner Co. By permission.

cent would not rejoice to hear songs sung by happy children's voices? What family festival would not be sweeter for the childish songs which voice the soul of the occasion?

There are a few homes where the mother or father, or both, can and will take the time to sing with the children, to teach them the beautiful songs which are so many that the teacher can only use a fraction of them, to learn the songs which they sing in school or kindergarten, and so to have in their home music for the children as well as for themselves. . . .

With any or all of these books many a happy evening hour can be passed and many a profitable Sunday afternoon, for the devotional songs in these collections are *good music,* which is more than can be said of most Sunday-school melodies. With their aid and the mothers', the house may become musical with child-like songs, and delightful surprises and joyous occasions provided for. Mental and spiritual food for growing minds and souls can be given in this way, and the store of play material enhanced as well.

[A list of approved music books for children will be found at the end of this volume.]

THE PLACE AND POWER OF THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Professor W. N. Hailmann, Head of The Department of Psychology, Chicago Normal School.

Author of "History of Pedagogy," "Kindergarten Culture," and Many Other Important Works on Kindergarten Teaching and Education Generally.

THE watchwords of the new democracy with which it appeals unceasingly and with increasing insistence to the school, are freedom, equality, fraternity — freedom within the law of the social purpose, equality in opportunity and responsibility, fraternity — the brother- and sister-hood of mutual good will, of mutual devotion to the common good.

It is evident that the family as such is inadequately equipped to meet these demands. The family as such takes, indeed, a deep and abiding interest in the little child, but almost wholly on individual grounds. The freedom of the child is hampered on every side by interests it cannot comprehend; only in moments of unwatched or indulged caprice it feels free. For similar reasons, equality in opportunity and responsibility is practically excluded. With reference to other members of the family, the little child is quite decidedly inferior or superior. The child of kindergarten age in whom social impulse has begun to assert itself, finds its yearnings for sympathy and cooperation handicapped by these superiorities and inferiorities and variously exposed to blighting isolations which the best of mothers cannot wholly prevent or soften for mere lack of equipment. Fraternity is similarly hampered even in families of many children. Marked differences in age and, therefore, in experience, interests and ability must and do assert themselves. "You don't understand this," "You cannot do this," "Oh, that's nothing," and other similar rebuffs come more or less frequently from older brother or sister, and from our little child to "baby" without intentional harshness or ill-will, but yet with the sting of them.

These considerations led Froebel to the kindergarten. He felt keen-

ly the shortcomings of the family with reference to the establishment of social habits and attitude in the child; he saw clearly, too, how the school suffered from this lack on the part of its pupils and how it was driven into individualistic practices which still further arrested the development of these habits and tended to fix the child in the attitude of unsocial and undemocratic competition. He saw clearly that remedy could come only from a new educational institution mediating between the individualizing family and the socializing school, supplementing the work of the family and fitting the child for the school.

This institution he found in the kindergarten, a pedagogic society as near the ideals of freedom and morality as the capacities of its members permit. Here the child finds a graspable number of others of similar age, his approximate equals in capacity, power, scope of experience and interests; a number of social elements with whom he can fully sympathize without undue effort and who sympathize with him without humiliating condescension; playmates, fellow-beings in embryo, with whom he can assimilate, coalesce organically with an ever deepening sense of the value of self and selfhood. Here the child discovers in actual experience the value of free, equal, brotherly union with others, begins to find aims beyond his narrower individual self. Germs of love, of devotion to a widening scope of common interest swell in his soul and burst into life. He is aroused to a consciousness of his value as a member of an aggressive social group whose purposes lie within his comprehension and enlist his full sympathy. He learns to obey intelligently and without loss of selfhood, and to assume leadership courageously and without self-conceit: in short, he lives himself into a life of cherished responsibility and joyous service.

Nor is this all. When once the child's sense of social responsibility has been touched honestly and sincerely as only this pedagogic society can touch it, when it has come to feel the compelling force of recognized duty, when it has learned to obey for the sake of a purpose it shares with others, when it has begun to feel the dignity of leadership in the service of a common good, when — in short — its moral sense has been awakened, as only the kindergarten can awaken it, — the attitude of the child toward every other phase of life is lifted upon a higher and healthier plane. The child has tasted the joy of well-doing, and all that enhances its power in such well-doing is henceforth welcomed with a new and holier zest. It observes more eagerly, interprets more accurately, thinks more closely, speaks more clearly, gains steadily in cheerful earnestness in work, is more sympathetic and helpful in every relation of life, grows visibly in all-sided interest, in knowledge and skill, in considerateness and good will.

The humanity of man begins with social intercourse. Without this, the family could make of the child little more than a superiorly equipped animal. With the discovery of his social value, man gains in respect for his individuality, in reverence for himself. He begins to cultivate and to enrich his individual worth for the sake of his social value. His eagerness to help grows with his ability to help, and his

success as a helper stimulates his eagerness to learn. Thus, back and forth, the individual and society, stimulate and strengthen, deepen and lift each other: the joy of beneficent efficiency fills and expands every soul.

And this is the central purpose and use of the kindergarten. Its object is, on the one hand, to supplement the home by doing for the child's nascent humanity what the home cannot do for want of equipment; and, on the other hand, to aid the school in its humanizing work by bringing to its open door young human beings fairly well established in social habit and attitude.

FROEBEL, THE EMANCIPATOR OF CHILDHOOD.

BY C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

C. Hanford Henderson has had a varied career as an educator and his training, experience, insight and knowledge of humanity, enabled him to write the inspiring work from which this is taken. He has also written a story entitled "'John Percyfield," and "Children of Good Fortune."

IN the kindergarten we find a supreme source of strength in its recognition of the source of power, the emotional life, the first full and ample recognition anywhere in education. Frobel is everywhere full of it. He abounds in such expressions as "the inner impulse," "the impulse to play," "self-activity," and the like. They were such realities to him that, in the true artist-spirit of adjusting means to ends, he went to work to devise a system of child education which should be built up on the emotional life.

The kindergarten is the first scheme of child culture which is truly psychological. All others have been founded more or less upon the idea of compulsion, of force, and have grown out of a totally different philosophy of life. Our own gentle ancestors, who believed, it may be remembered, that the sins to which children are especially prone are ungodliness, profaneness, and self-sufficiency, must have sought, if they were at all consistent, to cure such serious defects by measures equally serious. Education meant to them, as it does still to many of their descendants, and to all believers in the cheerless doctrine of total depravity and the old Adam, a system of untiring and thoroughgoing repression. In a garden more thickly planted with tares than with wheat, they were not willing, like the good husbandmen in the parable, to let both come to the harvest, but were forever trying to defeat the enemy, and, as a result, they pulled up much of the wheat.

Perhaps the best chapters in our colonial history are those delightful ones which tell of the triumph of practice over theory. One might almost say that the main virtue of the Puritans was their failure to be consistent. But Froebel had the seeing eye. He saw the unity of man, and everywhere insists upon its major importance. He saw the source of power, the inner impulse, and always heeded it. He accepted in

From "Education and the Larger Life." Copyright by C. Hanford Henderson. By permission.

part the Socratic view of vice and virtue, without, perhaps, being quite conscious of his acceptance or of the origin of the view. It is indeed marvelous that one man, quite by himself, should have worked out so much of vital truth in education.

He may well be called the Emancipator of Childhood. Froebel's system grew out of his experience. He was not a closet philosopher, an astronomer who had never seen the stars. He noticed the children at their play, noticed its spontaneity, noticed the charming touch of sentiment and fancy which they import into all their self-devised activities. Many, doubtless, had noticed these same things before, and the large good which came out of them; but apparently no one had been practical enough or interested enough to seize upon this play impulse as a cause, and make still larger and more helpful results flow out of it. The ungainly, benignant figure, watching the children at their play, believing rigidly in the cause and effect, a philosopher, acting rigidly on the principle of cause and effect, an artist, doubtless seemed to his day and generation a sorry sort of dreamer, and not very likely to make any contribution of moment to the progress of the hour. But it turned out that he was the practical man, the causationist, and they were the false dreamers.

It is impossible to picture anything more genuine and alert than children at their play, and here, if anywhere, the sympathetic observer ought to be able to get at the secret of child education. It seems to me, then, the supreme source of strength in the kindergarten, and the service for which we owe it reverence, is that it made education an inner process, a self-activity, a redemption, in place of an outwardly imposed discipline and repression; that it built its method upon a conception of human unity; and, finally, that it carried out its purpose through the free play of the inner impulse. Practically, the kindergarten is a system of sense culture through the healthful play of the emotions. It is activity touched with sentiment.

The weakness in the kindergarten seems to me in not carrying the principle of cause and effect to logical completeness. As a system of organic culture, it ought to concern itself with the health of the child; with his life conditions, his food and dress and sleep and exercise and baths; with the atmosphere in which he lives outside the kindergarten; with the condition of his sense organs, eye and ear and nose and nervous system generally, for upon these the child's progress towards perfection depends, quite as much as upon the directed play in the kindergarten itself. Perhaps it would sum up the matter to say that in order to accomplish its full purpose of human renovation, the kindergarten must concern itself with twenty-four hours in place of three, and must consider the organism as a whole.

MOTHERS AND THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago Commons, Chicago.

THE kindergarten is the divine right of motherhood. Every mother is a co-worker with the head gardener, and receives directions from Him. It is the divine right of childhood to come into a kindergarten home,— that is a home conducted by a mother who is an educator as well as a care-taker. A figure-head mother is as pernicious as a plaything child. Kindergarten is the alluring name which the world over stands for nurture of the heart as well as nourishment of the body. The emphasis should be placed on the *Garten,* for it is by the gardening process that the children are to become the harvest treasure of society. Again, the title Kindergarten is a happy one, because it comforts the gardener to be reminded that weeding is also a part of the process of cultivation. Every mother and teacher has a fair image of the ideal, normal child in her heart, and the daily discrepancy between the real and the image child becomes the source of her vast discouragement. But it also is the incitement to work even such magic with the abnormal child as the wizard Burbank works with plants of a lesser order.

During the social demoralization which reigned in Europe after the Napoleonic wars, came the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and it was the fatherly Swiss reformer Pestalozzi, who preached the new gospel of intelligent parenthood, and family education, and fireside ethics. The motherless and the worse than fatherless were all about him as he cried, saying:

"Even such dare not be left without the father and mother influence during the school years, for by this influence alone may they know of and enter into the larger humanity. Every possible means, including the powers of church and state, must be brought together to secure to these little ones the parental influence, which is the essence, yes, the germ of all human culture. And if this be not provided, then are these poor little creatures orphaned indeed! All the schools may stand wide open to them later, they may be fed and clothed abundantly, yet will they forever lack that first, fine thing which is fundamental to human society,— the parental principle."

And after Pestalozzi came another prophet, the German Froebel, who organized this idea of a composite education made up of mother, father, home and school influences, and called it Kindergarten. For

forty years the Kindergarten has proven its benefits to the little children of the United States. During the forty years, many of these fortunate children who were in the earliest Kindergartens have grown up and some of the women have entered the Kindergarten training schools which have sprung up in the meantime. They have equipped themselves to teach other little children, and some of them have entered homes and are to-day practicing the virtues of the method in their own nurseries. Such have indeed enjoyed the ideal preparation for motherhood, and are invariably a treasure in the community which shelters their home nest.

Those who come to the crown of motherhood without such privileges, may still take the study in part or in full, alongside of the home and family program, and even in time complete the regular two years' course now offered by the training schools in every city. To have a "real" mother in the Kindergarten training class, is a benediction to the work. It is profitable, even to the busiest mother, to visit the Kindergarten often, to ask questions and get on familiar terms with the Kindergartner. If the Kindergartner is brave enough to hold mothers' meetings, the benefit will be mutual, if you as a mother attend and co-operate heartily with her endeavors. Should there be no Kindergarten in the community where you and your family make its home, there are three ways by which you may find some of the benefits of the method. You may secure the services of a Kindergartner to live in your own family as a mother's-helper, and allow her to gradually draw other children to your home group; you can organize a mother's reading group, and set out to find this treasure world of child nurture literature which is being created for your special benefit, or you may keep the record of your own experiences and observations of the development of your children, and by correspondence with other mothers or Kindergarten magazines compare these first hand notes, and even contribute to the science of child nurture.

The home and the Kindergarten never can in any sense displace each other. The best of mothers can not do all for her children at home, which even an average Kindergartner may do in the regularly organized Kindergarten. On the other hand, the most complete Kindergarten can not be a substitute for a home,— and yet each should partake of the nature of the other. The home life, with its daily associations, affections, services and reciprocities needs no defining or apostrophizing here. It is the instrument and adumbration of love, and as such fulfils the high law of its being.

The Kindergarten receives children from this home-life at the ages of three, four and five years. The particular features of the Kindergarten which are difficult to reproduce in the home are as follows:

1. The regular periods for such occupations as are developing and are proportioned to the growing ability of young children, including hand work, games and plays, song, story, picture and well-considered resting periods.

2. The companionship of other children of the same age but varying

natures, and the directing hand and eye of the discriminating Kindergartner to guide these relationships.

3. The discipline which inevitably arises where social groups work and play together, and the establishment of fair play by taking turns, by appeals to the older to yield to the younger, by opportunities to share and to agree and to decide.

4. A progressive scheme which governs the hand work, subject matter, physical exercise, etc., all based on educational considerations.

Among the features of the Kindergarten which may be adopted in any home are the following: Free use of scissors and paper; picture books; picture making, with watercolors, pencils, crayons; paste to be provided on reasonable demand; story telling by both parents and children; keeping of festivals and birthdays with appropriate ceremony and recurring traditions; painting mother's birthday flower; making and sending valentines or Christmas gifts; opportunity to help mother.

The latter is one of the cardinal principles of the Kindergartner. Many kinds of home work are introduced into our elementary schools in order to satisfy this conspicuous trait of young children,— the desire to help mother. It is a social instinct which should be given full play at the time when it shows itself strongly. This may be the case in a little two-and-one-half-year-old girl. The Kindergartner is pledged to consider it worth while to "bother" with this helping spirit. There is sure to be trouble, if the little helper is set aside like a piece of furniture. Then the soul asserts itself and demands right of way to be altruistic.

As a man in business seeks to establish a clear, steady, trustworthy policy, which may be known to all men, so the family gardener, whether in a home or a school, is pushed to establish a consistent, even policy, worthy of the high business in hand. The Kindergarten is patterned after the home and family rather than the old-fashioned school, in all matters of discipline, government or regulation. Each parent looks to the day when the son or daughter is weighed in the balance and not found wanting by society, and proves acceptable, efficient, self-supporting. The beginnings of these fine realizations are in the persistent and consistent consideration of the most important principles of development all the way from babyhood up to maturity, and these are pointed out and held sacred by the Kindergarten.

For this reason, if for no others, a busy mother may well consider it a comfort and a relief to send her little ones to a Kindergarten, and a troubled mother may there find reassurance when she is uncertain how to proceed with a troublesome one.

It is the Kindergartner's business to understand how to proceed, and with the mother's faith and help, she does proceed and succeed. The following motto by Froebel has helped the members of a certain mother's club to live their lives over again in their children: "To learn to comprehend nature in the child,— is not that to comprehend one's own nature and the nature of mankind? Women can not take unto themselves anything higher and more comprehensive. The love of childhood in its widest sense, is it not a love of humanity?"

MUSIC

RING A RING A ROSY

This game is a universal favorite with the little ones indoors and out, and is played with many variations. Here is one of them:— With an "Eeny, meeny, miny mo" process, one is chosen to stand in the centre of the ring; then the others, dancing around, sing:—

See the farmer sows his seed (bis)
Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And round he turns to view his lands,
Waiting for a partner O! (bis)
Choose East, choose West,
Choose the one that you love best.

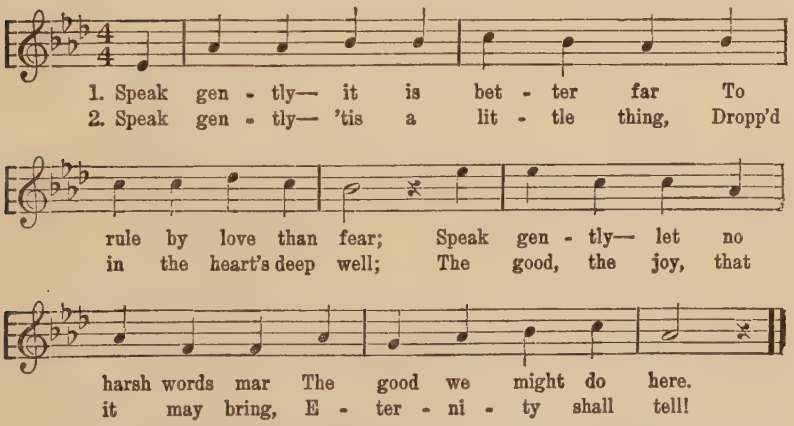
When his choice is made the little couple embrace and the first in the ring retires, while the other remains and the same formula is repeated.

UP THE LADDER

1. Up the lad - der we must climb, Sing - ing clear - ly
2. In the morn - ing comes the sun, Glad his dai - ly
and in time; Though we're near - ly at the top,
race to run; Climbs the steep bank of the sky,
E - ven now we must not stop: Down the lad - der
Till he shines su - perb and high: But he does not
we must go, Sing - ing ni - ther fast nor slow,
pause or stay, He must keep his on - ward way;
Glad to reach the low - est round, Glad once more to touch the ground.
Down he drops be - low the west, Leav - ing us to sleep and rest.

SPEAK GENTLY

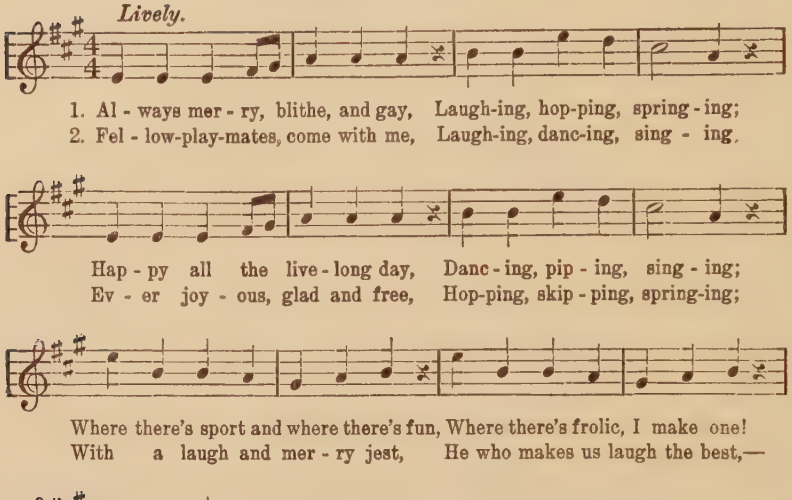
Folk Song


1. Speak gen - tly— it is bet - ter far To
2. Speak gen - tly— 'tis a lit - tle thing, Dropp'd
rule by love than fear; Speak gen - tly— let no
in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy, that
harsh words mar The good we might do here.
it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell!

From *Primary Songs.* Copyright by Ginn & Co., Boston, 1902

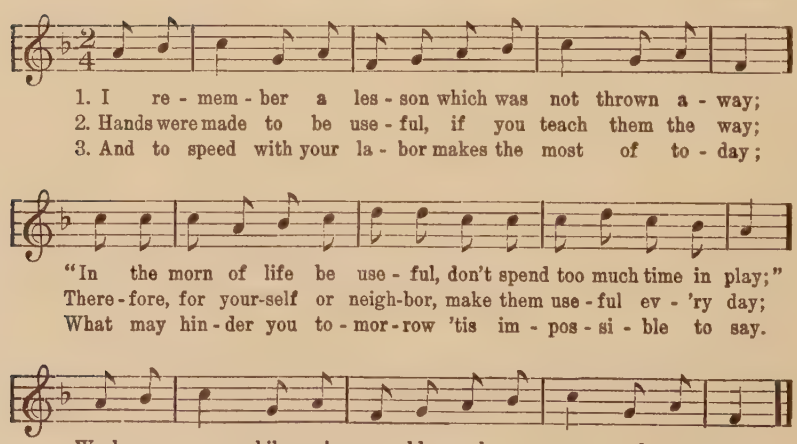
ALWAYS MERRY

German


Lively.
1. Al - ways mer - ry, blithe, and gay, Laugh-ing, hop-ping, spring - ing;
2. Fel - low-play-mates, come with me, Laugh-ing, danc-ing, sing - ing,
Hap - py all the live - long day, Danc - ing, pip - ing, sing - ing;
Ev - er joy - ous, glad and free, Hop-ping, skip - ping, spring-ing;
Where there's sport and where there's fun, Where there's frolic, I make one!
With a laugh and mer - ry jest, He who makes us laugh the best,—
Sel - dom am I far a - way, When there is a chance for play.
Leaps and springs most heart-i - ly,— Shall to - day our lead - er be!

WORK AWAY

Folk Song


1. I re - mem - ber a les - son which was not thrown a - way;
2. Hands were made to be use - ful, if you teach them the way;
3. And to speed with your la - bor makes the most of to - day;
"In the morn of life be use - ful, don't spend too much time in play;"
There - fore, for your-self or neigh-bor, make them use - ful ev - 'ry day;
What may hin - der you to - mor - row 'tis im - pos - si - ble to say.
Work a - way while you're a - ble, work a - way, work a - way.

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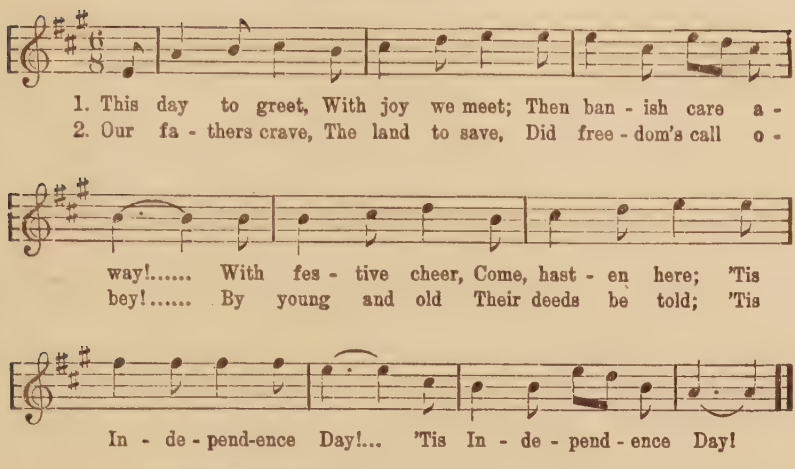
INDEPENDENCE DAY


1. This day to greet, With joy we meet; Then ban - ish care a -
2. Our fa - thers crave, The land to save, Did free - dom's call o -
way!..... With fes - tive cheer, Come, hast - en here; 'Tis
bey!..... By young and old Their deeds be told; 'Tis
In - de - pend-ence Day!... 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day!

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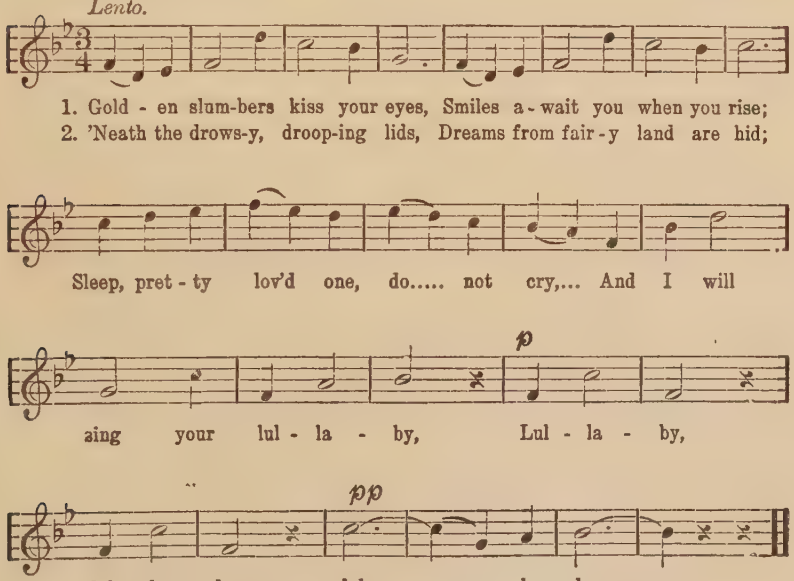
LULLABY

THOMAS DEKKER, adapted English

Lento.


1. Gold - en slum-bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wait you when you rise;
2. 'Neath the drows-y, droop-ing lids, Dreams from fair - y land are hid;
Sleep, pret - ty lov'd one, do..... not cry,... And I will
p
sing your lul - la - by, Lul - la - by,
pp
lul - la - by, lul - - la - by.....

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THE VIOLET

JANE TAYLOR R. MELLESH

Lento.

1. Down in a green and sha - dy bed, A mod - est vio - let
2. Yet there it was con - tent to bloom, In mod - est tints ar -

grew, Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from
rayed, And there dif - fused its sweet per - fume, With-in the si - lent

view; And yet it was a love - ly flow'r, Its
shade. Then let me to the val - ley go, This

col - ors bright and fair, It might have graced a
pret - ty flow'r to see, That I may al - so

ro - sy bow'r, In - stead of hid - ing there.
learn to grow, In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Adapted by CELIA STANDISH Welsh

Cantabile. *p*

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee, All through the night;
2. Hark! the whip-poor - will is call - ing Clear through the night;

p

Guar - dian an - gels God will send thee— All through the night.
Pure and sweet his tones are fall - ing, All through the night.

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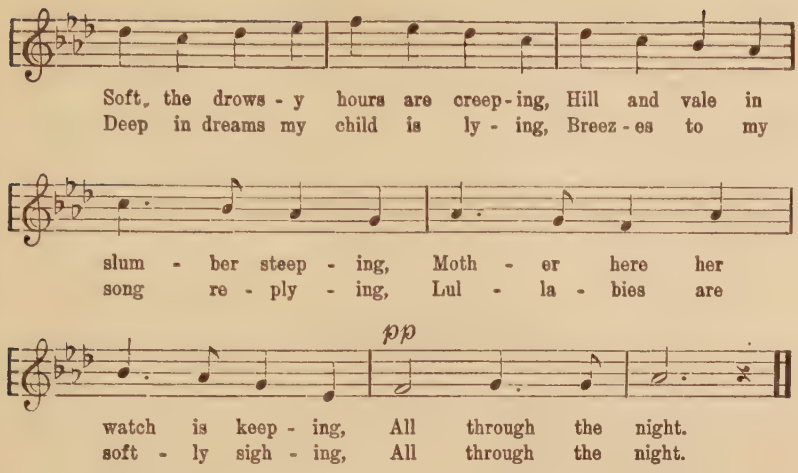
Soft, the drows - y hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in
Deep in dreams my child is ly - ing, Breez - es to my
slum - ber steep - ing, Moth - er here her
song re - ply - ing, Lul - la - bies are
pp
watch is keep - ing, All through the night.
soft - ly sigh - ing, All through the night.

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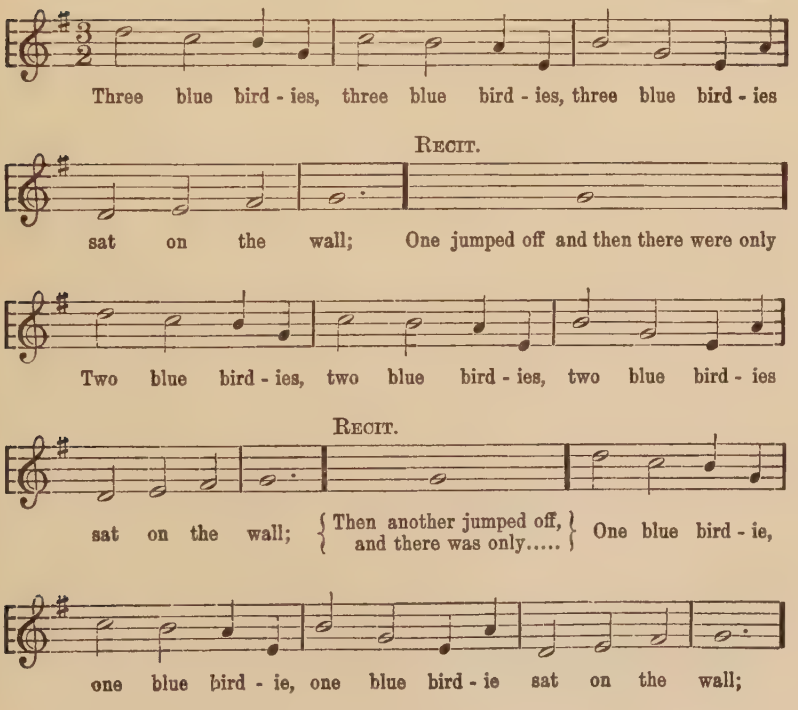
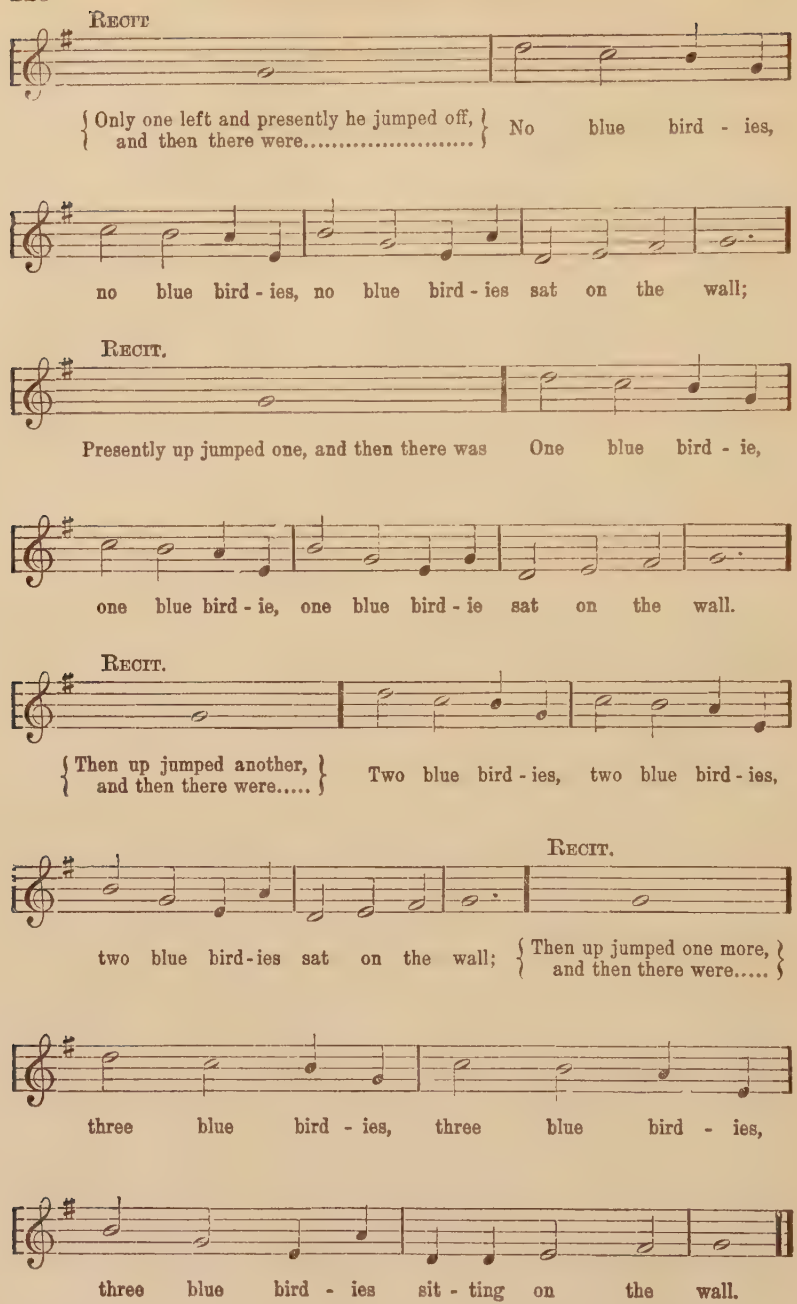
THREE BLUE BIRDIES

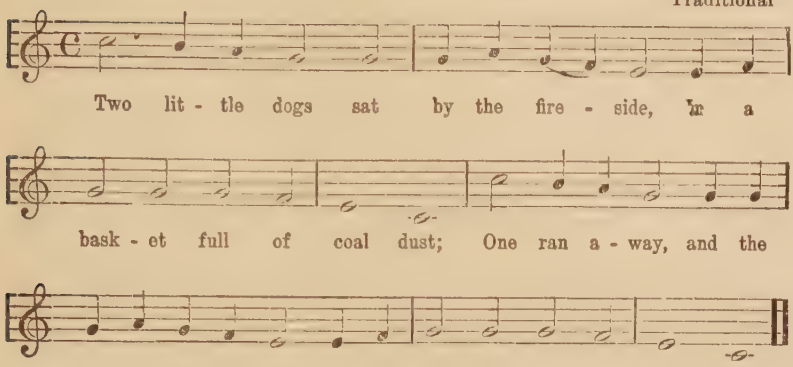
Traditional


Three blue bird - ies, three blue bird - ies, three blue bird - ies
Recit.
sat on the wall; One jumped off and then there were only
Two blue bird - ies, two blue bird - ies, two blue bird - ies
Recit.
sat on the wall; Then another jumped off, and there was only..... One blue bird - ie,
one blue bird - ie, one blue bird - ie sat on the wall;


Recit
Only one left and presently he jumped off, and then there were.....
No blue bird - ies,
no blue bird - ies, no blue bird - ies sat on the wall;
Recit.
Presently up jumped one, and then there was One blue bird - ie,
one blue bird - ie, one blue bird - ie sat on the wall.
Recit.
Then up jumped another, and then there were.....
Two blue bird - ies, two blue bird - ies,
Recit.
two blue bird - ies sat on the wall;
Then up jumped one more, and then there were.....
three blue bird - ies, three blue bird - ies,
three blue bird - ies sit - ting on the wall.

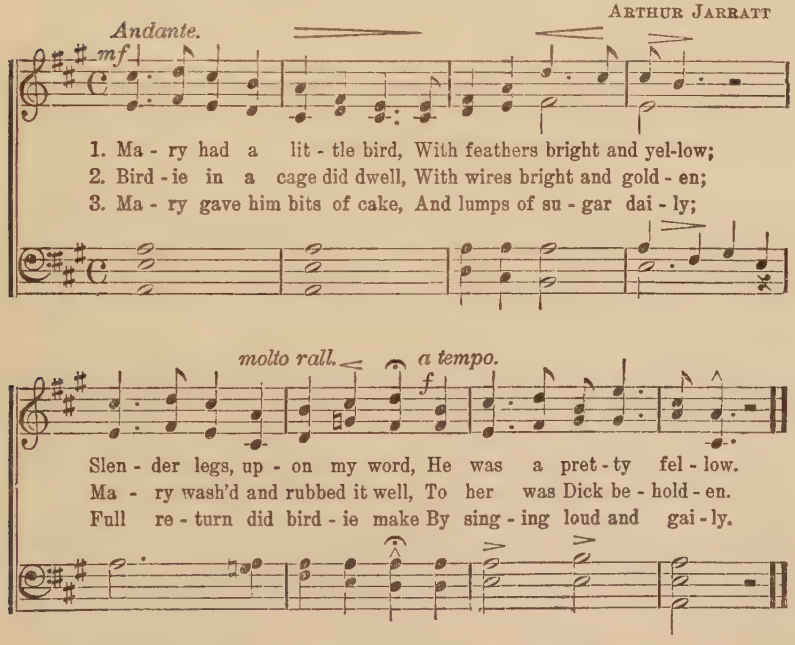
TWO LITTLE DOGS

Traditional


Two lit - tle dogs sat by the fire - side, In a
bask - et full of coal dust; One ran a - way, and the
oth - er would not stay In a bas - ket full of coal dust.

MARY HAD A LITTLE BIRD

ARTHUR JARRATT

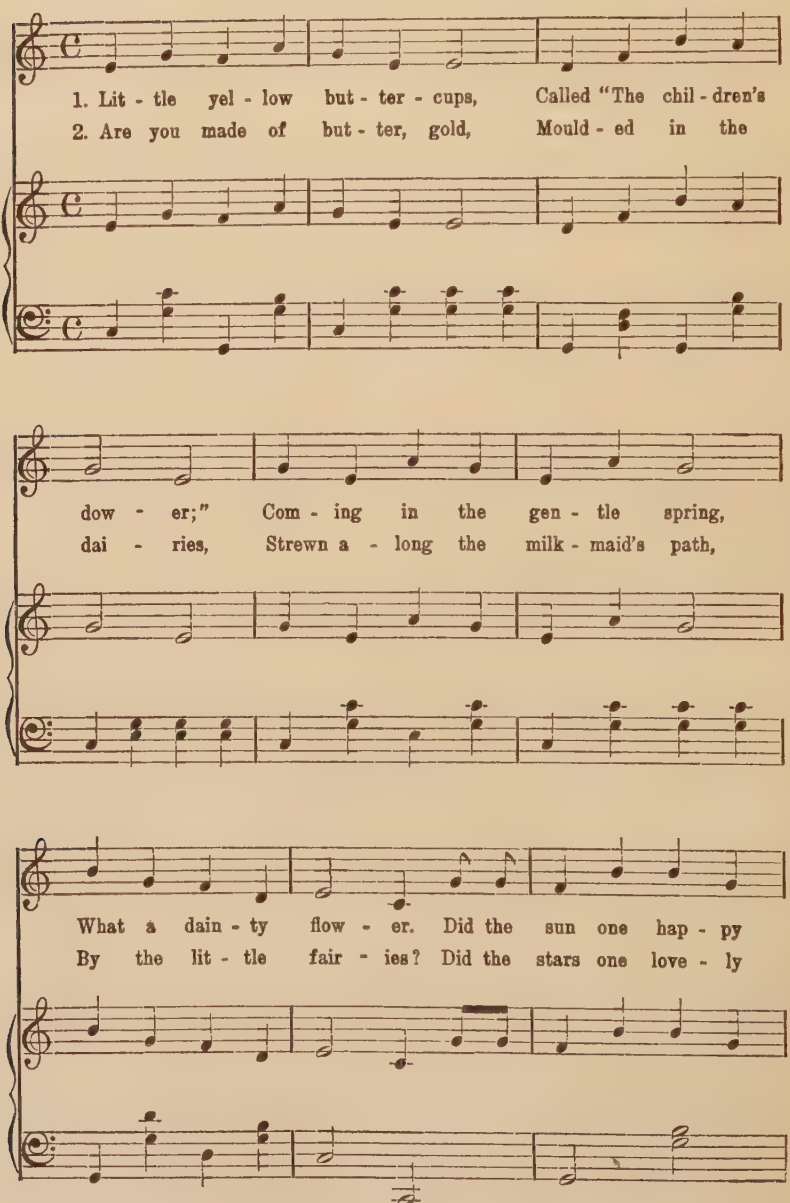

Andante.
mf
1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle bird, With feathers bright and yel-low;
2. Bird - ie in a cage did dwell, With wires bright and gold - en;
3. Ma - ry gave him bits of cake, And lumps of su - gar dai - ly;
molto rall.
a tempo.
f
Slen - der legs, up - on my word, He was a pret - ty fel - low.
Ma - ry wash'd and rubbed it well, To her was Dick be - hold - en.
Full re - turn did bird - ie make By sing - ing loud and gai - ly.

4 Birdie, too, loved groundsel sweet,
Which Mary lov'd to get him;
Then for a bath he'd call twee-tweet,
For not to wash would fret him.

5 Mary fetched him water clear,
And ev'ry thing he needed;
Birdie was to her so dear,
His wants were ne'er unheeded.

BUTTERCUPS

CARO SENOUR


1. Lit - tle yel - low but - ter - cups, Called "The chil - dren's
2. Are you made of but - ter, gold, Mould - ed in the
dow - er;" Com - ing in the gen - tle spring,
dai - ries, Strewn a - long the milk - maid's path,
What a dain - ty flow - er. Did the sun one hap - py
By the lit - tle fair - ies? Did the stars one love - ly

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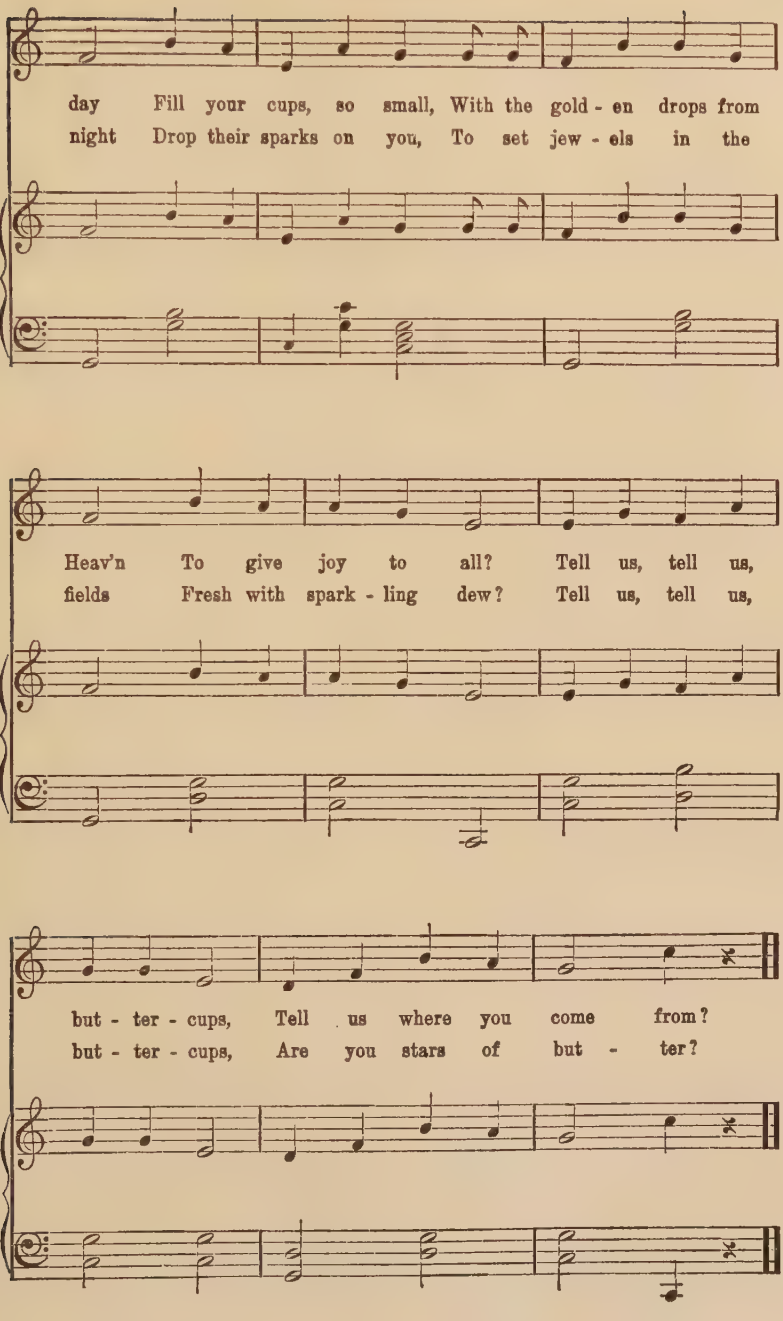
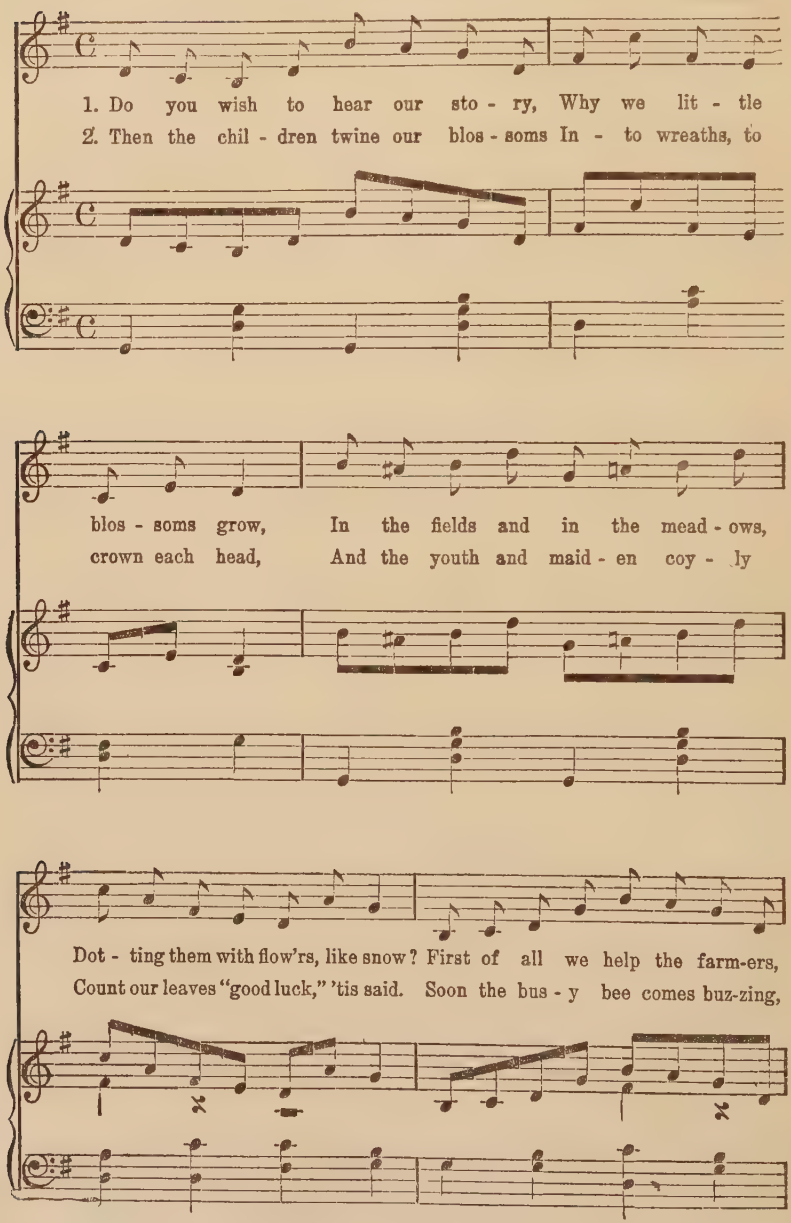

day Fill your cups, so small, With the gold - en drops from
night Drop their sparks on you, To set jew - els in the
Heav'n To give joy to all? Tell us, tell us,
fields Fresh with spark - ling dew? Tell us, tell us,
but - ter - cups, Tell us where you come from?
but - ter - cups, Are you stars of but - ter?

CLOVER

CARO SENOUR


1. Do you wish to hear our sto - ry, Why we lit - tle
2. Then the chil - dren twine our blos - soms In - to wreaths, to
blos - soms grow, In the fields and in the mead - ows,
crown each head, And the youth and maid - en coy - ly
Dot - ting them with flow'rs, like snow? First of all we help the farm-ers,
Count our leaves "good luck," 'tis said. Soon the bus - y bee comes buz-zing,

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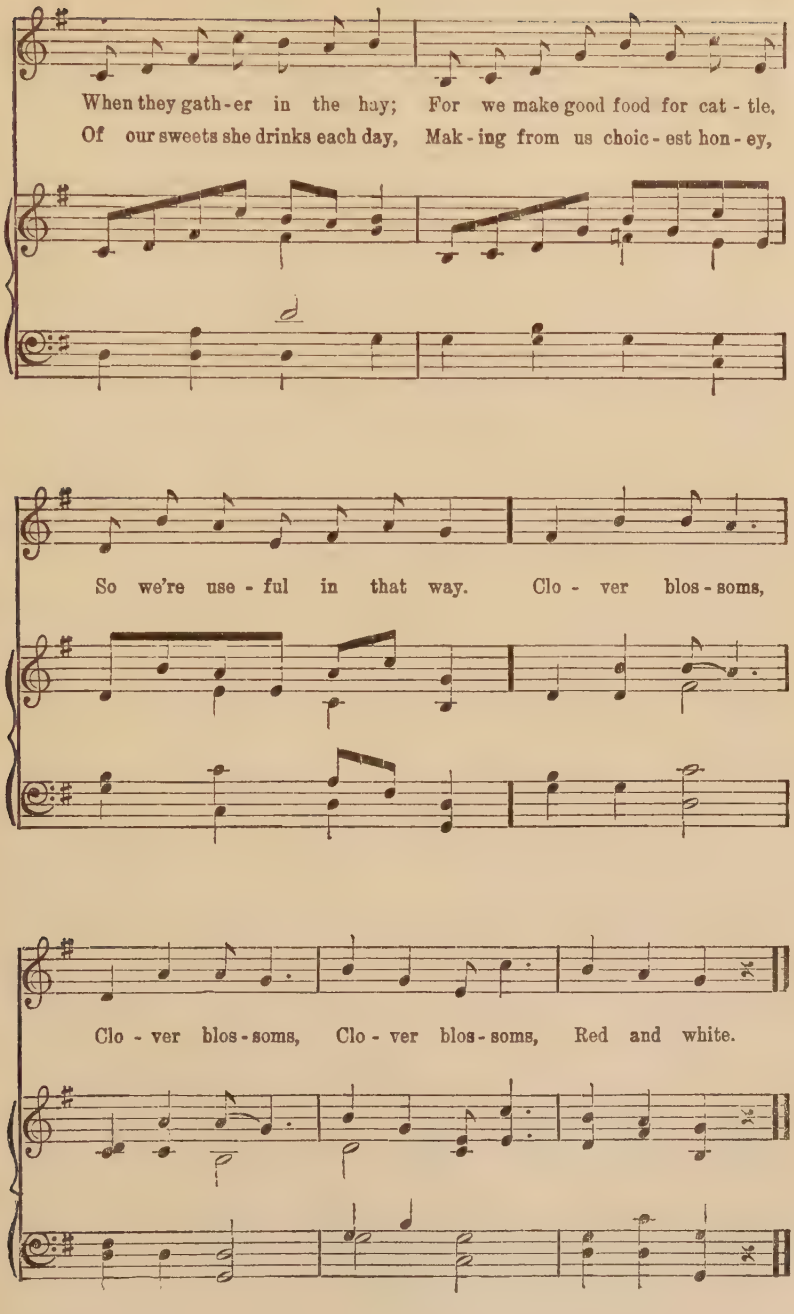
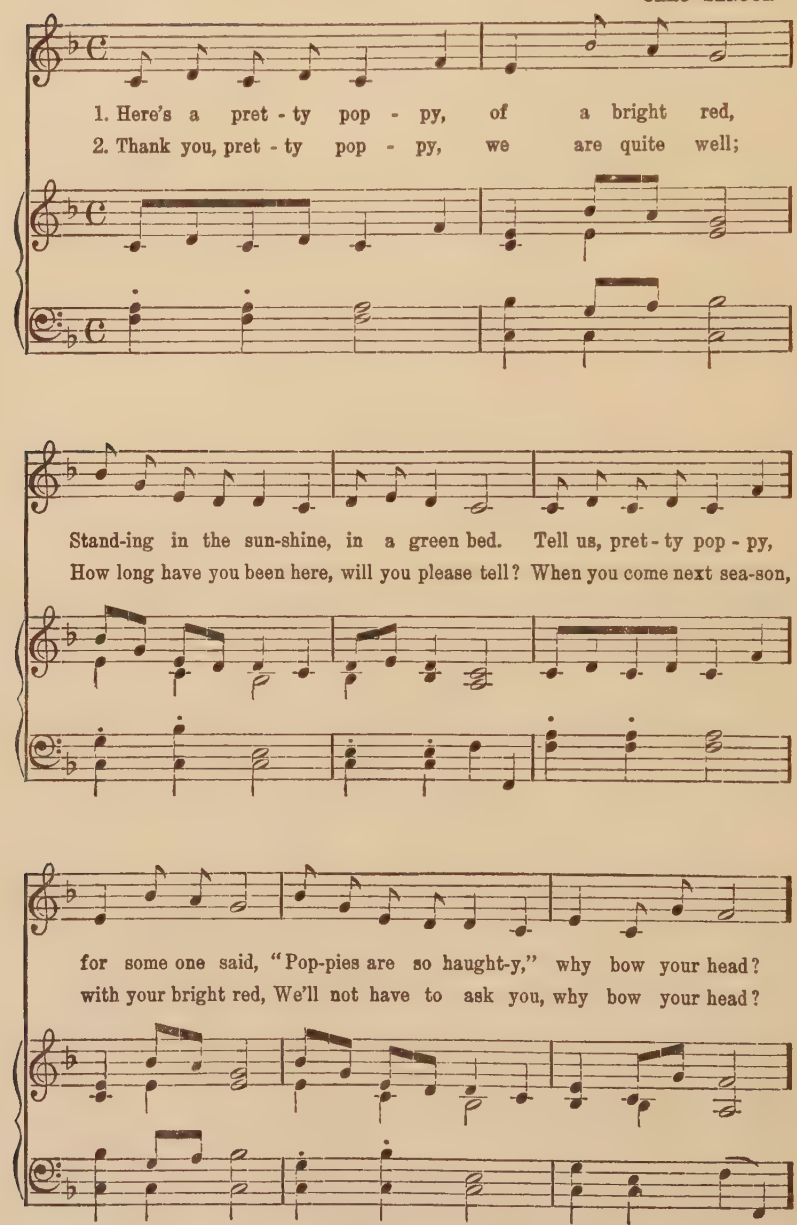

When they gath-er in the hay; For we make good food for cat-tle,
Of our sweets she drinks each day, Mak-ing from us choic-est hon-ey,
So we're use-ful in that way. Clo-ver blos-soms,
Clo-ver blos-soms, Clo-ver blos-soms, Red and white.

POPPIES

CARO SENOUR


1. Here's a pret - ty pop - py, of a bright red,
2. Thank you, pret - ty pop - py, we are quite well;
Stand-ing in the sun-shine, in a green bed. Tell us, pret - ty pop - py,
How long have you been here, will you please tell? When you come next sea-son,
for some one said, "Pop-pies are so haught-y," why bow your head?
with your bright red, We'll not have to ask you, why bow your head?

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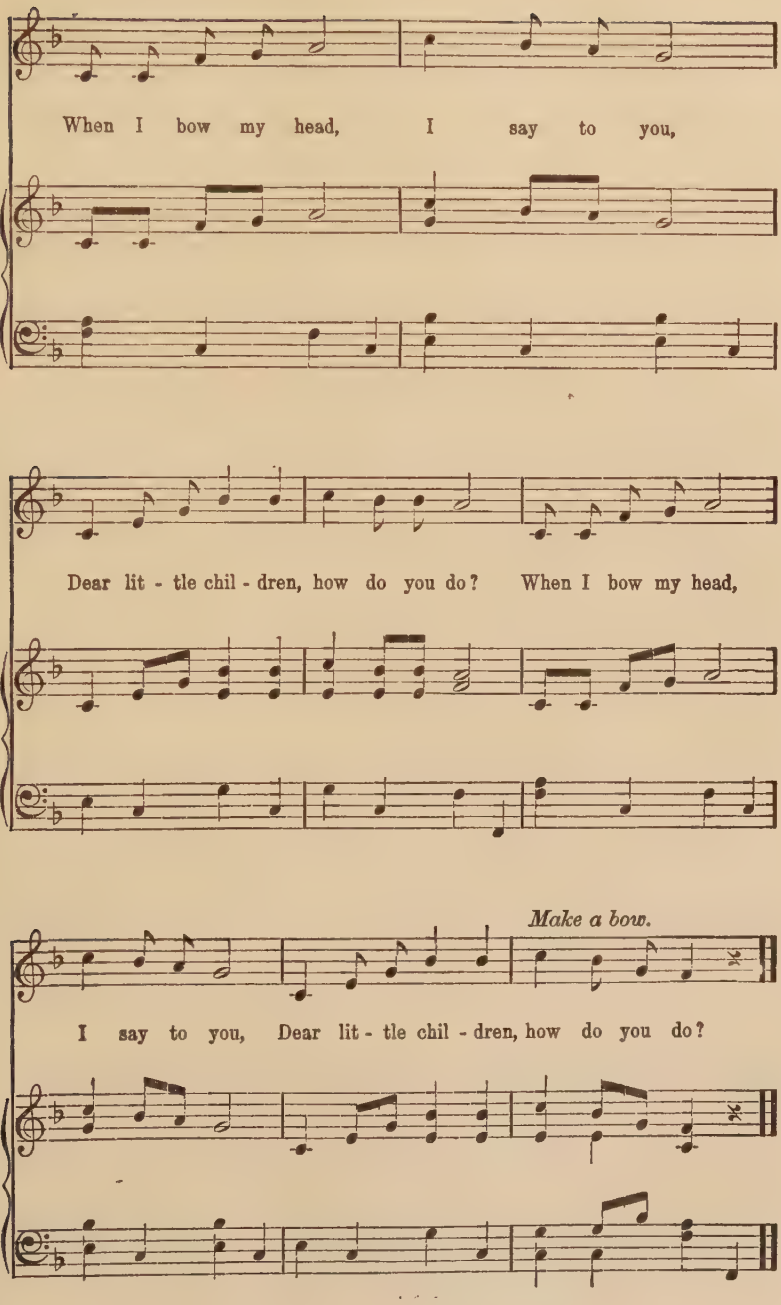
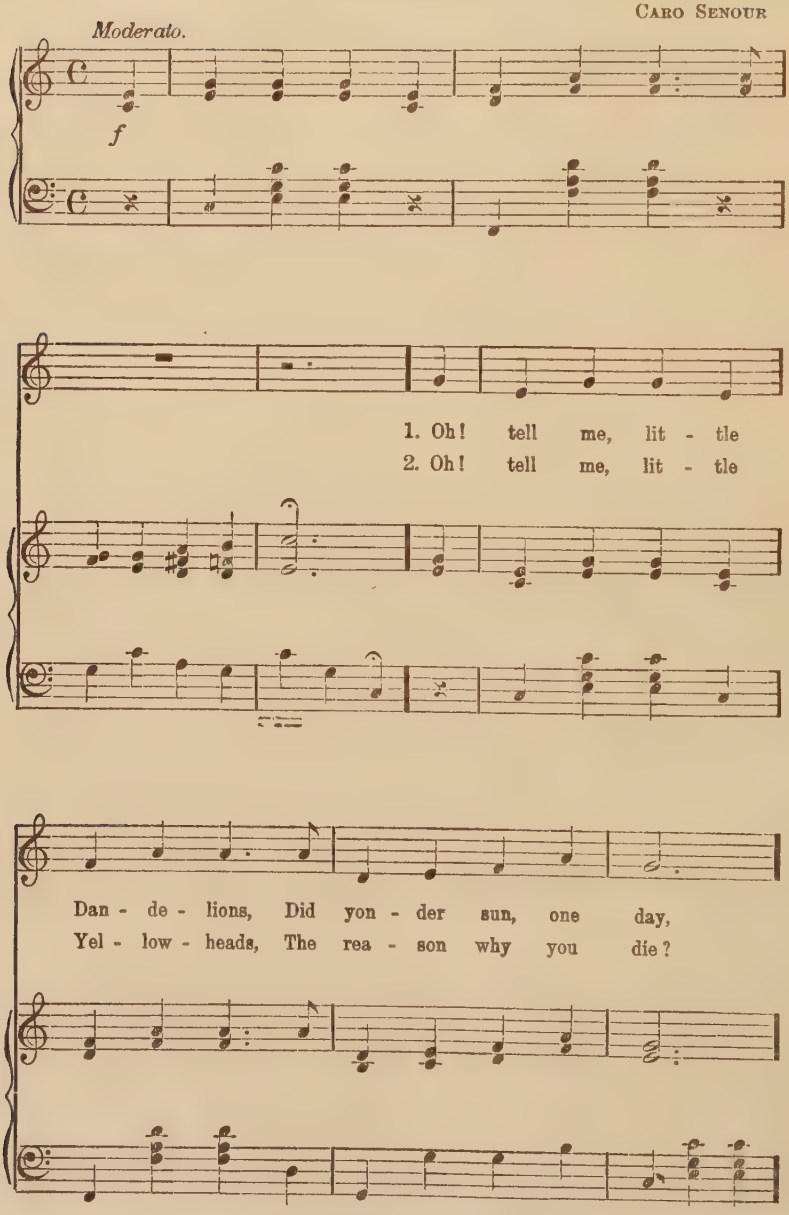

When I bow my head, I say to you,
Dear lit - tle chil - dren, how do you do? When I bow my head,
Make a bow.
I say to you, Dear lit - tle chil - dren, how do you do?

DANDELIONS

CARO SENOUR



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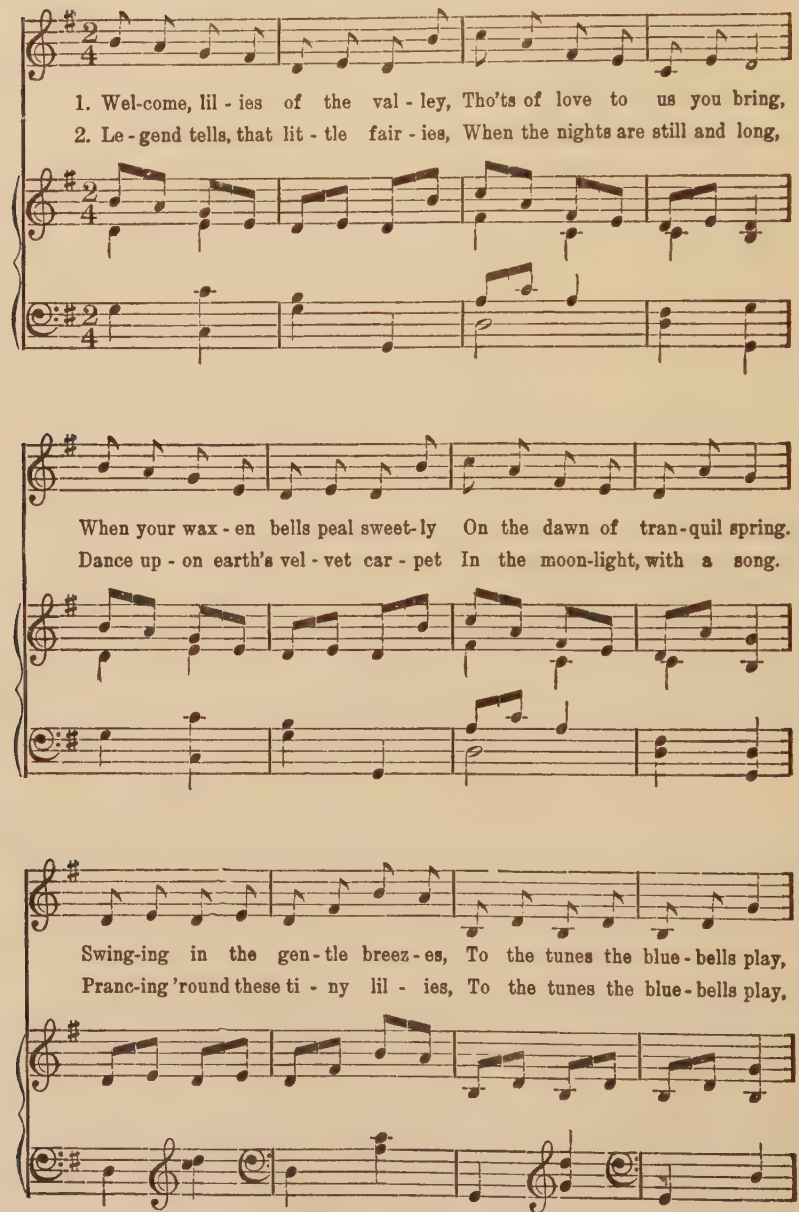
Mould you in - to wee, gold - en stars, To
Do you go back to fa - ther sun, To
shine in mead - ows gay? Or did you drop out
live up in the sky? Pray, tell me, are you
of the sky, To join the chil - dren's play?
gold - en stars, That shine way up so high?

LILY OF THE VALLEY

CARO SENOUR


1. Wel-come, lil - ies of the val - ley, Tho'ts of love to us you bring,
2. Le - gend tells, that lit - tle fair - ies, When the nights are still and long,
When your wax - en bells peal sweet-ly On the dawn of tran-quil spring.
Dance up - on earth's vel - vet car - pet In the moon-light, with a song.
Swing-ing in the gen - tle breez - es, To the tunes the blue - bells play,
Pranc-ing 'round these ti - ny lil - ies, To the tunes the blue - bells play.

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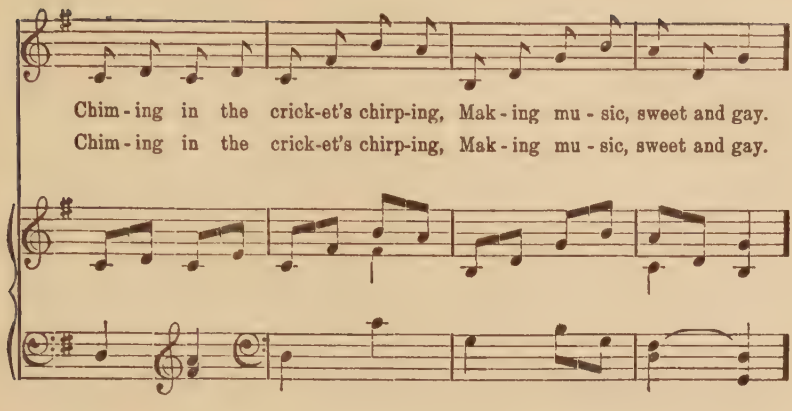
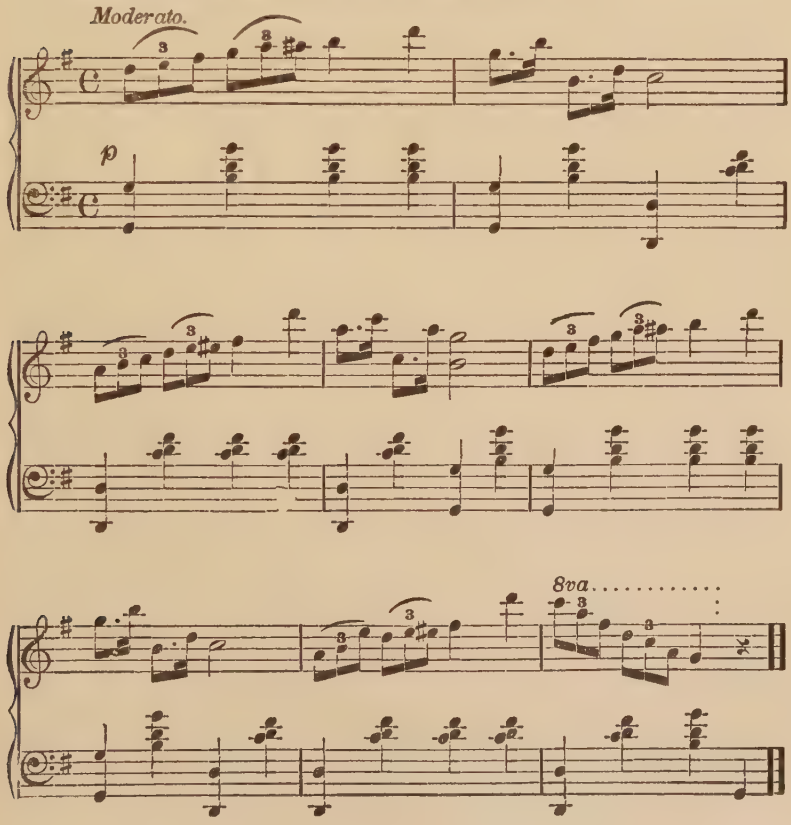
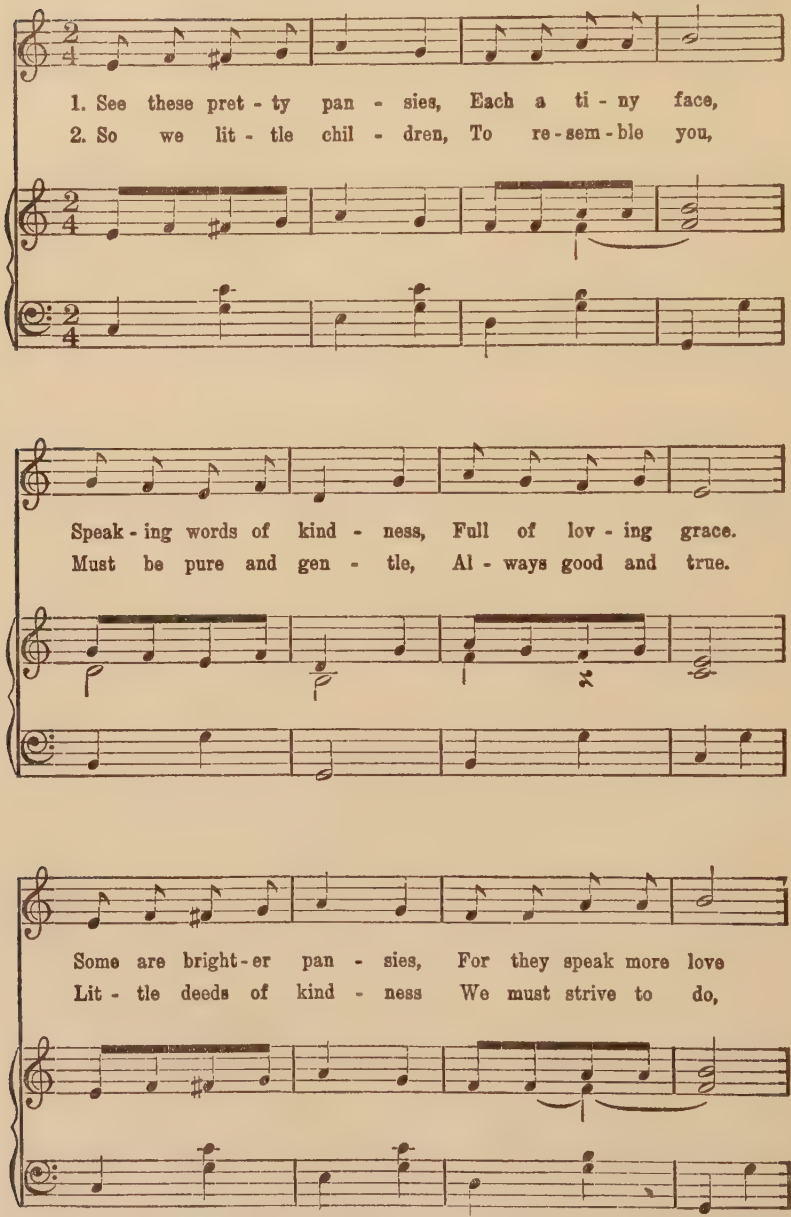

Chim - ing in the crick-et's chirp-ing, Mak - ing mu - sic, sweet and gay.
Chim - ing in the crick-et's chirp-ing, Mak - ing mu - sic, sweet and gay.

DANCE OF THE FAIRIES. To be played after each verse.



PANSIES

CARO SENOUR


1. See these pret - ty pan - sies, Each a ti - ny face,
2. So we lit - tle chil - dren, To re - sem - ble you,
Speak - ing words of kind - ness, Full of lov - ing grace.
Must be pure and gen - tle, Al - ways good and true.
Some are bright - er pan - sies, For they speak more love
Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness We must strive to do,

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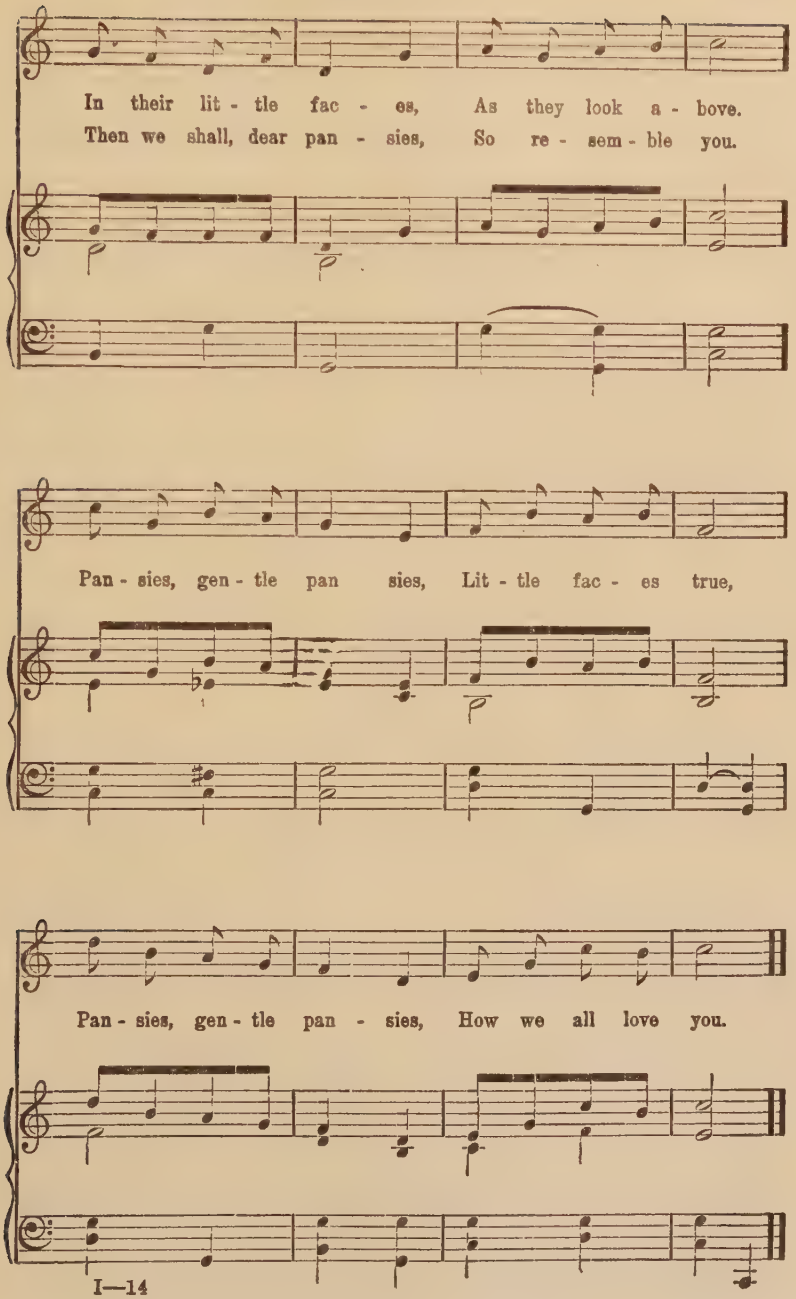

In their lit - tle fac - es, As they look a - bove.
Then we shall, dear pan - sies, So re - sem - ble you.
Pan - sies, gen - tle pan sies, Lit - tle fac - es true,
Pan - sies, gen - tle pan - sies, How we all love you.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

ARTHUR JARRATT

f
f mp
The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And
rall. mf a tempo.
what will the rob - in do then, poor thing? He'll sit in a barn, And
rall.
keep him-self warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing.

LITTLE TODDLEKINS

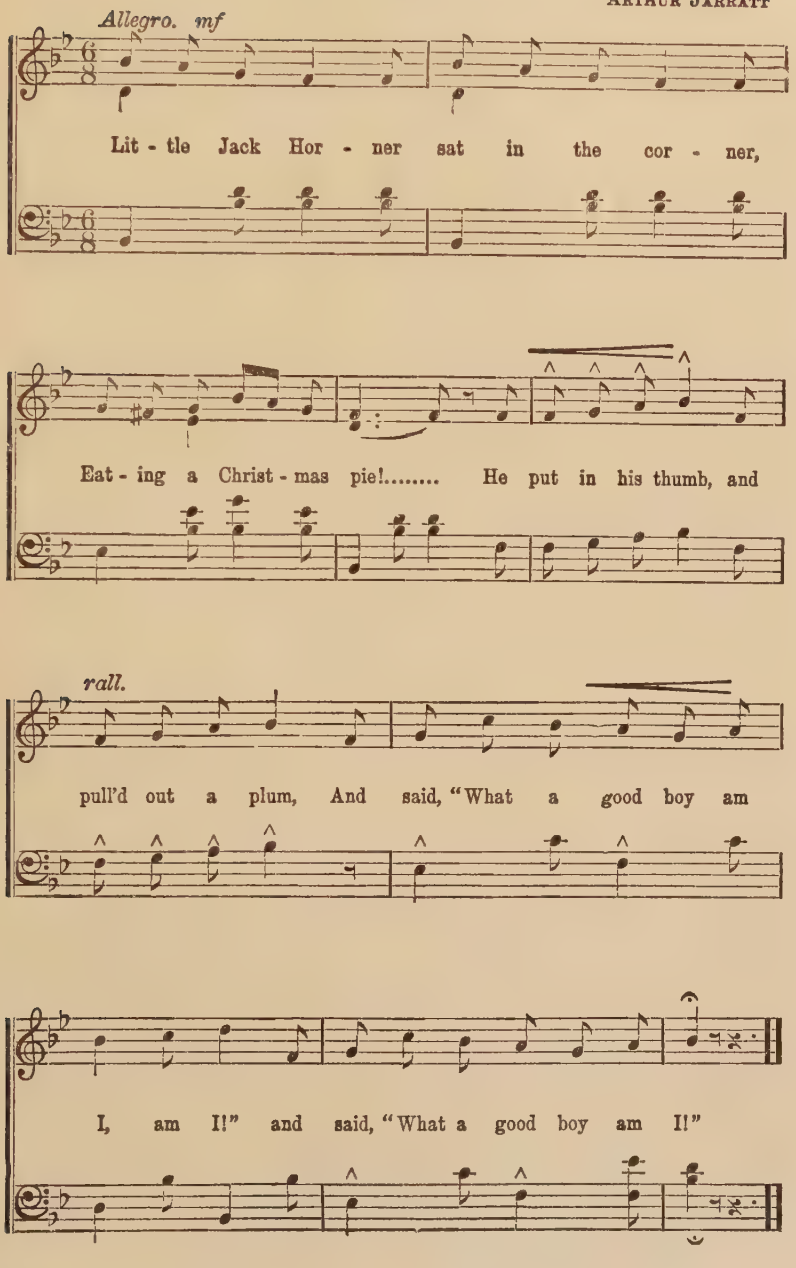
Words by ELMIA

From FLEIDNER'S Song Book

1. We are but lit - tle Tod - dle - kins, And we are ver - y small;
2. We are but lit - tle Tod - dle - kins, Yet come to school each day,
3. We are but lit - tle Tod - dle - kins, And can't do much, we know,
And yet we can both jump and run, And ver - y sel - dom fall.
And learn to read and write and sing And many a pret - ty play.
But still we think we must be nice, For poo - ple love us so.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

ARTHUR JARRATT


Allegro. mf
Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in the cor - ner,
Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie!..... He put in his thumb, and
rall.
pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am
I, am I!" and said, "What a good boy am I!"

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

ARTHUR JARRATT

Allegro moderato.
f
Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry; How does your gar - den
mp Solo.
grow?..... Sil - ver bells and coc - kle shells, And
Chorus.
mp
col - um - bines all in a row;..... Sil - ver bells and
Accomp.
mf
coc - kle shells, And col - um - bines all in a row.

GAME.—Children to be seated in rows; one stands out to sing the solo, and walks up to each row, imitating watering plants at the words "bells," "shells," or "columbines;" during the solo, the children in the row nearest the singer jump up, anyone jumping up at the wrong time is to take the place of the solo singer.

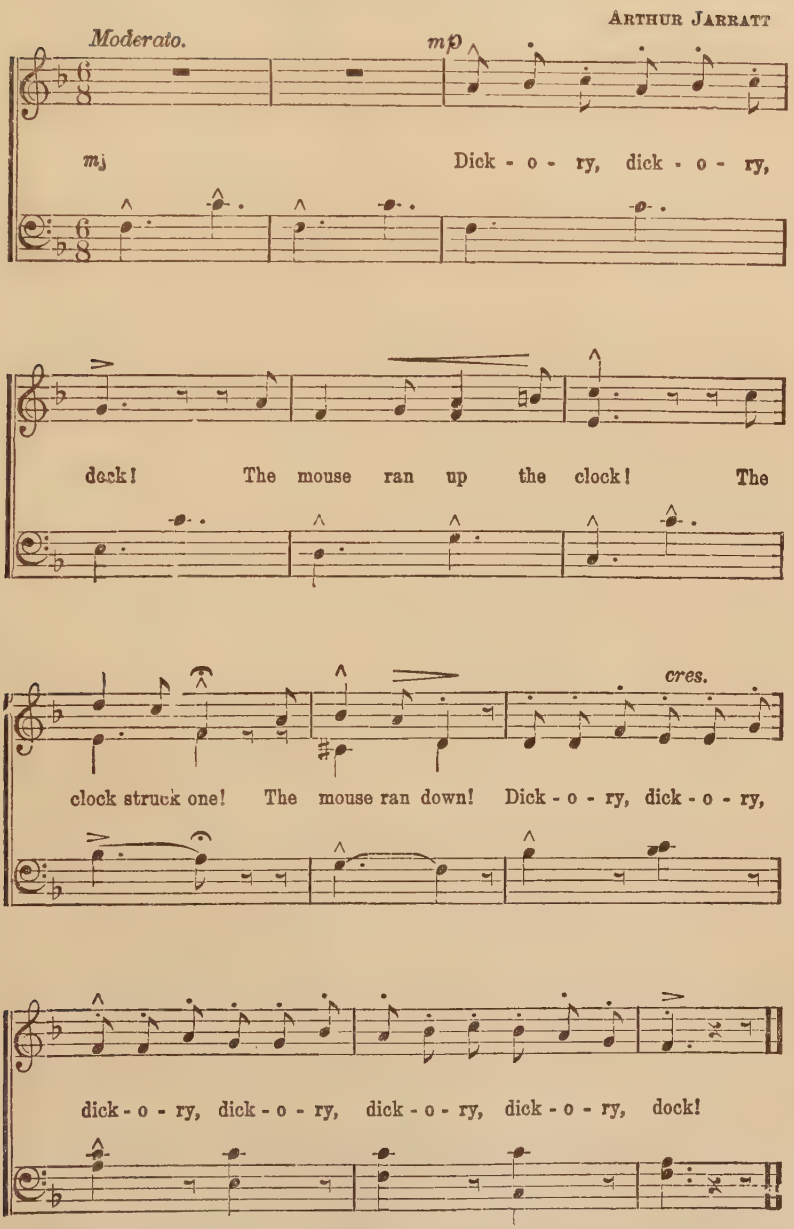
HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. SONDERLAND

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse run,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock!

DICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

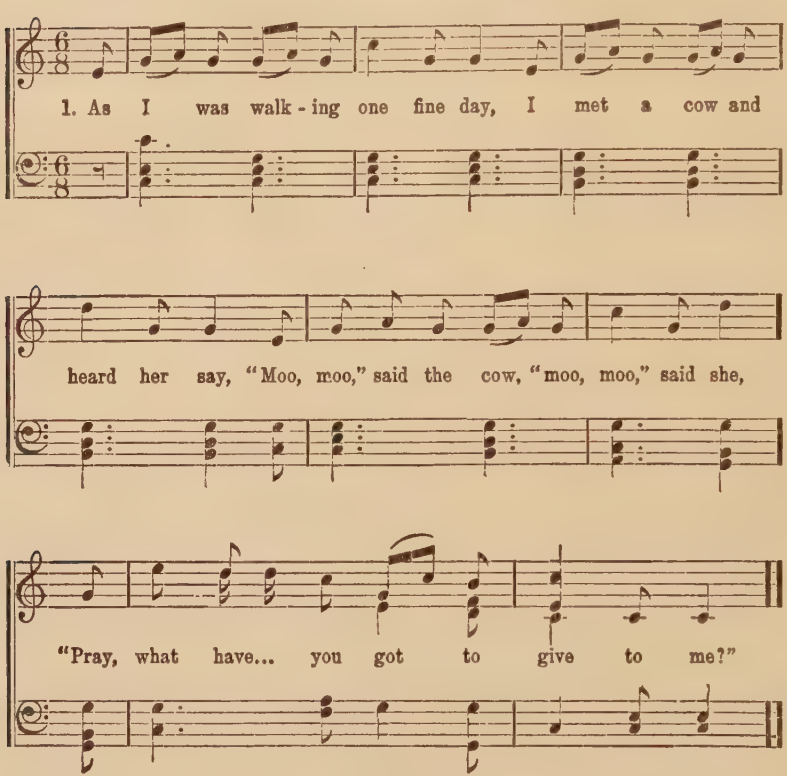
ARTHUR JARRATT


Moderato.
mp
mj
Dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry,
dock! The mouse ran up the clock! The
cres.
clock struck one! The mouse ran down! Dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry,
dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dock!

ACTIONS.—Swing one hand in time, like a pendulum, pausing at "one."

A WALK

Old English words by W. L. R. Tune "Poor Robbin's Maggot."


1. As I was walk - ing one fine day, I met a cow and
heard her say, "Moo, moo," said the cow, "moo, moo," said she,
"Pray, what have... you got to give to me?"

2 As I was walking that fine day,
I gave that cow some grass and hay,
"Moo, moo," said the cow, "moo, moo," said she,
"Oh! I'm very glad that I met with thee."

3 As I was walking one fine day,
I met a dog and heard him say,
"Bow, wow," said the dog, "bow, wow," said he,
"Pray, what have you got to give to me?"

NOTE.—The cries of animals may be imitated at the end of each verse.

4 As I was walking that fine day,
I gave that dog some bones on a tray,
"Bow, wow," said the dog, "bow, wow," said he,
"Oh, I'm very glad I met with thee."

5 As I was walking one fine day,
I met a cat and heard her say,
"Mew, mew," said the cat, "mew, mew," said she,
"Pray, what have you got to give to me?"

6 As I was walking that fine day,
I gave that cat some curds and whey,
"Mew, mew," said the cat, "mew, mew," said she.
"Oh, I'm very glad I met with thee."

7 As I was walking one fine day,
I met an ass and heard him say,
"He-haw," said the ass, "he-haw," said he.
"Pray, what have you got to give to me?"

8 As I walking that fine day,
I gave that ass some clover grey,
"He-haw," said the ass, "he-haw," said he,
"Oh, I'm very glad I met with thee."

9 As I was walking one fine day,
I met a pig 'mid my flowers at play,
"Grunt, grunt," said the pig, "grunt, grunt," said he.
"Pray, what have you got to give to me?"

10 As I was walking that fine day,
I gave pig the stick and sent him away,
"Squeak, squeak," said the Pig, "squeak, squeak," said he,
"Oh, I'm very grieved I met with thee."

PRETTY PIGEON

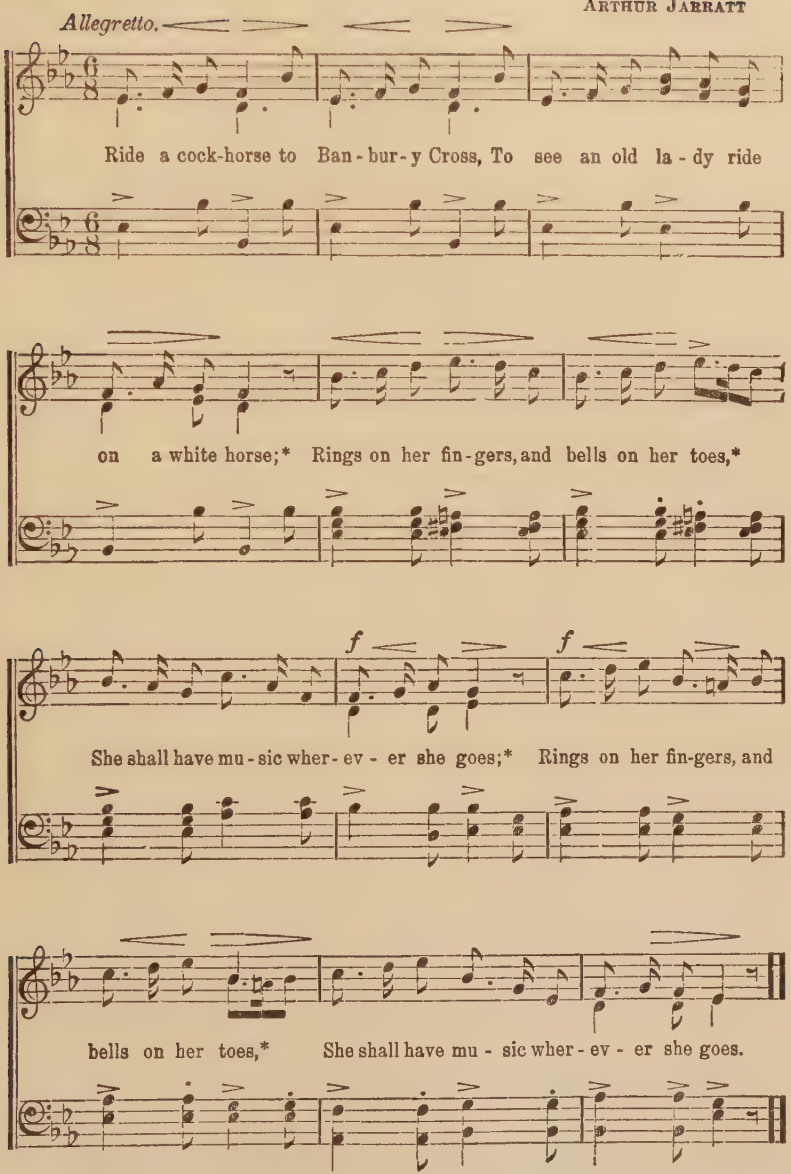
From the German of ANDREÄ
Translated by ELMIA

1. Pret - ty pi - geon on the roof, Do not hold thy -
2. Pret - ty pus - sy, white and grey, Let me stroke thee,
self a - loof; Ev - er walk - ing to and fro, Ver - y state - ly,
dear, I pray; Let me kiss thee once or twice, Thou wilt find it
ver - y slow; Show to me thy pur - ple wing, I'll give thee corn, thou
ver - y nice; Milk I'll give thee in a cup, And in my lap I'll
pp rall.
pret - ty thing; Now pi - geon, come, I love thee so.
take thee up; Now pus - sy, come, I love thee so.

ACTIONS.—1st. VERSE—Imitate a Pigeon's walk.
2d. VERSE—Imitate lifting and stroking a Cat.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

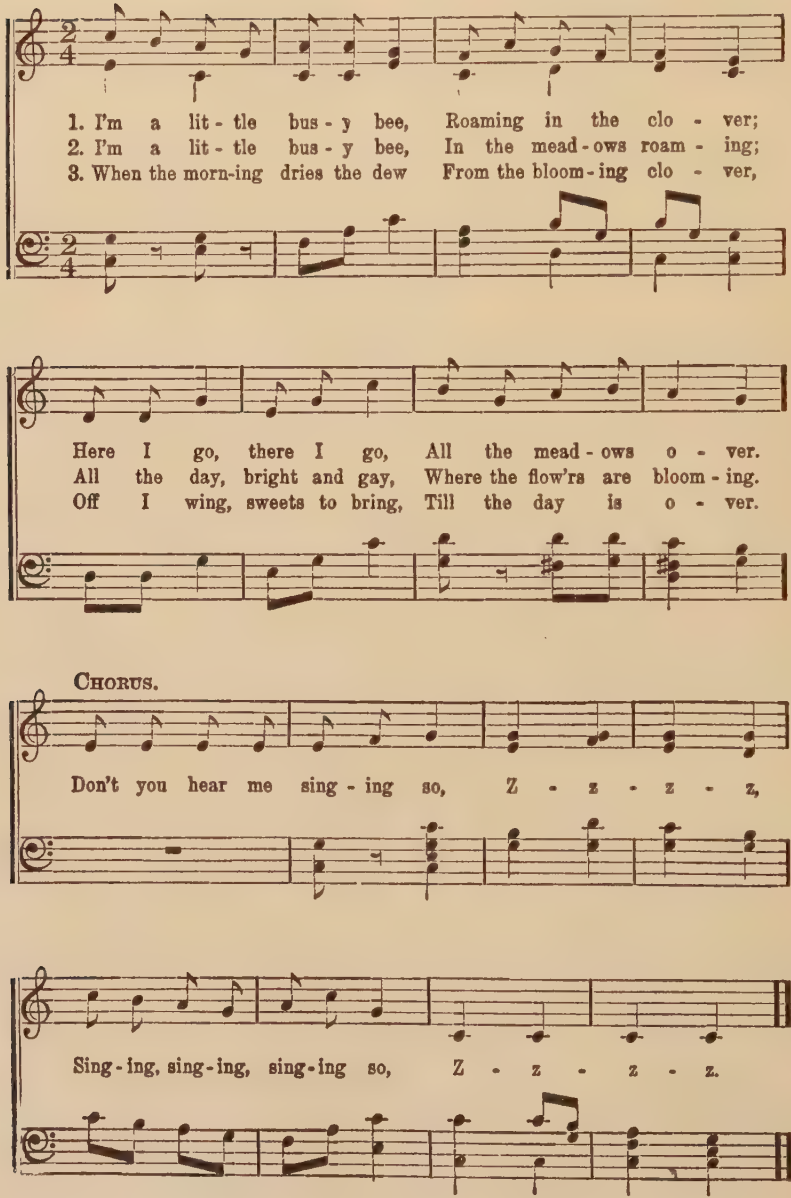
ARTHUR JARRATT


Allegretto.
Ride a cock-horse to Ban-bur-y Cross, To see an old la-dy ride
on a white horse;* Rings on her fin-gers, and bells on her toes,*
She shall have mu-sic wher-ev-er she goes;* Rings on her fin-gers, and
bells on her toes,* She shall have mu-sic wher-ev-er she goes.

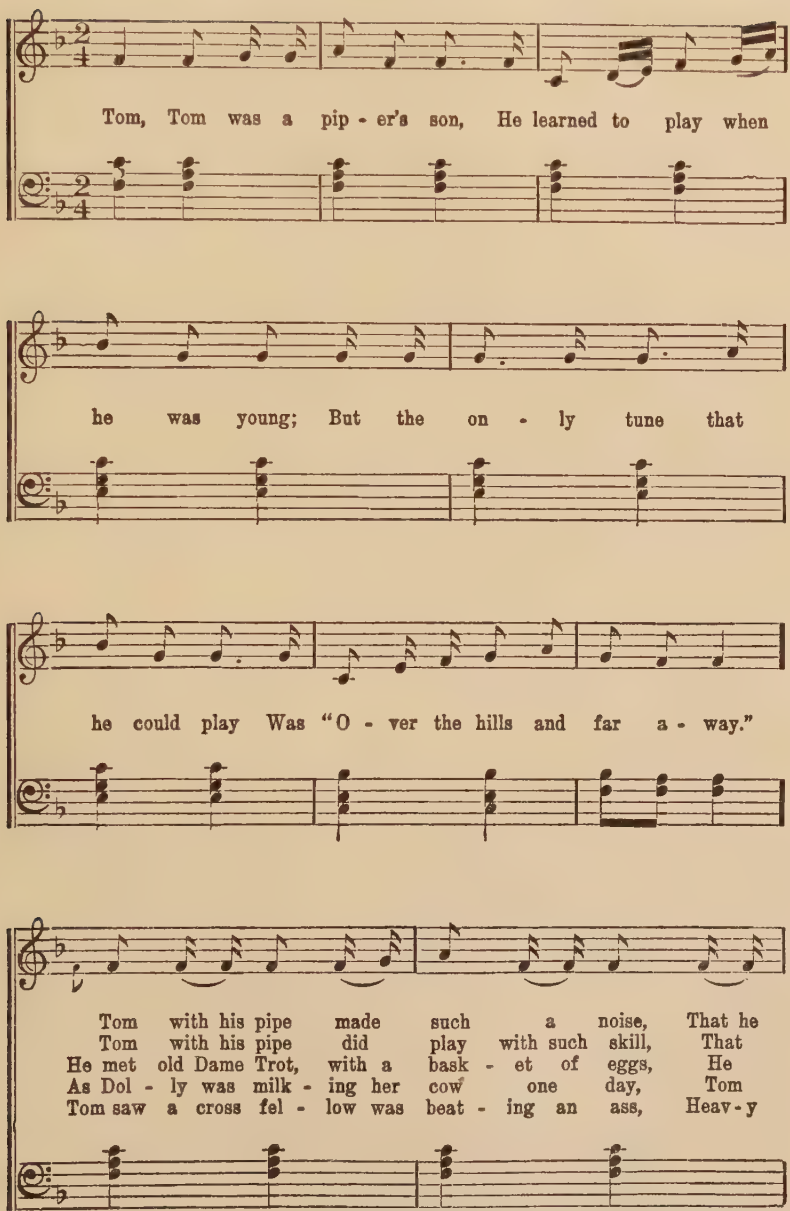
ACTIONS.—Point to fingers and toes. Sit down, and whilst nursing one leg, swing it up and down in time to the music; at mark *, click twice with the tongue.

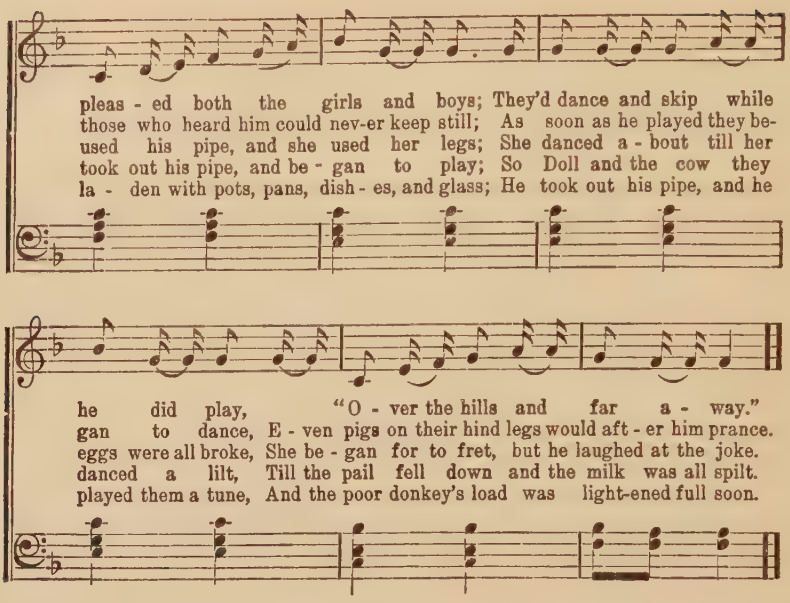
BUSY BEE

Words and Music by IONE


1. I'm a lit - tle bus - y bee, Roaming in the clo - ver;
2. I'm a lit - tle bus - y bee, In the mead - ows roam - ing;
3. When the morn-ing dries the dew From the bloom - ing clo - ver,
Here I go, there I go, All the mead - ows o - ver.
All the day, bright and gay, Where the flow'rs are bloom - ing.
Off I wing, sweets to bring, Till the day is o - ver.
CHORUS.
Don't you hear me sing - ing so, Z - z - z - z,
Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing so, Z - z - z - z.

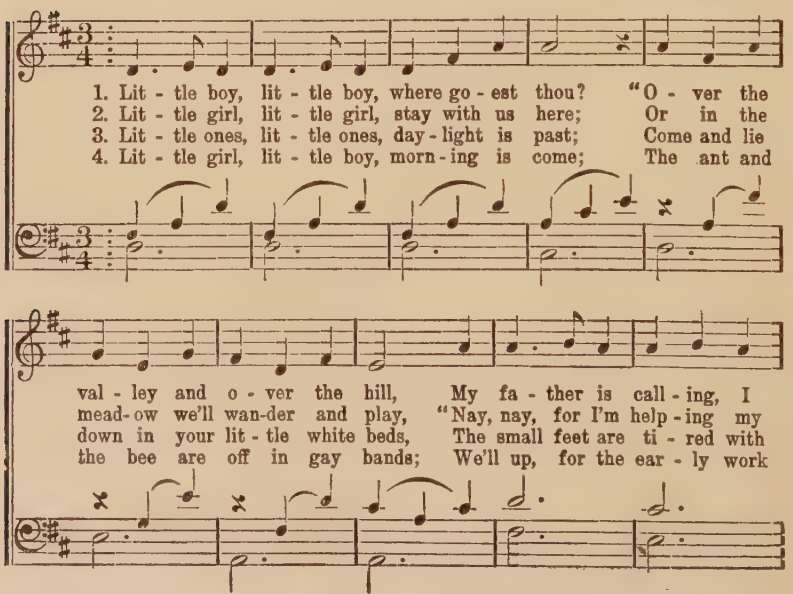
TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

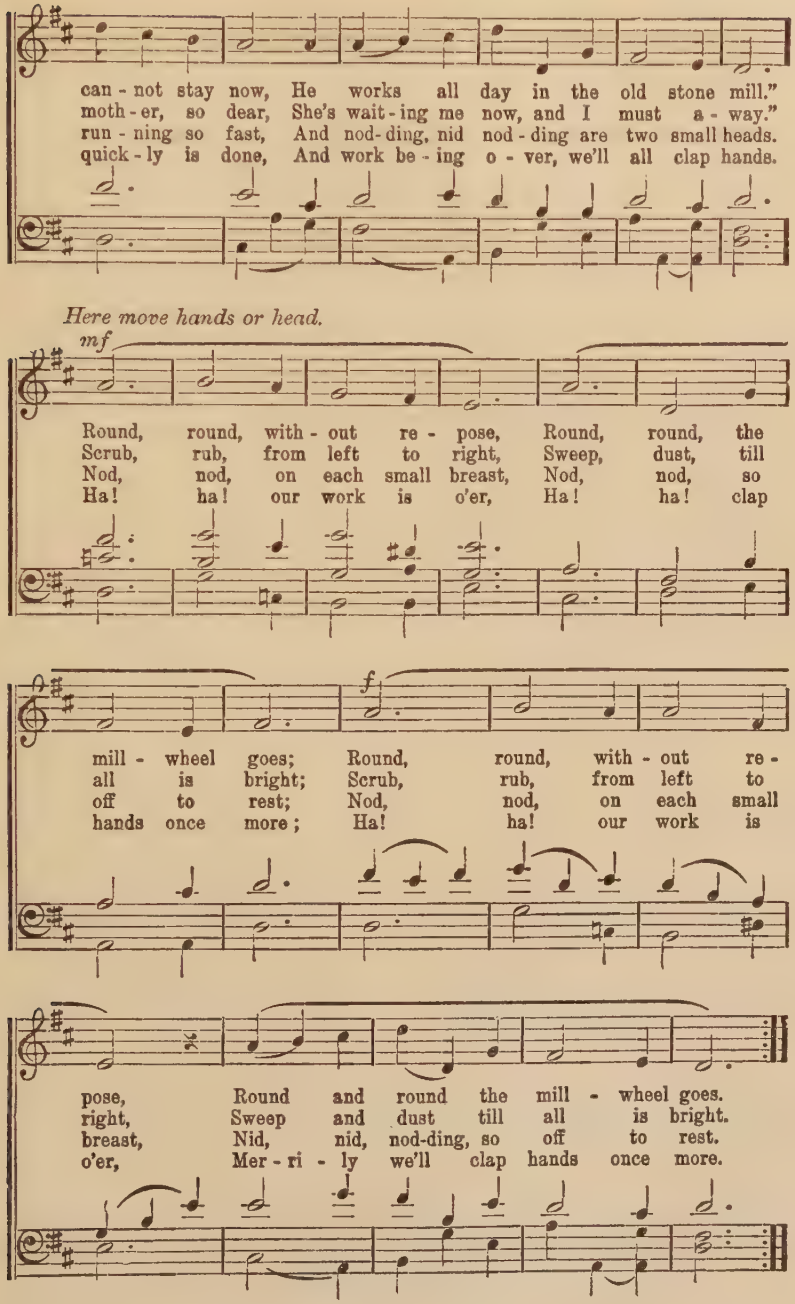

Tom, Tom was a pip - er's son, He learned to play when
he was young; But the on - ly tune that
he could play Was "O - ver the hills and far a - way."
Tom with his pipe made such a noise, That he
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill, That
He met old Dame Trot, with a bask - et of eggs, He
As Dol - ly was milk - ing her cow one day, Tom
Tom saw a cross fel - low was beat - ing an ass, Heav - y


pleas - ed both the girls and boys; They'd dance and skip while
those who heard him could nev-er keep still; As soon as he played they be-
used his pipe, and she used her legs; She danced a - bout till her
took out his pipe, and be - gan to play; So Doll and the cow they
la - den with pots, pans, dish - es, and glass; He took out his pipe, and he
he did play, "O - ver the hills and far a - way."
gan to dance, E - ven pigs on their hind legs would aft - er him prance.
eggs were all broke, She be - gan for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.
danced a lilt, Till the pail fell down and the milk was all spilt.
played them a tune, And the poor donkey's load was light-ened full soon.

THE MILLER'S LITTLE CHILDREN

C. Carr Moseley


1. Lit - tle boy, lit - tle boy, where go - est thou? "O - ver the
2. Lit - tle girl, lit - tle girl, stay with us here; Or in the
3. Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones, day - light is past; Come and lie
4. Lit - tle girl, lit - tle boy, morn - ing is come; The ant and
val - ley and o - ver the hill, My fa - ther is call - ing, I
mead - ow we'll wan-der and play, "Nay, nay, for I'm help - ing my
down in your lit - tle white beds, The small feet are ti - red with
the bee are off in gay bands; We'll up, for the ear - ly work


can - not stay now, He works all day in the old stone mill."
moth - er, so dear, She's wait - ing me now, and I must a - way."
run - ning so fast, And nod - ding, nid nod - ding are two small heads.
quick - ly is done, And work be - ing o - ver, we'll all clap hands.
Here move hands or head.
mf
Round, round, with - out re - pose, Round, round, the
Scrub, rub, from left to right, Sweep, dust, till
Nod, nod, on each small breast, Nod, nod, so
Ha! ha! our work is o'er, Ha! ha! clap
mill - wheel goes; Round, round, with - out re -
all is bright; Scrub, rub, from left to
off to rest; Nod, nod, on each small
hands once more; Ha! ha! our work is
f
pose, Round and round the mill - wheel goes.
right, Sweep and dust till all is bright.
breast, Nid, nid, nod-ding, so off to rest.
o'er, Mer - ri - ly we'll clap hands once more.

TROTTING, RUNNING AND HIGH STEPPING HORSES

In the following rhythm three different movements are combined into one, and if the exercise is rightly used, should be of great value. The first twelve measures are for the trotting horses, and should represent this movement as nearly as possible. First the step should be taken with the right foot leading, the body very relaxed, the arm and head swinging easily. If it accentuates the movement to let the right arm strike the right leg each time, do so, and, of course, when the left foot leads, the left arm will strike the left leg. It will be best to play the entire twelve measures through, letting the right foot lead, then repeat, using the left foot. Most of the weight of the body should be on the same side, with the foot leading, and the body should also be turned slightly to the right, or left, in the direction of the foot which is leading.

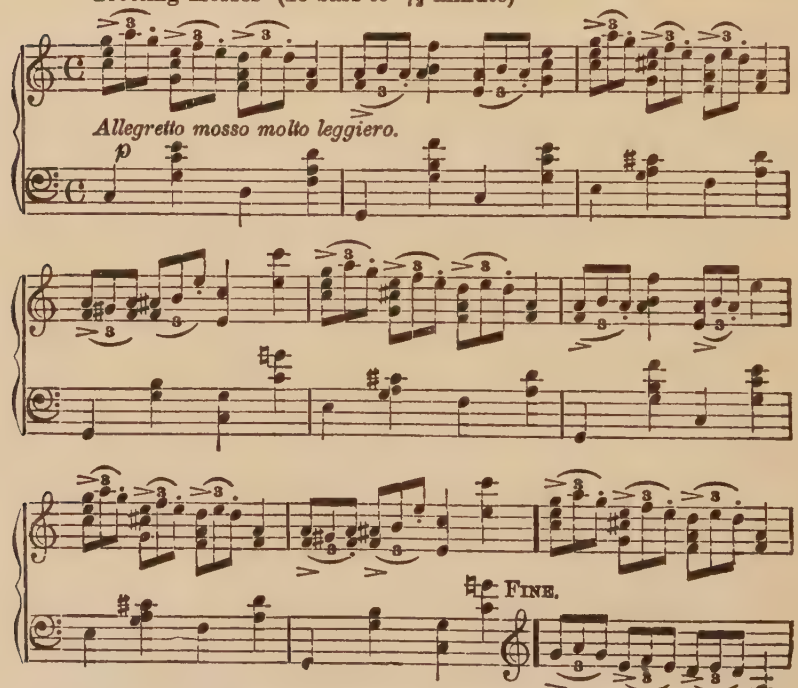
In the running music following, the simple running step is taken.

In the exercise for high stepping horses, the head and body are held very erect, the back strong and straight, while, as each note is played, the legs are raised alternately, right leg first, bending and raising as high as possible, thus the muscles of the thigh, leg and hip are brought into play. The lower leg, in raising, should not be at right angles with the body, but rather as near straight as possible, the knee being level with the hip and foot, pointed toe downward, so that the ball of the foot will touch before the heel. Once trying this exercise will not make perfect, but the real benefit will come only after many attempts, and it will be seen that the exercise is a fasciuating one to children.

It will be found quite difficult to keep one's poise, but the control which is gained through the practice of the exercise is very helpful. The correct standing and walking position should be spoken of, stepping first upon the ball of the foot, then upon the heel.

CLARA LOUISE ANDERSON

Trotting Horses (16 bars to $^1/_3$ minute)



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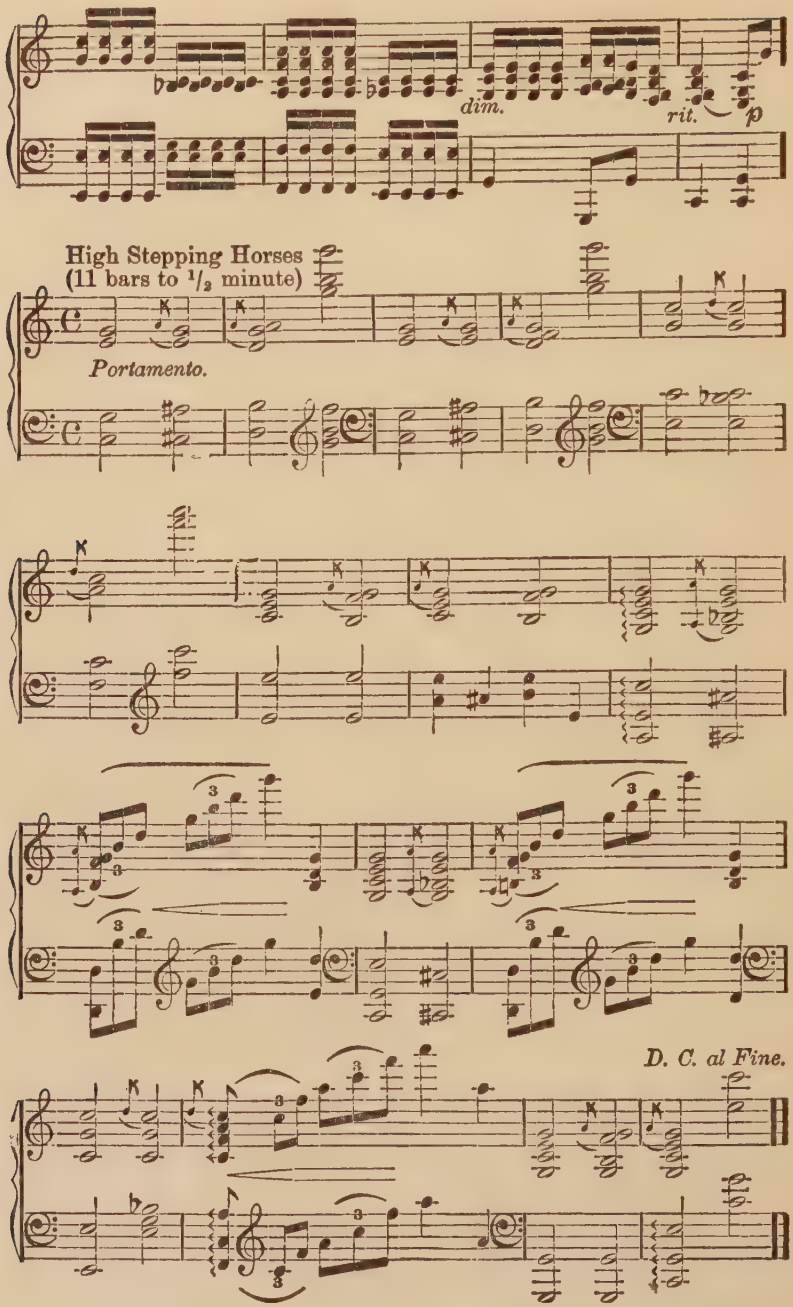
Running Horses (16 bars to 1/2 minute)
Staccato molto.
ff


dim.
rit.
p
High Stepping Horses
(11 bars to 1/2 minute)
Portamento.
D. C. al Fine.

MARCH IN B♭ MAJOR

CLARA LOUISE ANDERSON

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marcato.
1
2
Fine.
8va
mf leggiero.
8va

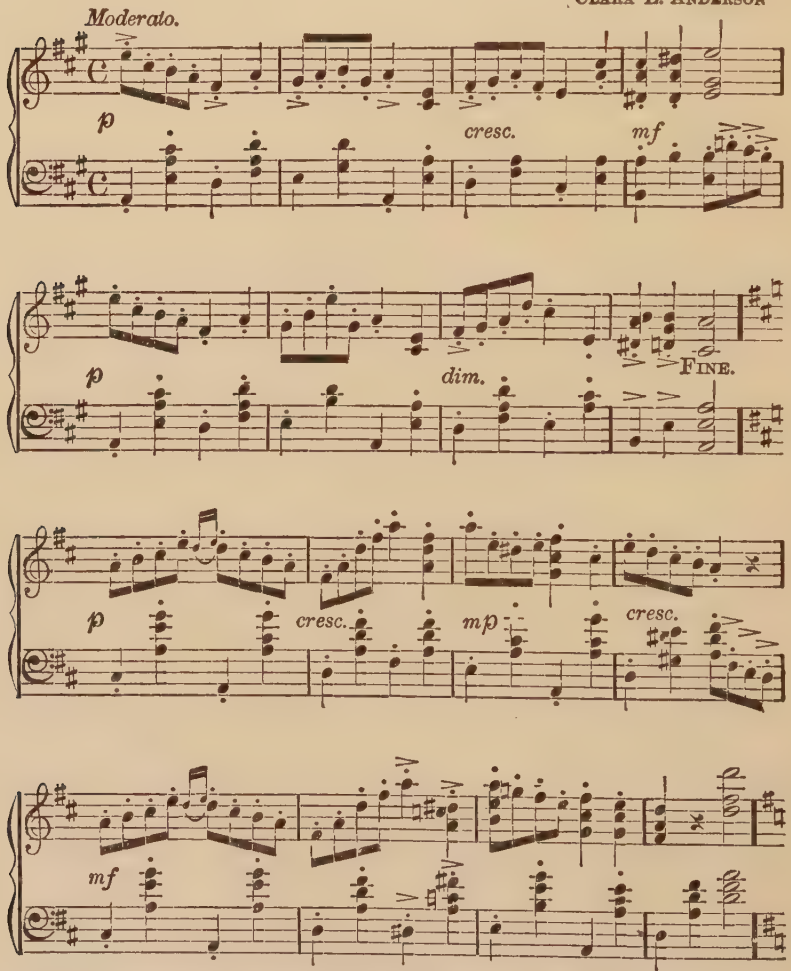
8va
8va
8va
8va
8va
loco.

RAIN DROPS

In executing this composition, the greatest precision and delicacy of touch is necessary. The time must be perfect throughout the piece. The rhythm naturally is disconnected, and each note should stand out alone, clear and distinct.

To represent the pattering of rain-drops, the little feet must be guided by the pattering of the musical theme, and for this effect a light wrist staccato must be used. The gradation of tone, growing louder or softer will indicate to the children the force of rain, and by this they will cultivate a quick perception for tone quality.

CLARA L. ANDERSON



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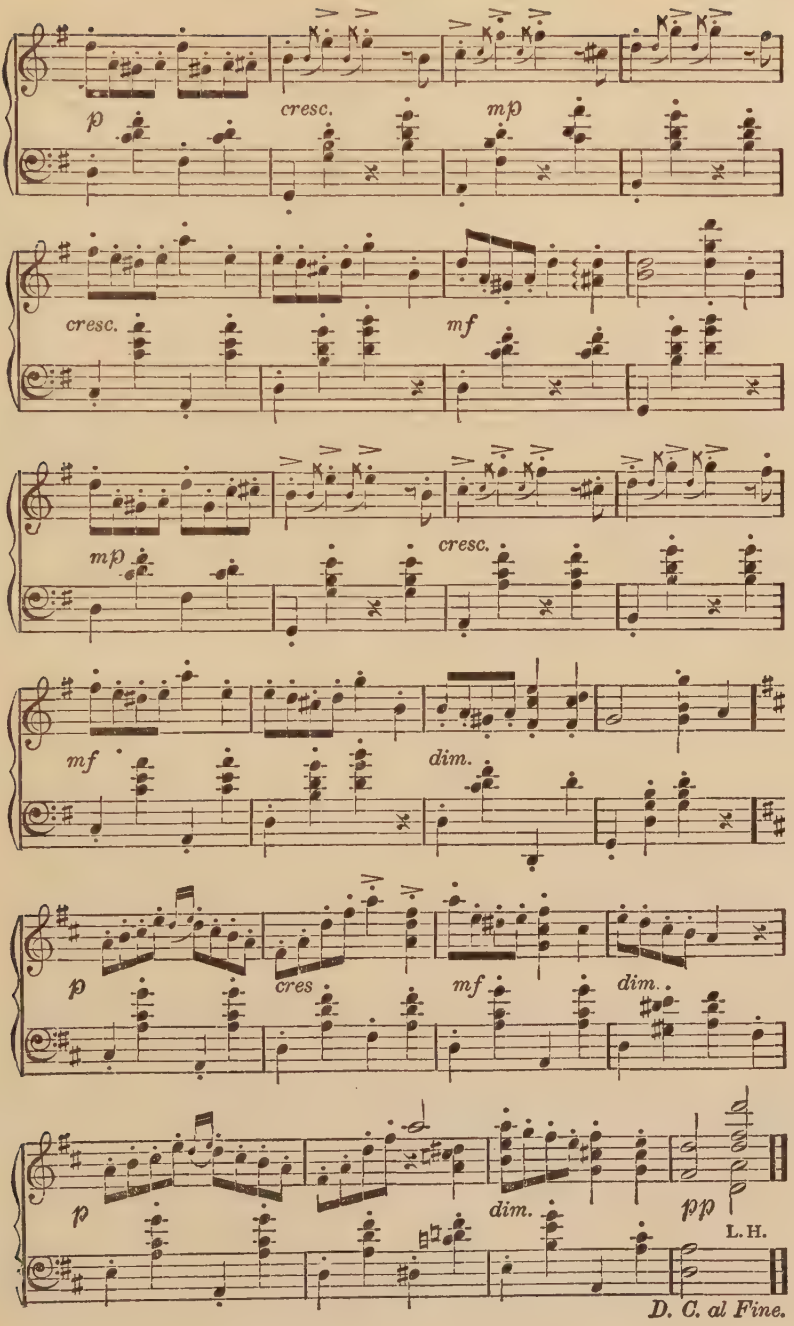
p
cresc.
mp
cresc.
mf
mp
cresc.
mf
dim.
p
cres
mf
dim.
p
dim.
pp
L. H.
D. C. al Fine.

MORNING SONG

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(a) *Non legato* here means simply a lightly detached movement.

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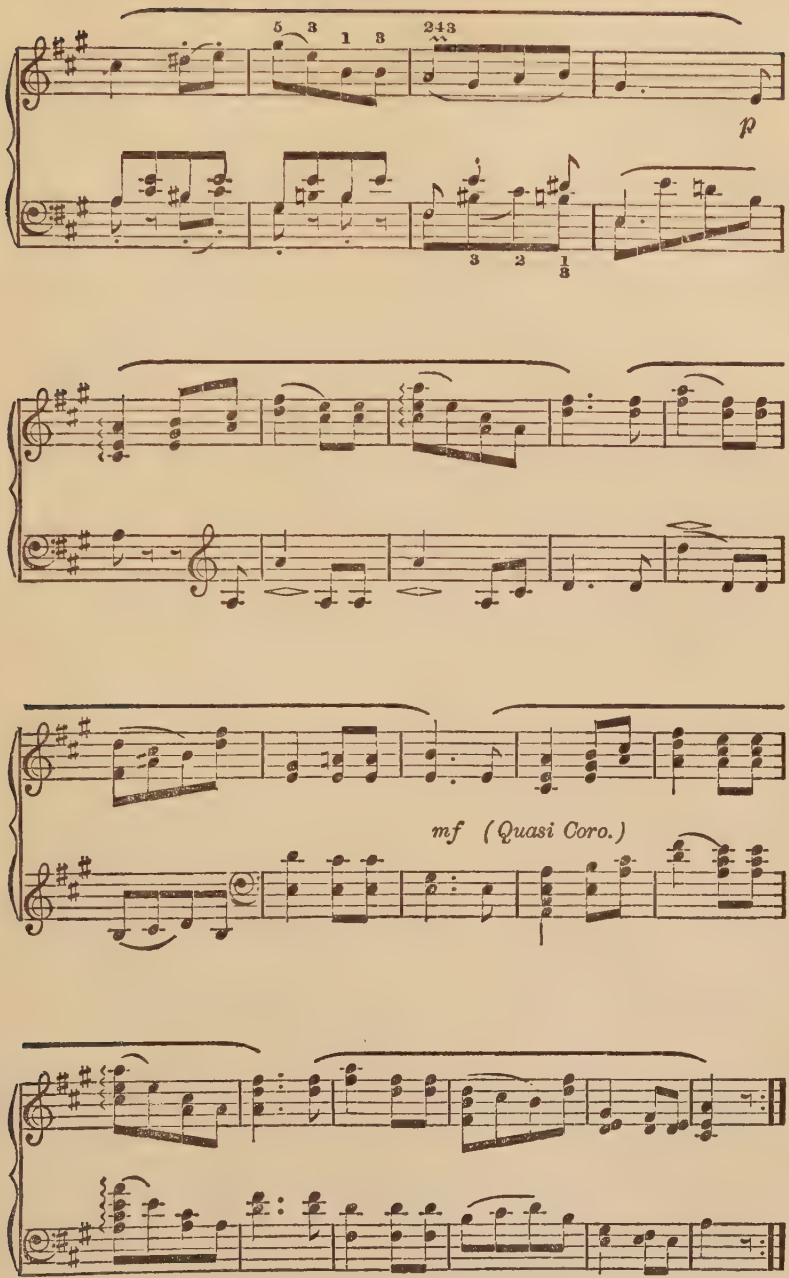
5 3 1 3
243
p
3 2 1/8
mf (Quasi Coro.)

MORNING MOOD

Abridged

EDWARD GRIEG

Allegretto pastorale (♩ = 60.)

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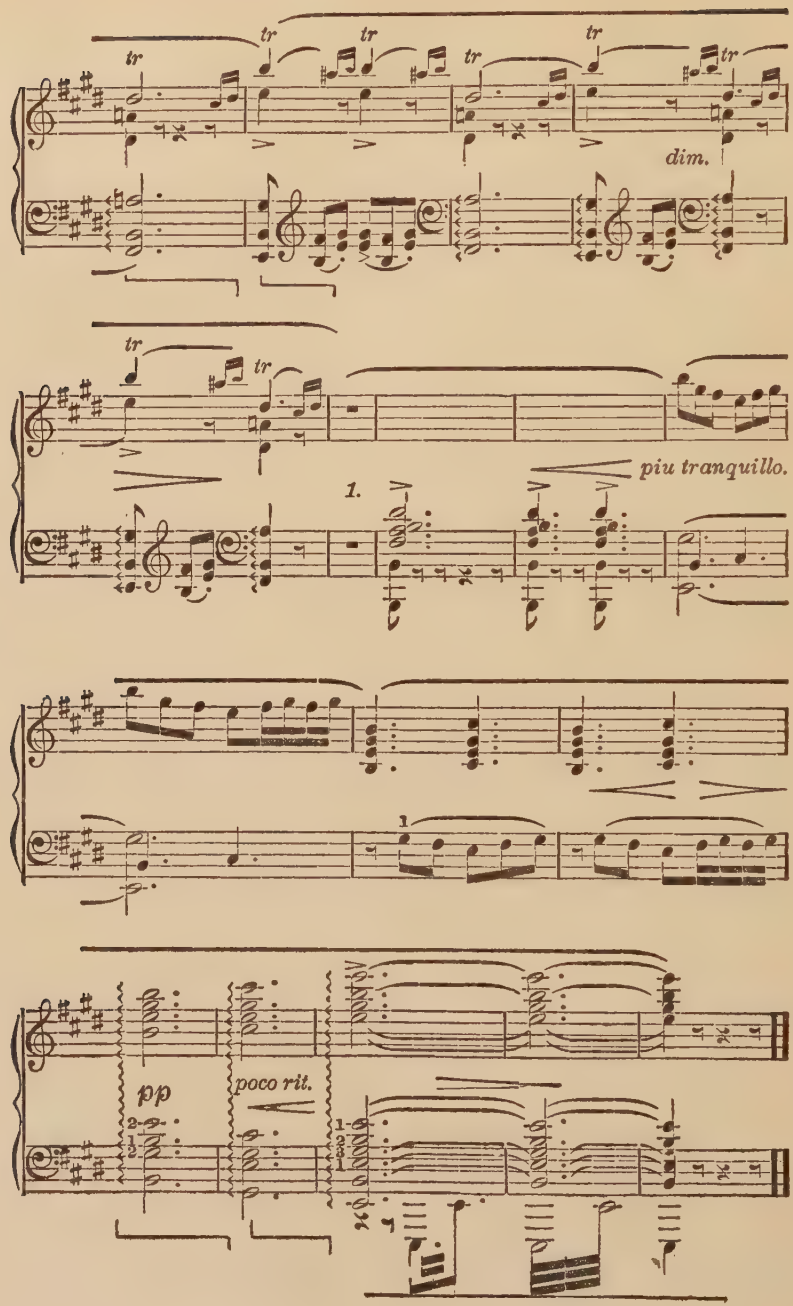
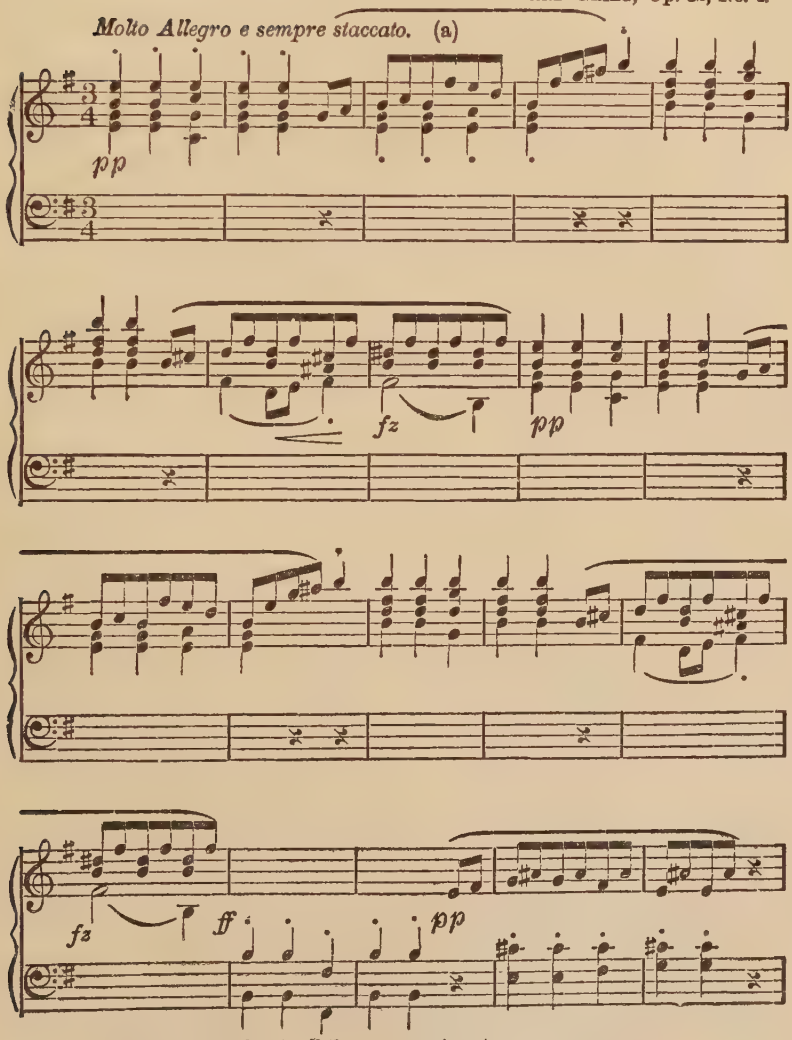
tranquillo.
pp
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
p


tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
dim.
tr
tr
piu tranquillo.
1.
1
pp
poco rit.

DANCE OF THE FROST ELVES

In Frost-land live the Giants bold,
And Pixies keen, who make the cold;
They freeze the earth and bind the streams
While you and I are deep in dreams.

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 12, No. 4.



Sempre staccato refers to all the accompaniment.

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f
pp
cresc.
f
pp
fz
f
f
pp
f
pp

cresc.
f
pp
fz
pp
ppp

A FIELD MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house
The garden mouse lives in a bower;
He's friendly with the frogs and toads
And sees the pretty plants in flower.—*Christina Rossetti*

JOHN MOKREJS

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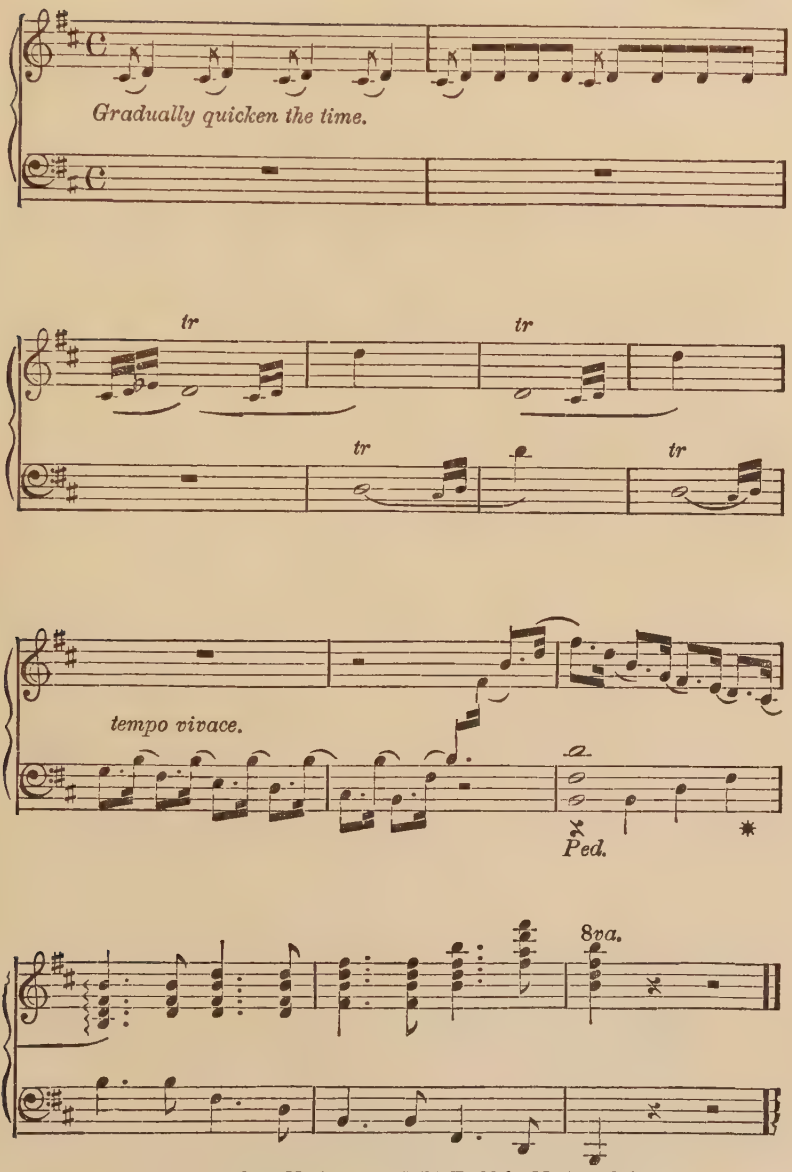
THE FROGS

Arr. by A. C. Graham



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SPRING'S AWAKENING

Spring is calling, spring is calling,
Bud and seedlet upward creep;
Birds are coming, brooklets running,
Nature's helpers—wake from sleep.

Bright and cheerful. EUGEN GAYRHOS

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THE RAINDROPS

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter;
Out of the clouds they throng,
Freshness of heaven they scatter,
Little dark rootlets among.—*Lucy Larcom*

Abridged

MENDELSSOHN

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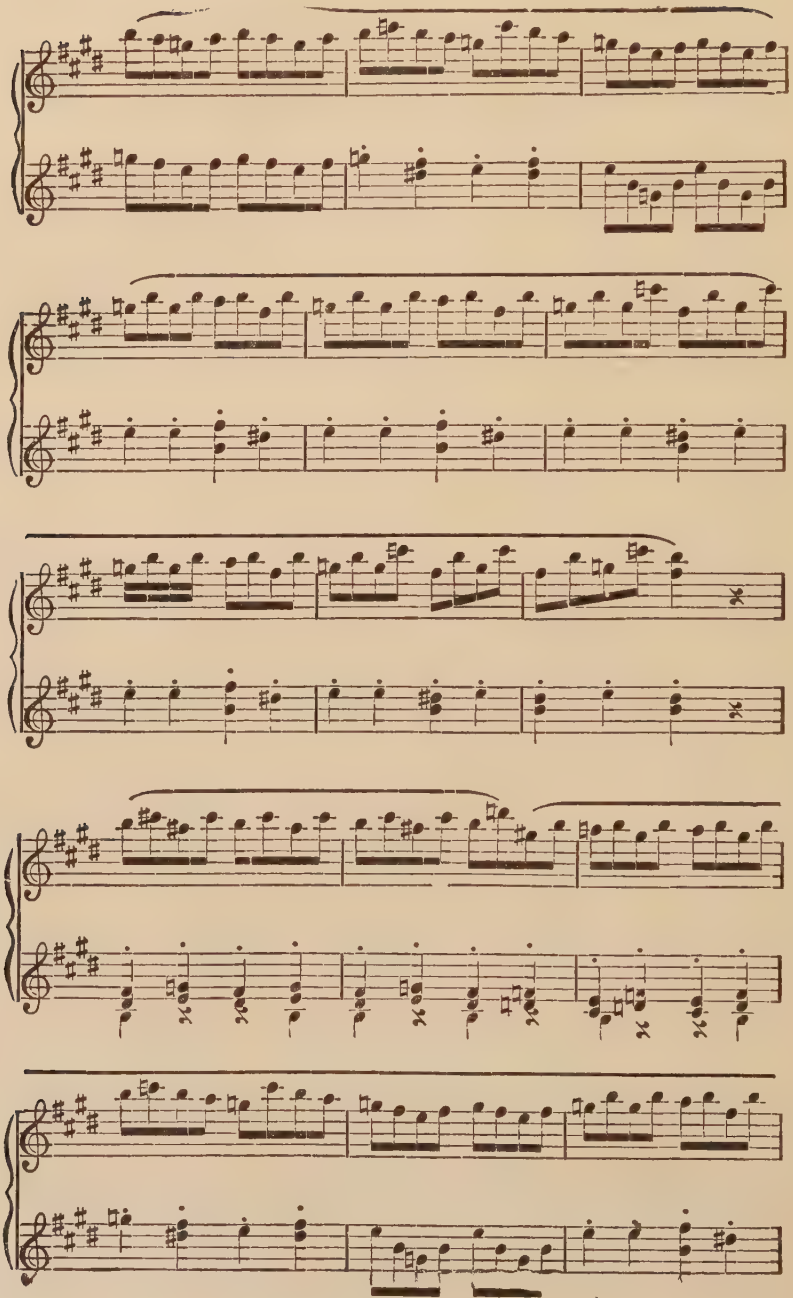
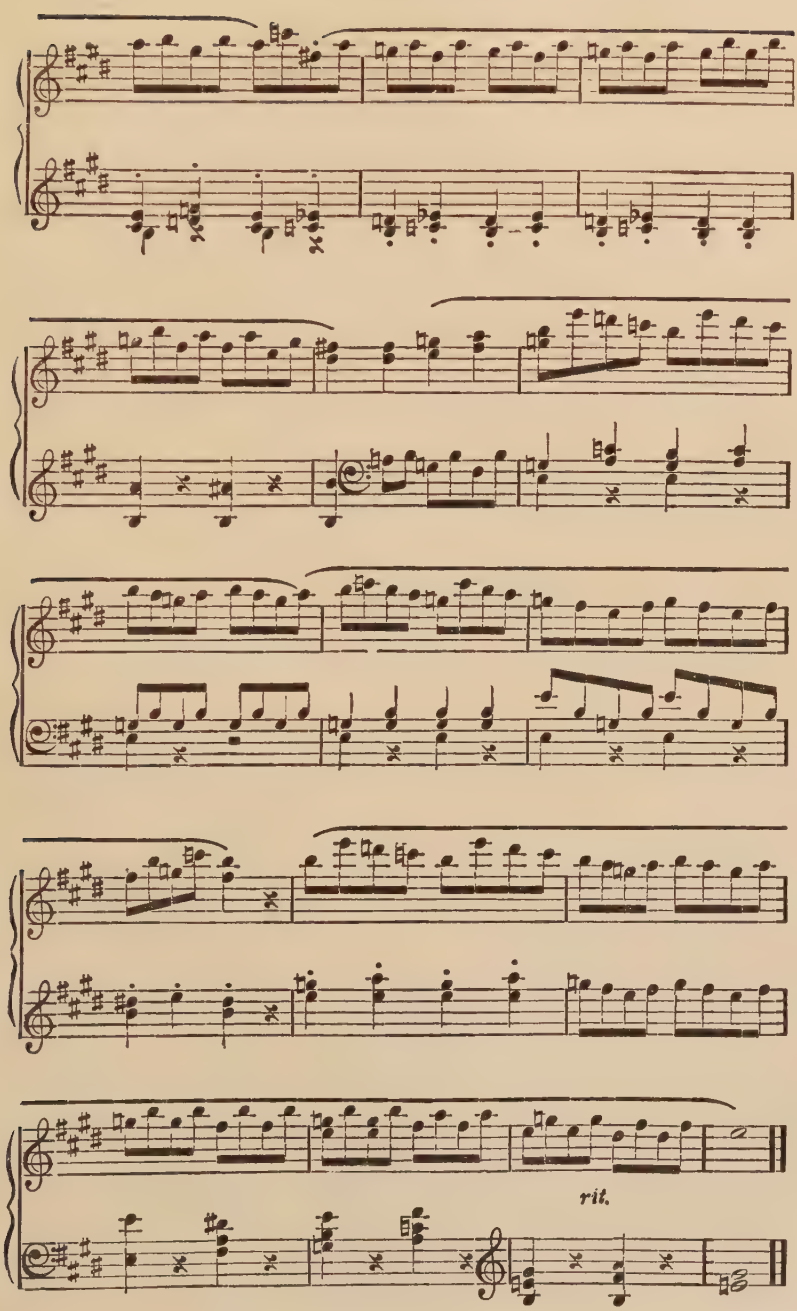
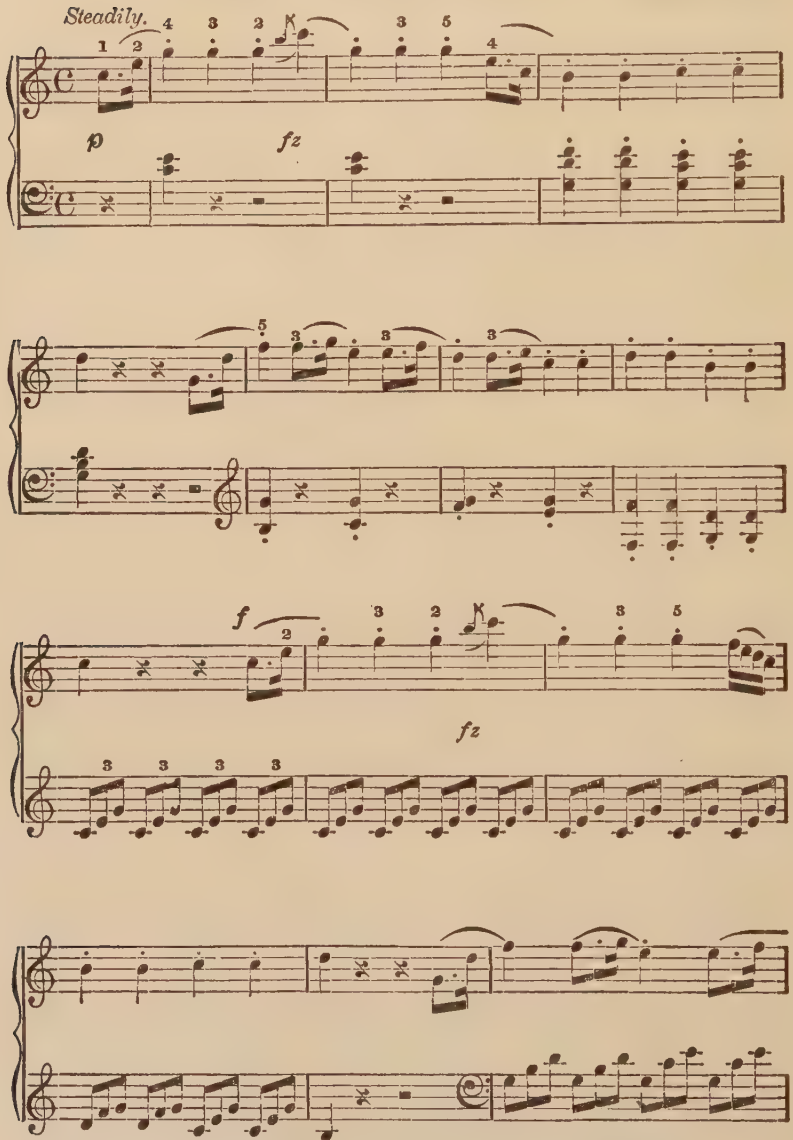



rit.

CARPENTER THEME

"Mid shavings and sawdust and hammer blows
A wonderful building grows and grows."

From HAYDN



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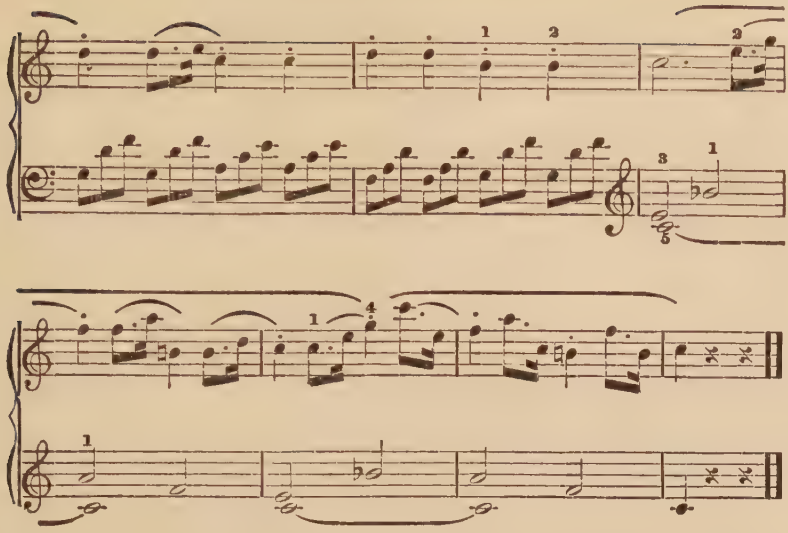
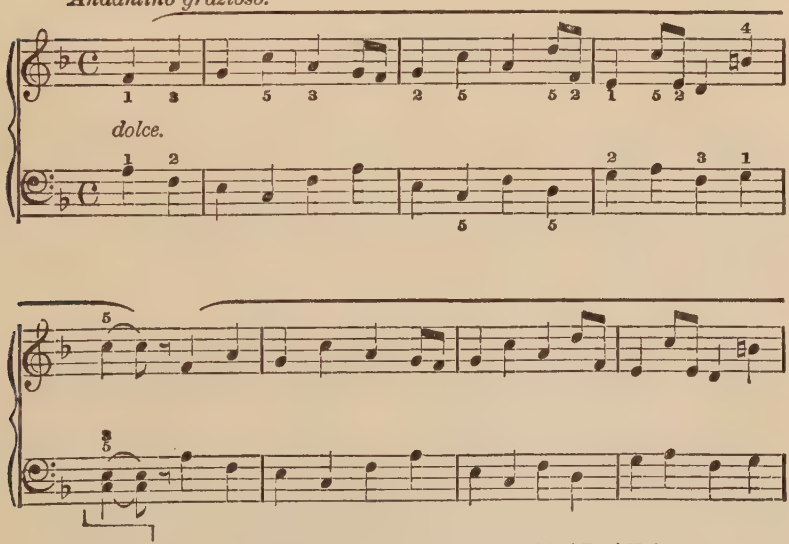


HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH

Cling! clang! hear the anvil ringing,
Cling! this song 'tis ever singing.

Abridged G. F. HÄNDEL

Andantino grazioso.



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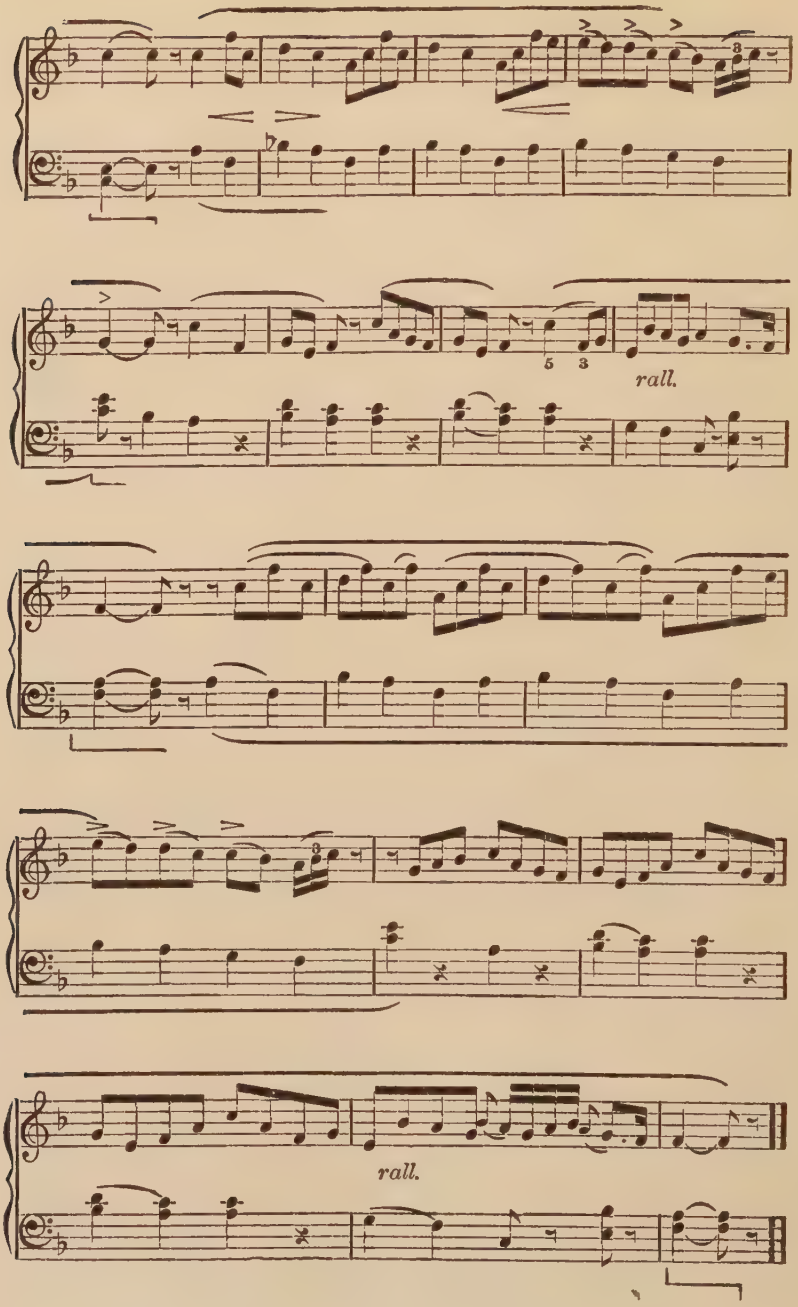
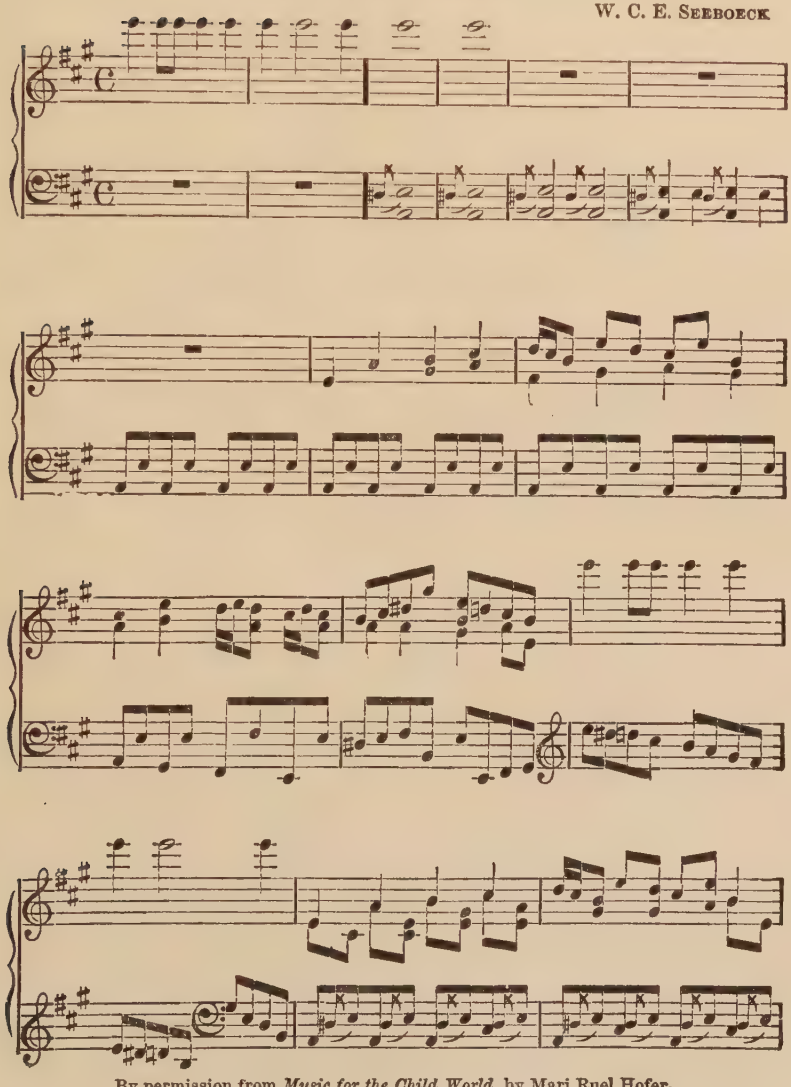

rall.
rall.

ON THE RAILROAD TRAIN

Choo, choo, choo,
Did you ever ride on a railroad train
And feel the wheels go round,
And hear the whistle go toot, toot, toot,
With its shrill and piercing sound.

W. C. E. SEEBOECK



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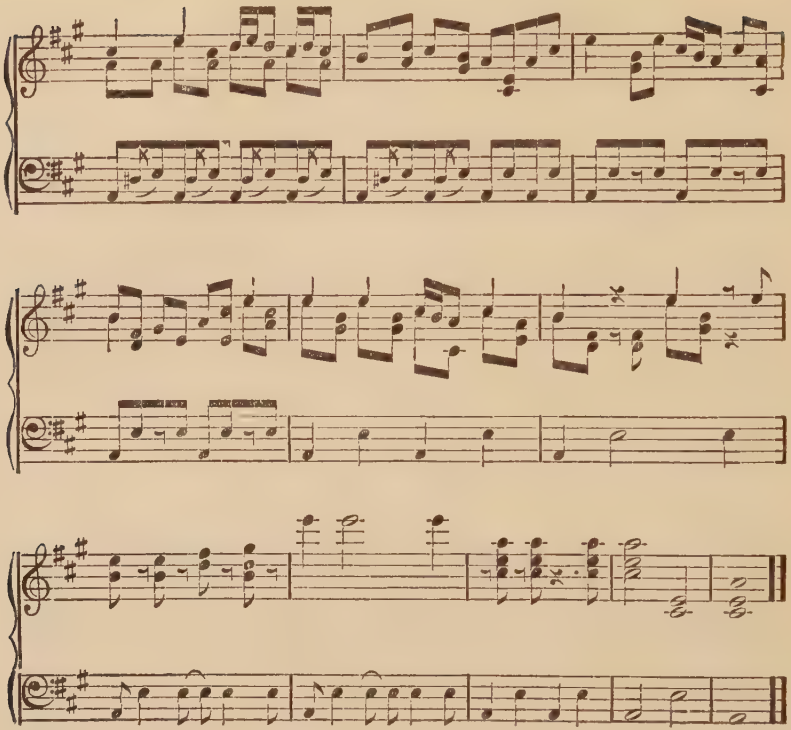

CRADLE SONG

(Composed 1843)

Baby dear, baby dear;
In thy cradle gently swinging,
Softly is thy mother singing,
Lullaby to thee.—*S. Lover*

ROBERT SCHUMANN

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dim.
FINE.
cres.
ril.
dim.
D. C. al Fine.

BIBLE STORIES

FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

By Maurice Francis Egan, Formerly Professor at Notre Dame University, and now Professor of English Language and Literature, Catholic University of Washington, D. C.

IT is admitted on all sides that the Bible is less read than formerly. There can be no question that this is to be deeply regretted. From the religious, the literary and the historical point of view, it is deplorable. Experts in pedagogy have been compelled to devise means of directing the development of the imagination of the child; yet there can be no means better than the steeping of the imagination in these old and ever new stories. And there is, too, the additional advantage that the qualities of reverence and truth must accompany them. Again, from the very beginning — from the moment that the Angel Gabriel informs the spotless maid of Galilee that she is blessed among women — to the piteous death of the God-man on Calvary, the highest feelings of which the human heart is capable are brought into play. For a young child to be deprived of this experience is a fearful loss to his head and heart.

As no new author has arisen to do for the sacred stories what Hawthorne did for the profane myths in "The Tanglewood Tales," the editor has done his best to arrange the best English text that he could find so that they come reasonably within the comprehension of children. His difficulties have been great, for no version of the Scriptures is easy reading for young persons, and the critic, who may be inclined to be censorious or scrupulously and verbally accurate, should remember this.

Children are not interested in the symbolism of the Old Testament stories, or in the interpretation of them, unless a good mother should add a gloss here and there. The tales of the Little Samuel, and of the Big Daniel in the Lions' Den, of David and Goliath, of the Fall of Jericho, of Noah and the Ark, of the triumph of Esther and the love of Ruth and Naomi, of Gideon — should precede all mere fairy stories and the dazzling myths of the Arabian Nights.

The Bible stories have become part of the fibre of our thoughts and of our language. There was a poet, admired by many, who had one deep regret. The Old and New Testament were kept, as sealed books from her, until she was past her childhood.* She never ceased to deplore this; she had lost what no knowledge of Greek or Roman literature could replace. From the theological point of view, it is unnecessary that a layman should speak; but from the point of view of the

*Celia Thaxter.

educator who sees that the loss of the Bible in the training of the heart and the imagination would be a wretched loss, an irreparable loss, there can be only one thing to be said. Every effort should be used to encourage a taste for the reading of the Bible. If the Old Testament stories nourish the best qualities of the imagination, the episodes in the Life of Christ must appeal to the heart of every normal child. We of the older generation who loved them never grew tired of the story of the Little Jesus and his sinless mother —

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast"—

who found Him in the Temple, who heard His stories of pastoral life in Palestine, who rejoiced in the raising of Lazarus and the curing of Jairus' little girl, must feel pleasure in knowing that they are here presented, as examples of the highest and truest literature, to children who will love them as we loved them.

The modern father or mother may naturally say, "Prescribe us not our duty." Without attempting that impertinence, I should like to say that one of the greatest pleasures of home life is missed in these busy times through the neglect by parents of the telling or reading the sweet and sublime old Bible stories. God has made the father and mother the teachers of the child; all other teachers, no matter how well equipped, are substitutes,— as the best school is only a substitute for the home. The boy who hears the story of David at his father's knee, the girl who listens, with intent eyes, to the wondrous tale of the first Christmas by her mother's side, tastes delights which no sorrow or loss in the future can take away. These stories of wonder and glory are for parents and children,— in the "children's hour," when the family circle is complete.

CHILDREN'S INTEREST IN THE BIBLE.

By George E. Dawson, Ph.D., Professor of Education, Mt. Holyoke College.

CHILDREN up to eight or nine years are more interested in the portions of the New Testament which give accounts of the birth and childhood of Jesus. They enjoy also Old Testament stories relating to the childhood or youth of characters like Moses, Samuel, Joseph, and David. This suggests that children of this age should be given instruction in the Bible from the viewpoint of the childhood of the Bible, beginning with Jesus and using the others for purposes of comparative study. . . . Around this as a nucleus could be grouped material derived from studies in nature, art, industries, and other departments of human life, so presented as to give the children a religious outlook upon their environment.

From nine to thirteen or fourteen years children are more interested in the Old Testament. This interest shows itself in a fondness for the historical, literary, and prophetic books, and the heroic and dramatic elements generally. Religious instruction during this period should occupy itself with the history, geography, literature, prophecy, and general moral and religious content of the first division of the Bible. It would coincide with the grades of public school work above the primary and below the high school, in that it would deal essentially with *fact-studies*. The order of material would be: (1) history and geography, (2) literature, and (3) prophecy. The moral and religious elements would be involved throughout. Much might profitably be made of the manners and customs and the social life, especially as reflected in the industries, religions and political ceremonials, and feats of arms. Sacred art might be brought into requisition to aid in the study of characters and customs. This is the period for memorizing selected passages of Scripture.

Children in the adolescent period show interest in the New Testament, especially in the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. They show special interest in Jesus and the principal disciples. This suggests that the material of instruction for adolescence should be derived largely from the New Testament. It would center in Jesus and his teachings, the principal disciples being studied incidentally. The study of types of character and the development of Christian thought and institutions might be extended to the later history of Christianity. Side-lights of history, literature, art and science could be utilized in revealing the ideals of Christian manhood and Christian society.

At all ages children feel more interest in persons than in any other elements of the Bible. Even Bible scenes and stories appeal to them mainly through the man, woman, or child that is the center of the scene or the principal actor in the story. This suggests that the Bible should be given to children, of all ages, through its personal element. Thus the Bible should be given to the young child mainly through the child Jesus. It should be given to children from eight or nine years, on to thirteen or fourteen, through the heroes of the Old Testament. These may be selected with reference to their importance for history or prophecy, or with reference to their moral and religious example. When such a selection of heroes has been made, their characters, deeds and sayings may become the media through which the children shall be taught Hebrew history and geography, moral and religious principles, and anything else that the Old Testament can supply for purposes of instruction. Finally, the Bible should be given to adolescents through Jesus as an adult, and incidentally through the Disciples and Apostles who have interpreted his character and teachings.

BIBLE STORIES.

By Richard Morse Hodge, Director Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.

THE Old Testament is the child's own storybook." The New Testament is as truly the storybook of youth. The Bible, as a whole, is a book or library, for adults. Its books were written with only adult readers in mind. But it contains stories in abundance, which are no less adapted to children than though written expressly for them.

From the pages of the Bible may be gleaned stories to tell to children before they are able to read them for themselves. Children of this age enjoy most the cosmological stories of the first eleven chapters of Genesis and stories about Jesus. Children old enough to read prefer stories from the Old Testament, and in the general order in which they appear in the Bible as commonly printed. By adolescence children prefer to read about Jesus, Peter and Paul. These preferences of children are natural. For stories are valued for their ideals. The earliest biblical heroes stand for unquestioning obedience, the only ethical ideal which very young children understand. The Hebrew kings and prophets stand for reasoned obedience, an ideal which appeals far more to children in their early teens than obedience without reasons therefor. Youth appreciate the altruistic heroes of the New Testament above others, because by adolescence their own affections undergo a rapid development, and kindness is recognized as a higher principle of conduct than duty for duty's sake. The stories of the Bible run the whole gamut of religious ideals from physical courage to sacrificial service. Through them children live vicariously the hopes and fears, achievements and failures and vices and virtues of men and women of like passions with themselves. They learn incalculably from the experience of religious leaders of the past.

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION.

By George E. MacLean, Ph.D., LL.D., President of the State University of Iowa.

BEFORE the supreme influences of the century, often unheeded, ever changing or progressing in form, have been Christianity and education. When they are blended in Christian education, they become the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide the century's pilgrims.

There is a famous painting entitled "Philosophy and Religion." In the center sits an old man of noble mien bent over open tomes and manuscripts plied about him. At his side are retorts and alembics speaking of science. The sage has sought wisdom and immortality in scholarship. His death moment is at hand, and as his head is about to fall forward, his whole form bespeaking dissatisfaction and failure, his eye lights up with faith as it catches sight of the long unobserved picture upon the wall of the Madonna and Christ-child.

The dying scholar is transformed into the wise man. In the moment his heart is open to the simple story of divine love revealed in the mysterious but common mother-love and in the sweetness of child innocence with its possibilities of purity, virtue, and perfection through growth and suffering. Anointed by the Christ-spirit the old man becomes an "inspired one" and full of hope in death.

The world in these pessimistic times burdened with knowledge and "problems" needs "inspired men" and inspired and instructed youth with courage to live. Have faith in the simple story pictured on the walls of history in the Gospels, and inwrought in the nature of man and things. Seek the Christ-spirit's inspiration.

THE BIBLE IN THE HOME.

We have gathered here the weighty words of a few of our thinkers and workers on this subject. Such a collection of wise and helpful utterances might of course have been vastly extended.

THE studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to man. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

So great is my veneration for the Bible that the earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens of their country and respectable members of society. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in civilization and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

U. S. GRANT.

The more profoundly we study this wonderful book, and the more closely we observe its divine precepts the better citizens we will become and the higher will be our destiny as a nation. WM. MCKINLEY.

The teaching of the Bible to children is, of course, a matter of especial interest to those of us who have families — and incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We cannot be too careful in seeing that the biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote, so that the child may understand what is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punishment. Do you know families where this is done? For instance: "You have been a bad child — learn a chapter of Isaiah." And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind that splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever afterward associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope you will not make your children learn the Bible in that way, for you can devise no surer method of making a child revolt against all the wonderful beauty and truth of Holy Writ.

Probably there is not a mother or school teacher here who could

not, out of her own experience, give instance after instance of the queer twists that the little minds give to what seem to us perfectly simple sentences. Now, I would make a very strong plea for each of us to try and see that the child understands what the words mean. I do not think, that it is ordinarily necessary to explain the simple and beautiful stories of the Bible; children understand readily the lessons taught therein; but I do think it necessary to see that they really have a clear idea of what each sentence means, what the words mean.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

If our children are to be trained to righteousness: if their minds are to be enlightened with the highest ideals of life and their souls enriched with the knowledge of God and His salvation, then, from their earliest years they must be taught to read and love the Bible. For the study of the Bible is indispensable to the best intellectual culture and to the development of the loftiest moral and spiritual character.

T. F. GAILOR,
Bishop of Tenn.

It is necessary nowadays to know something about Christianity as well as to be a Christian. The study of history and geography in connection with the spread and development of Christianity is fascinating. The study of biography in connection with the people of Israel, and Old Testament history generally, may be made to put plenty of life into much that is now dead facts to be memorized. For older children the study of church history, and of the part played by religious beliefs and religious differences, in the history of European dynasties, politics, and literature will make it plain how moving a force religion is, and has been, in the development of civilization. Such children, too, are able to appreciate the Bible as literature if it is put before them from that point of view. It is too often treated as a treasury of texts only, and not as living literature which stands, as literature, by the side of the world's greatest achievements in poetry and in prose.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
President of Columbia University, New York.

From an address delivered in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, October 14, 1899. Printed by permission.

"The Bible, unquestionably, contains the finest literature to which we have access. . . . As a treasury of sublime thoughts expressed with simple, direct, and eloquent force, it heads the literature of the world. No measure can be made of the influence of its precepts upon the souls of men. That influence can be stated in finite terms. Its words of wisdom, its sublime utterances, its divine promptings have enriched the speech and thought, directly or indirectly, of every writer whose works are known and valued. All profane writings, using the words in their literal signification, abound in scriptural speech and

illustration. Their most inspiring paragraphs are such as have origin in the lessons worded in Holy Writ.

ALSTON ELLIS, PH.D., LL. D.,
President Ohio University.

"Children and adults, alike, find pleasure and instruction in reading the story of Joseph, of Ruth, of Esther, and of Daniel. The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount suggest the highest ideals of living that mortal mind can translate into action.

"Mortal tongue never uttered such noble, such soul-moving, sentiments as those with which the teachings of Christ abound. The parables of our Saviour are incomparable.

"There is no book that more truly deserves the title of 'The Children's Book' than *The Holy Bible*. It is full of incident, of biography, of wonderstories the most thrilling and packed with high ethical and intensely spiritual teaching."

JOHN H. VINCENT,
Chancellor Chautauqua Inst.

The Bible, says the Rev. Chas A. Young, is the great text-book of civilization. As Daniel Webster said: "There is no solid basis for civilization but in the Word of God." Horace Mann wrote: "Our system earnestly inculcates all Christian morals; . . . It welcomes the religion of the Bible." And even Professor Huxley, certainly no pietist, says: "True science and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove death to both."

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

NOAH AND HIS ARK.

[FROM GENESIS, CHAP. 6–8.]

NOAH was a righteous man, and walked with God. And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. And the earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God saw the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth.

And God said unto Noah, "The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this is how thou shalt make it: the length of the ark three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A light shalt thou make to the ark, and to a cubit shalt thou finish it upward; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. And I, behold, I do bring the flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; every thing that is in the earth shall die. But I will establish my covenant with thee; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of the birds after their kind, and of the cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the ground after its kind, two of every sort shall

come unto thee, to keep them alive. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them."

Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

And Jehovah said unto Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living thing that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the ground."

After the seven days, the waters of the flood were upon the earth. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, on the seventeenth day of the month, on the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; they, and every beast after its kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind, and every bird after its kind, every bird of every sort. They went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life. And they went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God commanded him: and Jehovah shut him in. And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high mountains that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.

All flesh died that moved upon the earth, both birds, and cattle, and beasts, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose

nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life, of all that was on the dry land, died. And every living thing was destroyed that was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and creeping things, and birds of the heavens; and they were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only was left, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

And God remembered Noah, and all the beasts, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of a hundred and fifty days the waters decreased. And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

At the end of forty days, Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, and it went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. And he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him to the ark; for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: and he put forth his hand, and took her, and brought her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him at eventide; and, lo, in her mouth an olive-leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days, and sent forth the dove; and she returned not again to him any more.

In the six hundred and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth; and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dried.

And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dry.

God spake unto Noah, saying, "Go forth from the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee of all flesh, both birds, and cattle, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth." And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: every beast, every creeping thing, and every bird, whatsoever moveth upon the earth, after their families, went forth out of the ark.

And Jehovah said in his heart, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, "And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, the birds, the cattle, and every beast of the earth with you; of all that go out of the ark, even every beast of the earth. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of the flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth." And God said, "This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant

between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." And God said unto Noah, "This is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth."

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

[FROM GENESIS, CHAP. 37–47.]

JOSEPH, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and he brought evil report of them unto their father. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren; and they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more.

He said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

He dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to me."

And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"

His brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Are not thy brethren feeding the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them." And he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Go now, see whether it is well with thy brethren, and well with the flock; and bring me word again."

So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, "What seekest thou?"

And he said, "I am seeking my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they are feeding the flock."

The man said, "They are departed hence; for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'" And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan.

And they saw him afar off, and before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said to one another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, 'An evil beast hath devoured him:' and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Reuben heard it, and delivered him out of their hand; and said, "Let us not take his life." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hand, to restore him to his father."

When Joseph was come unto his brethren, they stripped Joseph of his coat, the coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into the pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a caravan of Ishmaelites was coming from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our

hand be upon him; for he is our brother, our flesh." And his brethren hearkened unto him. And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. And they brought Joseph into Egypt.

Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?"

And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a he-goat, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, "This have we found: know now whether it is thy son's coat or not?"

He knew it, and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt torn in pieces." And Jacob rent his garments, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, "For I will go down to the grave to my son mourning." And his father wept for him.

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, the captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hand of the Ishmaelites, that had brought him down thither. And Jehovah was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that Jehovah was with him, and that Jehovah made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found favor in his sight, and he ministered unto him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. From the time that he made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, Jehovah blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of Jehovah was upon all that he had, in the house and in the field.

And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not aught that was with him, save the bread

which he did eat. And Joseph was comely, and well-favored.

And it came to pass after these things, that his master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph. And as she spake to Joseph day by day, he hearkened not unto her. And about this time, he went into the house to do his work; and there was none of the men in the house there within. And she caught him by his garment, and he left his garment in her hand, and fled. And when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled, she laid up his garment by her, until his master came home. And she spake unto him, saying, "The Hebrew servant, whom thou hast brought unto us, came in unto me to mock me: and, as I lifted up my voice and cried, he left his garment by me, and fled out."

When his master heard the words of his wife, which she spake unto him, saying, "After this manner did thy servant to me;" his wrath was kindled. And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, the place where the king's prisoners were bound: and he was there in the prison. But Jehovah was with Joseph, and showed kindness unto him, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand, because Jehovah was with him; and that which he did, Jehovah made it to prosper.

After these things, the butler of the king of Egypt and and his baker offended their lord the king of Egypt. And Pharoah was wroth against his two officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers. He put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound. The captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he ministered unto them: and they continued a season in ward.

And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream, in one night, each man according to the interpre-

tation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt, who were bound in the prison. And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and saw them, and, behold, they were sad. He asked Pharaoh's officers that were with him in ward in his master's house, saying, "Wherefore look ye so sad to-day?" And they said unto him, "We have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it." And Joseph said, "Do not interpretations belong to God? tell it me, I pray you."

The chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and its blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes: and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand; and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

Jospeh said to him, "This is the interpretation of it: the three branches are three days; within yet three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head, and restore thee unto thine office: and thou shalt give Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler. But have me in thy remembrance when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Jospeh, "I also was in my dream, and, behold, three baskets of white bread were on my head: and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of baked food for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head." Joseph answered, "This is the interpretation thereof: the three baskets are three days; within yet three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee." And the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, he made a feast unto all his servants: and he lifted up the head of the chief butler

and the head of the chief baker among his servants. He restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup into Pharoah's hand: but he hanged the chief baker: as Joseph had interpreted to them. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him.

At the end of two full years, Pharaoh dreamed: and, behold, he stood by the river; there came up out of the river seven kine, well-favored and fat-fleshed; and they fed in the reed-grass. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favored and lean-fleshed; and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.

He slept and dreamed a second time: and, behold, seven ears of grain came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven ears, thin and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the thin ears swallowed up the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof; and Pharaoh told them his dream; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, "I do remember my faults this day: Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, me and the chief baker: we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he; we dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream. There was with us there a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams; to each man according to his dream he did interpret. And as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon; and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh.

Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard

say of thee, that when thou hearest a dream thou canst interpret it."

Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace," and Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, and told his dream.

Joseph said, "The dream of Pharaoh is one: what God is about to do he hath declared unto Pharaoh. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years; the dream is one. And the seven lean and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years, and also the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind; they shall be seven years of famine. That is the thing which I spake unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do he hath showed unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine which followeth; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint overseers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of these good years that come, and lay up grain under the hand of Pharaoh for food in the cities, and let them keep it. And the food shall be for a store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through the famine."

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants.

Pharaoh said unto his servants, "Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the spirit of God is?" And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou: thou shalt be over my house, and according unto

thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."

He took off his signet ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee:" and he set him over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or his foot in all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphenathpaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potiphera priest of On. And Joseph went out over the land of Egypt.

Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. In the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. He laid up grain as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left off numbering; for it was without number.

And unto Joseph was born two sons before the year of famine came, whom Asenath, the daughter of Potiphera priest of On, bare unto him. He called the name of the first-born Manasseh: For said he, God hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house. And the name of the second called he Ephraim; For God hath made me fruitful in the land of my affliction. And the seven years of plenty, that was in the land of Egypt, came to an end. And the seven years of famine began to come, according as Joseph had said: and there was famine in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." And the famine was over all the

face of the earth: and Joseph opened all the store-houses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine was sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy grain; because the famine was sore in all the earth.

Now Jacob saw that there was grain in Egypt, and Jacob said unto his sons, "Why do ye look one upon another? Behold, I have heard that there is grain in Egypt; get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die." And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy grain from Egypt.

But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure harm befall him." And the sons of Israel came to buy among those that came; for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land; he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves to him with their faces to the earth. Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly with them; and he said unto them, "Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food." Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

They said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies." And he said unto them, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said, "We thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not." And Joseph said unto them, "That is it that I spake unto you, saying, Ye are spies: hereby ye shall be proved: by the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be bound, that your words may be proved, whether there be truth in you: or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are

spies." And he put them all together into ward three days.

And Joseph said unto them the third day, "This do, and live; for I fear God: if ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in your prison-house; but go ye, carry grain for the famine of your houses: and bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die." And they did so. And they said to one another. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the distress of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, also, behold, his blood is required."

They knew not that Joseph understood them; for there was an interpreter between them. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and he returned to them, and spake to them, and took Simeon from among them, and bound him before their eyes. Then Joseph commanded to fill their vessels with grain, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way; and thus was it done unto them.

And they laded their asses with their grain, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the lodging-place, he espied his money; and, behold, it was in the mouth of his sack. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored; and, lo, it is even in my sack:" and their heart failed them, and they turned trembling one to another, saying, "What is this that God hath done unto us?" They came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that had befallen them; saying, "The man, the lord of the land, spake roughly with us, and took us for spies of the country." And we said unto him, "We are true men; we are no spies: we are twelve brethren, sons of our father; one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan. And the man, the lord of the land, said unto us, 'Hereby shall I know that ye are true men: leave one of your brethren with me, and take

grain for the famine of your houses, and go your way; and bring your youngest brother unto me: then shall I know that ye are no spies, but that ye are true men: so will I deliver you your brother, and ye shall traffic in the land.' "

And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks, that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack: and when they and their father saw their bundles of money, they were afraid.

Jacob their father said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me."

Reuben spake unto his father, saying, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." And he said, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he only is left: if harm befall him by the way in which ye go, then will ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And the famine was sore in the land. And when they had eaten up the grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food.

Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food: but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down; for the man said unto us, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you." And Israel said, "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?" And they said, "The man asked straitly concerning ourselves, and concerning our kindred, saying, 'Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother? and we told him according to the tenor of these words: could we in any wise know that he would say, Bring your brother down?" And Judah said unto Israel his father, "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live and not die, both we, and thou, and also our

little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever: for except we had lingered, surely we had now returned a second time."

And their father Israel said unto them, "If it be so now, do this: take of the choice fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spicery and myrrh, nuts, and almonds; and take double money in your hand; and the money that was returned in the mouth of your sacks carry again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight; take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may release unto you your other brother and Benjamin. And if I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph.

And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the steward of his house, "Bring the men into the house, and slay and make ready; for the men shall dine with me at noon." And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men to Joseph's house. And the men were afraid, because they were brought to Joseph's house; and they said, "Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in; that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen, and our asses."

They came near the steward of Joseph's house, and they spake unto him at the door of the house, and said, "Oh, my lord, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food: and it came to pass, when we came to the lodging-place, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight: and we have brought it again in our hand.

"Other money have we brought down in our hand to buy food: we know not who put our money in our sacks." And he said, "Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your

sacks: I had your money." And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph's coming at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed down themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?"

And they said, "Thy servant our father is well, he is yet alive." And they bowed the head, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw Benjamin his brother, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your youngest brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son." And Joseph made haste: for his heart yearned over his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and came out; and he refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, that did eat with him, by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marvelled one with another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his grain money." And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken.

As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and were not yet far off, Joseph said unto

his steward, "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this that in which my lord drinketh, and whereby he indeed divineth? ye have done evil in so doing.'" And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these words.

They said unto him, "Wherefore speaketh my lord such words as these? Far be it from thy servants that they should do such a thing. Behold, the money, which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen." And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my bondman: and ye shall be blameless." Then they hasted, and took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left off at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; and he was yet there: and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, "What deed is this that ye have done? know ye not that such a man as I can indeed divine?" And Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's bondmen, both we, and he also in whose hand the cup is found." And he said, "Far be it from me that I should do so: the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my bondman; but as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near unto him, and said, "Oh, my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant; for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man,

and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother; and his father loveth him. And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.' And when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, 'Go again, buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, when will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and I said, 'Surely he is torn in pieces; and I have not seen him since: and if ye take this one also from me, and harm befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad is not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; when he seeth that the lad is not *with us,* he will die: and thy servants will bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then shall I bear the blame to my father for ever.' Now therefore, let thy servant, I pray thee, abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, if the lad be not with me? lest I see the evil that shall come on my father."

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians heard, and the house of Pharaoh heard.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph;

doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. And now be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and there are yet five years, in which there shall be neither plowing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a remnant in the earth, and to save you alive by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and ruler over all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not; and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds and all that thou hast: and there will I nourish thee; for there are yet five years of famine; lest thou come to poverty, thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast.' And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that is in my mouth that speakest unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen: and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. And he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them: and after that his brethren talked with him.

And the report thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, saying, "Joseph's brethren are come: and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Say unto thy brethren, 'This do ye: lade your beasts, and go, get you unto the land of Canaan; and take your father and your households, and come unto me: and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land.' Now thou art

commanded, this do ye: take you wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

And the sons of Israel did so: and Joseph gave them wagons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way. To all of them he gave each man change of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver, and five changes of raiment. And to his father he sent after this manner: ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she-asses laden with grain and bread and provision for his father by the way. So he sent his brethren away, and they departed: and he said unto them, "See that ye fall not out by the way." And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father. And they told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt." And his heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived: and Israel said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beer-sheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, "Jacob, Jacob." And he said, "Here am I." And he said, "I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation: I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes." And Jacob rose up from Beer-sheba: and the sons of Israel carried Jacob their father, and their little ones, and their wives, in the wagons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him. And they took their cattle, and their goods, which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt, Jacob, and all his seed with him: his sons, and his sons' sons with him, his daughters, and his sons'

daughters, and all his seed brought he with him into Egypt: all the souls of the house of Jacob, that came into Egypt, were threescore and ten.

And he sent Judah before him unto Joseph, to show the way before him unto Goshen; and they came into the land of Goshen. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen; and he presented himself unto him, and fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, that thou art yet alive."

Joseph said unto his brethren, and unto his father's house, "I will go up, and tell Pharaoh, and will say unto him, 'My brethren, and my father's house, who were in the land of Canaan are come unto me; and the men are shepherds, for they have been keepers of cattle; and they have brought their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have.' And it shall come to pass, when Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, 'What is your occupation?' that ye shall say, 'Thy servants have been keepers of cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and our fathers: that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen; for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians.' "

Then Joseph went in and told Pharaoh, and said, "My father and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and, behold, they are in the land of Goshen." And from among his brethren he took five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, "What is your occupation?" And they said unto Pharaoh, "Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and our fathers. To sojourn in the land are we come; for there is no pasture for thy servants' flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan: now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen."

Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, "Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee: the land of Egypt is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them

dwell: and if thou knowest any able men among them, then make them rulers over my cattle." And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, "How many are the days of the years of thy life?" And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years: few and evil have been the days of the years of my life, and they have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from the presence of Pharaoh. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

And there was no bread in all the land; for the famine was very sore, so that the land of Egypt and the land of Canaan fainted by reason of the famine. And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, for the grain which they brought: and Joseph brought the money into Pharaoh's house. And when the money was all spent in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, all the Egyptians came unto Joseph, and said, "Give us bread: for why should we die in thy presence? for our money faileth." And Joseph said, "Give your cattle; and I will give you for your cattle, if money fail." And they brought their cattle unto Joseph; and Joseph gave them bread in exchange for the horses, and for the flocks, and for the herds, and for the asses: and he fed them with bread in exchange for all their cattle for that year.

And when that year was ended, they came unto him the second year, and said unto him, "We will not hide from my lord, how that our money is all spent; and the herds of cattle are my lord's; there is nought left in the sight of my lord, but our bodies, and our lands: wherefore should we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land

will be servants unto Pharaoh: and give us seed, that we may live, and not die, and that the land be not desolate."

So Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine was sore upon them: and the land became Pharaoh's. And as for the people, he removed them to the cities from one end of the border of Egypt even to the other end thereof.

Only the land of the priests bought he not: for the priests had a portion from Pharaoh, and did eat their portion which Pharaoh gave them; wherefore they sold not their land. Then Joseph said unto the people, "Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh: lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land. And it shall come to pass at the ingatherings, that ye shall give a fifth to Pharaoh, and four parts shall be your own, for seed of the field, and for your food, and for them of your households, and for food for your little ones." And they said, "Thou hast saved our lives: let us find favor in the sight of my lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants." And Joseph made it a statute concerning the land of Egypt unto this day, that Pharaoh should have the fifth; only the land of the priests alone became not Pharaoh's.

And Israel dwelt in the land of Egypt, in the land of Goshen; and they gat them possessions therein, and were fruitful, and multiplied exceedingly. And Jacob lived in the land of Egypt seventeen years: so the days of Jacob, the years of his life, were a hundred forty and seven years. And the time drew near that Israel must die: and he called his son Joseph, and said unto him, "If now I have found favor in thy sight, deal kindly and truly with me: bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt; but when I sleep with my fathers, thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place." And he said, "I will do as thou hast said." And he said, "Swear unto me," and he sware unto him. And Israel bowed himself upon the bed's head.

THE BABY MOSES.

[FROM EXODUS, CHAP. 1.]

NOW there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph. And he said unto his people, "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: come, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land."

Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and the more they spread abroad. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor: and they made their lives bitter with hard service, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field, all their service, wherein they made them serve with rigor.

And Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive."

There went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And they had a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch; and she put the child therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to know what would be done to him. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river-side; and she saw the ark among the flags, and sent her handmaid to fetch it. And she opened it, and saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept.

She had compassion on him, and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children." Then said his sister to Pha-

raoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?" And Pharaoh's daughter said to her "Go." And the maiden went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." And the woman took the child, and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses, and said, "Because I drew him out of the water."

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

[FROM JOSHUA, CHAP. 6.]

WHEN Joshua was by Jericho, he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" And he said, "Nay; but as prince of the host of Jehovah am I now come."

And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, "What saith my lord unto his servant?" And the prince of Jehovah's host said unto Joshua, "Put off thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And Joshua did so.

Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel; none went out, and none came in. And Jehovah said unto Joshua, "See, I have given into thy hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor. And ye shall compass the city, all the men of war, going about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days. And seven priests shall bear seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark: and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow the trumpets. And it shall be, that, when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout: and the wall of the city shall fall down flat,

and the people shall go up every man straight before him.

Joshua the son of Nun called the priests, and said unto them, "Take up the ark of the covenant, and let seven priests bear seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of Jehovah." And they said unto the people, "Pass on, and compass the city, and let the armed men pass on before the ark of Jehovah."

And when Joshua had spoken unto the people, the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns before Jehovah passed on, and blew the trumpets: and the ark of the covenant of Jehovah followed them. And the armed men went before the priests that blew the trumpets, and the rearward went after the ark, the priests blowing the trumpets as they went.

And Joshua commanded the people, saying, "Ye shall not shout, nor let your voice be heard, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout; then shall ye shout." So he caused the ark of Jehovah to compass the city, going about it once: and they came into the camp, and lodged in the camp.

And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of Jehovah. And the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of Jehovah went on continually, and blew the trumpets: and the armed men went before them; and the rearward came after the ark of Jehovah, the priests blowing the trumpets as they went. And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp: so they did six days.

And on the seventh day they rose early at the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, "Shout; for Jehovah hath given you the city. . . ." So the people shouted, and the priests blew the trumpets: and when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, the people shouted with a great shout, and the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into

the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, both young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass with the edge of the sword.

GIDEON AND THE MIDIANITES.

[FROM JUDGES, CHAP. 6–7.]

THE children of Israel did that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah: and Jehovah delivered them into the hand of Midian seven years. And the hand of Midian prevailed against Israel; and because of Midian the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and the caves, and the strongholds. And when Israel had sown, the Midianites came up, and the Amalekites, and the children of the east; they came up against them; and they encamped against them, and destroyed the increase of the earth, and left no sustenance in Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass. For they came up with their cattle and their tents; they came in as locusts for the multitude; both they and their camels were without number: and they came into the land to destroy it. And Israel was brought very low because of Midian; and the children of Israel cried unto Jehovah. . . .

And the angel of Jehovah came, and sat under the oak that pertained unto Joash: and his son Gideon was beating out wheat in the wine-press, to hide it from the Midianites.

And the angel of Jehovah appeared unto him, and said unto him, "Jehovah is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." And Gideon said unto him, "Oh, my lord, if Jehovah is with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where are all his wondrous works which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not Jehovah bring us up from Egypt? but now Jehovah hath cast us off, and delivered us into the hand of Midian." And Jehovah looked upon him, and said, "Go in this thy might, and save Israel from the hand of Midian: have not I sent thee?" And he said

unto him, "Oh, Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold, my family is the poorest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." And Jehovah said unto him, "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." And he said unto him, "If now I have found favor in thy sight, then show me a sign that it is thou that talkest with me. Depart not hence, I pray thee, until I come unto thee, and bring forth my present, and lay it before thee." And he said, "I will tarry until thou come again."

And Gideon went in, and made ready a kid, and unleavened cakes: the flesh he put in a basket, and he put the broth in a pot, and brought it out unto him under the oak, and presented it. And the angel of God said unto him, "Take the flesh and the unleavened cakes, and lay them upon this rock, and pour out the broth." And he did so. Then the angel of Jehovah put forth the end of the staff that was in his hand, and touched the flesh and the unleavened cakes; and there went up fire out of the rock, and consumed the flesh and the unleavened cakes; and the angel of Jehovah departed out of his sight.

Gideon saw that he was the angel of Jehovah; and Gideon said, "Alas, O Lord Jehovah! forasmuch as I have seen the angel of Jehovah face to face." And Jehovah said unto him, "Peace be unto thee; fear not: thou shalt not die." Then Gideon built an altar there unto Jehovah.

And the same night, Jehovah said unto him, "Take thy father's bullock, even the second bullock seven years old, and throw down the altar of Baal that thy father hath, and cut down the Asherah that is by it; and build an altar unto Jehovah thy God upon the top of this stronghold, in the orderly manner, and take the second bullock, and offer a burnt offering with the wood of the Asherah which thou shalt cut down." Then Gideon took ten men of his servants, and did as Jehovah had spoken unto him: and because he feared his father's household and the men of the city, so that he could not do it by day, he did it by night.

And when the men of the city arose early in the morn-

ing, the altar of Baal was broken down, and the Asherah was cut down that was by it, and the second bullock was offered upon the altar that was built.

And they said one to another, "Who hath done this thing?" And when they inquired and asked, they said, "Gideon the son of Joash hath done this thing."

Then the men of the city said unto Joash, "Bring out thy son, that he may die, because he hath broken down the altar of Baal, and because he hath cut down the Asherah that was by it." And Joash said unto all that stood against him, "Will ye contend for Baal? or will ye save him? he that will contend for him, let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning: if he be a god, let him contend for himself, because one hath broken down his altar." Therefore on that day he called him Jerubbaal, saying, "Let Baal contend against him, because he hath broken down his altar."

Then all the Midianites and the Amalekites and the children of the east assembled themselves together; and they passed over, and encamped in the valley of Jezreel. But the Spirit of Jehovah came upon Gideon; and he blew a trumpet; and Abiezer was gathered together after him. And he sent messengers throughout all Manasseh; and they also were gathered together after him: and he sent messengers unto Asher, and unto Zebulun, and unto Naphtali; and they came up to meet them.

And Gideon said unto God, "If thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast spoken, behold, I will put a fleece of wool on the threshing-floor; if there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the ground, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast spoken." And it was so; for he rose up early on the morrow, and pressed the fleece together, and wrung the dew out of the fleece, a bowlful of water. And Gideon said unto God, "Let not thine anger be kindled against me, and I will speak but this once; let me make trial, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew." And God did so that night: for it was

dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground.

Then Jerubbaal, who is Gideon, and all the people that were with him, rose up early, and encamped beside the spring of Harod: and the camp of Midian was on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh, in the valley.

And Jehovah said unto Gideon, "The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hand, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me. Now therefore proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and trembling, let him return and depart from mount Gilead." And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

And Jehovah said unto Gideon, "The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water; and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, "This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go."

So he brought down the people unto the water: and Jehovah said unto Gideon, "Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink." And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, was three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water. And Jehovah said unto Gideon, "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thy hand; and let all the people go every man unto his place." So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets; and he sent all the men of Israel every man unto his tent, but retained the three hundred men: and the camp of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

And the same night Jehovah said unto him, "Arise, get thee down into the camp; for I have delivered it into thy hand.

But if thou fear to go down, go thou with Purah thy servant down to the camp: and thou shalt hear what

they say; and afterward shall thy hands be strengthened to go down into the camp.

Then went he down with Purah his servant unto the outermost part of the armed men that were in the camp. And the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like locusts for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand which is upon the sea-shore for multitude.

And when Gideon was come, behold, there was a man telling a dream unto his fellow; and he said, "Behold, I dreamed a dream; and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the camp of Midian, and came unto the tent, and smote it so that it fell, and turned it upside own, so that the tent lay flat." And his fellow answered and said, "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: into his hand God hath delivered Midian, and all the host."

And when Gideon heard the telling of the dream, and the interpretation thereof, he worshipped; and he returned into the camp of Israel, and said, "Arise; for Jehovah hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian." And he divided the three hundred men into three companies, and he put into the hands of all of them trumpets, and empty pitchers, with torches within the pitchers. And he said unto them, "Look on me, and do likewise: and, behold, when I come to the outermost part of the camp, it shall be that, as I do, so shall ye do. When I blow the trumpet, I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets also on every side of all the camp, and say, 'For Jehovah and for Gideon.' "

So Gideon, and the hundred men that were with him, came unto the outermost part of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch, when they had but newly set the watch: and they blew the trumpets, and brake in pieces the pitchers that were in their hands. And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the torches in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands wherewith to blow: and they cried, "The sword of Jehovah and of Gideon." And they stood every man in his place round about

the camp; and all the host ran; and they shouted and put them to flight. And they blew the three hundred trumpets, and Jehovah set every man's sword against his fellow, and against all the host; and the host fled, and the men of Israel pursued after Midian. . . . and slew the two princes, Oreb and Zeeb.

RUTH AND BOAZ.

[FROM THE BOOK OF RUTH.]

IN the days when the judges judged, there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Beth-lehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi. And Elimelech Naomi's husband died; and she was left, and her two sons. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other was Ruth; and they dwelt there about ten years. And the two sons died both of them; and the woman was left of her two children and of her husband.

Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that Jehovah had visited his people in giving them bread. And she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, "Go, return each of you to her mother's house: Jehovah deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. Jehovah grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

And they said unto her, "Nay, but we will return with thee unto thy people." And Naomi said, "Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? Turn again, my daughters, go your way; it grieveth me much for your

sakes, for the hand of Jehovah is gone forth against me." And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, "Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her god: return thou after thy sister-in-law." And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: Jehovah do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And when she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her she left off speaking unto her.

So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem. And when they were come to Beth-lehem, all the city was moved about them, and the women said, "Is this Naomi?"

And she said unto them, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and Jehovah hath brought me home again empty; why call ye me Naomi, seeing Jehovah hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, who returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz. And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean among the ears of grain after him in whose sight I shall find favor."

And she said unto her, "Go, my daughter."

And she went, and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the family of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, "Jehovah be with you."

And they answered him, "Jehovah bless thee."

Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, "Whose damsel is this?"

And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, "It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab: and she said, Let me glean, I pray you, and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, save that she tarried a little in the house."

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither pass from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens. Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, "Why have I found favor in thy sight, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a foreigner?"

And Boaz answered and said unto her, "It hath fully been showed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people that thou knewest not heretofore. Jehovah recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of Jehovah, the God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to take refuge."

Then she said, "Let me find favor in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken kindly unto thy handmaid, though I be not as of thy handmaidens."

And at meal-time Boaz said unto her, "Come hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." And she sat beside the reapers; and they reached her parched grain, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left thereof.

And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, "Let her glean even among the

sheaves, and reproach her not. And also pull out some for her from the bundles, and leave it, and let her glean, and rebuke her not."

So she gleaned in the field until even; and she beat out that which she had gleaned, and it was about an ephah of barley. And she took it up, and went into the city; and her mother-in-law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth and gave to her that which she had left after she was sufficed.

And her mother-in-law said unto her, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and where hast thou wrought? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee."

And she showed her mother-in-law with whom she had wrought, and said, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz."

And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, "Blessed be he of Jehovah, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. The man is nigh of kin unto us, one of our near kinsmen." And Ruth the Moabitess said, "Yea, he said unto me, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest."

And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter-in-law, "It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, and that they meet thee not in any other field." So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz, to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest; and she dwelt with her mother-in-law.

And Naomi her mother-in-law said unto her, "My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee? And now is not Boaz our kinsman, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold, he winnoweth barley to-night in the threshing-floor. Go in, and he will tell tell thee what thou shalt do." "And she said unto her, All that thou sayest I will do."

And she went down unto the threshing-floor, and did according to all that her mother-in-law bade her. And Boaz said, "Blessed be thou of Jehovah, my daughter: thou hast showed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear

not; I will do to thee all that thou sayest; for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a worthy woman. And now it is true that I am a near kinsman; howbeit there is a kinsman nearer than I. If he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman's part: but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as Jehovah liveth."

And he said, "Bring the mantle that is upon thee, and hold it;" and she held it; and he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her: and he went into the city. And when she came to her mother-in-law, she said, "Who art thou, my daughter?"

And she told her all that the man had done to her. And she said, "These six measures of barley gave he me; for he said, Go not empty unto thy mother-in-law."

Then said she, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not rest, until he have finished the thing this day."

Now Boaz went up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the near kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, "Ho, such a one! turn aside, and sit down here." And he turned aside, and sat down.

And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, "Sit ye down here." And they sat down. And he said unto the near kinsman, "Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth the parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's: and I thought to disclose it unto thee, saying, Buy it before them that sit here, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it: but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know; for there is none to redeem it besides thee; and I am after thee."

And he said, "I will redeem it."

Then said "Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." And the near kinsman said,

"I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own in-

heritance: take thou my right of redemption on thee; for I cannot redeem it."

Now this was the custom in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning exchanging, to confirm all things: a man drew off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor; and this was the manner of attestation in Israel.

So the near kinsman said unto Boaz, "Buy it for thyself." And he drew off his shoe. And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, "Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi. Moreover Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye are witnesses this day." And all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said,

"We are witnesses." So Boaz took Ruth, and she became his wife.

THE BOY SAMUEL.

[FROM I SAMUEL, CHAP. 3.]

HANNAH, the wife of Elkanah, who lived in the hill country of Ephraim, had no children, which grieved her much and she wept, and did not eat. And Elkanah her husband said to her, "Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? am not I better to thee than ten sons?"

Now Eli the priest was sitting upon his seat by the door-post of the temple of Jehovah. And she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto Jehovah, and wept sore. And she vowed a vow, and said, "O Jehovah of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thy handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thy handmaid, but wilt give unto thy handmaid a man-child, then I will give him

THE INFANT SAMUEL

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Probably no painter in the world had a greater insight of the character of women and children than Sir Joshua Reynolds—the most famous English portraitist of the Eighteenth Century, and the founder of the Royal Academy of London. It was only natural, therefore, that he should choose for one of his subjects the best known child of Old Testament Story—the Infant Samuel. As he kneels, we hear him say:—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

unto Jehovah all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head."

And as she continued praying before Jehovah, Eli marked her mouth. Now Hannah spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken. And Eli said unto her, "How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." And Hannah answered and said, "No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but I poured out my soul before Jehovah. Count not thy handmaid for a wicked woman; for out of the abundance of my complaint and my provocation have I spoken hitherto." Then Eli answered and said, "Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thy petition that thou hast asked of him." And she said, "Let thy handmaid find favor in thy sight." So the woman went her way, and did eat; and her countenance was no more sad.

In the course of time Jehovah remembered her and answered her prayer. She had a son and she called his name Samuel, saying, "Because I have asked him of Jehovah."

And when she had weaned him, she brought the child to Eli. And she said, "Oh, my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto Jehovah. For this child I prayed; and Jehovah hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have granted him to Jehovah; as long as he liveth he is granted to Jehovah."

And Elkanah went to Ramah to his house. And Samuel did minister unto Jehovah before Eli the priest, being a child, girded with a linen ephod. Moreover his mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice. And Eli blessed Elkanah and his wife. And the child Samuel grew before Jehovah, and increased in favor both with Jehovaha, and also with men.

And the word of Jehovah was precious in those days; there was no frequent vision; at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, (now his eyes had begun to wax

dim, so that he could not see,) and the lamp of God was not yet gone out, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, in the temple of Jehovah, where the ark of God was; and Jehovah called Samuel: and he said, "Here am I." And he ran unto Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me." And he said, "I called not; lie down again." And he went and lay down.

And Jehovah called Samuel yet again. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me."

And he answered, "I called not, my son; lie down again." Now Samuel did not yet know Jehovah, neither was the word of Jehovah yet revealed unto him.

And Jehovah called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me." And Eli perceived that Jehovah had called the child.

Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, "Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, "Speak, Jehovah; for thy servant heareth." So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

And Jehovah came and stood, and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel." Then Samuel said, "Speak; for thy servant heareth." And Jehovah said to Samuel, "Behold, I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all that I have spoken concerning his house, from the beginning even unto the end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever, for the iniquity which he knew, because his sons did bring a curse upon themselves, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be expiated with sacrifice nor offering for ever."

And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of Jehovah. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, "Samuel, my son." And he said, "Here am I." And he said, "What is the thing that Jehovah hath spoken unto thee? I pray thee, hide it not from me: God do so

to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that he spake unto thee." And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, "It is Jehovah: let him do what seemeth him good."

And Samuel grew, and Jehovah was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of Jehovah. And Jehovah appeared again in Shiloh; for Jehovah revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of Jehovah. And the word of Samuel came to all Israel

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

[FROM I. SAMUEL, CHAP. 17.]

NOW the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and set the battle in array. And the Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on the mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his shield-bearer went before him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

And the Philistine said, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

And when Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the youngest son of Jesse, and the three eldest followed Saul. He went to and fro from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son, "Take now for thy brethren this parched grain, and these ten loaves, and carry them quickly to the camp to thy brethren; and bring these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge." Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the vale of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the place of the wagons, as the host which was going forth to the fight shouted for the battle. And Israel and the Philistines put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his baggage in the hand of the keeper of the baggage, and ran to the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the ranks of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And the men of Israel said, "Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."

David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" And the people answered him after this manner, saying, "So shall it be done to the man that killeth him."

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto

the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, "Why art thou come down? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." And David said, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" And he turneth away from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for him. And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

David said unto Saul, "Thy servant was keeping his father's sheep; and when there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth, and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God."

And David said, "Jehovah that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said unto David, "Go, and Jehovah shall be with thee." And Saul clad David with his apparel, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head, and he clad him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his apparel, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them." And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, even in his wallet; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And

when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and withal of a fair countenance. The Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the birds of the heavens, and to the beasts of the field." Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of Jehovah of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will Jehovah deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from off thee; and I will give the dead bodies of the host of the Philistines this day unto the birds of the heavens, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel, and that all this assembly may know that Jehovah saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is Jehovah's, and he will give you into our hand." And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Then David ran, and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. When the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they plundered their camp. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent.

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

[FROM I KINGS, CHAP. 10.]

WHEN the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of Jehovah, she came to prove him with hard questions.

And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones; and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heartt. And Solomon told her all her questions: there was not any thing hid from the king which he told her not. And when the queen of Sheba had seen all the wisdom of Solomon, and the house that he had built, and the food of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers, and his ascent by which he went up unto the house of Jehovah; there was no more spirit in her.

And she said to the king, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thine acts, and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceed the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, that stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom. Blessed be Jehovah thy God, who delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because Jehovah loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do justice and righteousness."

And she gave the king a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon.

And king Solomon gave to the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, besides that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned, and went to her own land, she and her servants.

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

[FROM I. KINGS, CHAP. 17.]

ELIJAH said unto King Ahab, "As Jehovah, the God of Israel, liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." And the word of Jehovah came unto him, saying, "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before the Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." So he went and did according unto the word of Jehovah. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook. And after a while the brook dried up, because there was no rain in the land.

And the word of Jehovah came unto him, saying, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath, and dwell there: I have commanded a widow there to sustain thee." So he arose and went to Zarephath; and when he came to the gate of the city, behold, a widow was there gathering sticks: and he called to her, and said, "Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink."

And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand." And she said, "As Jehovah thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in the jar, and a little oil in the cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die."

And Elijah said unto her, "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it forth unto me, and afterward make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, The jar of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that Jehovah sendeth rain upon the earth." And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did

eat many days. The jar of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of Jehovah, which he spake by Elijah.

And after these things, the son of the woman, the mistress of the house, fell sick; and his sickness was so sore, that there was no breath left in him. And she said unto Elijah, "What have I to do with thee, O thou man of God? thou art come unto me to bring my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son!" And he said unto her, "Give me thy son." And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into the chamber, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed.

And he cried unto Jehovah, and said, "O Jehovah my God, hast thou also brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son?" And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto Jehovah, and said, "O Jehovah my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again." And Jehovah hearkened unto the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, "See, thy son liveth." And the woman said unto Elijah, "Now I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of Jehovah in thy mouth is truth."

NAAMAN, THE LEPER.

[FROM II KINGS, CHAP. 5.]

NAAMAN, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him Jehovah had given victory unto Syria: he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out in bands, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maiden; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

And she said unto her mistress, "Would that my lord

were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then would he recover him of his leprosy."

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, "Thus and thus said the maiden, that is of the land of Israel." And the king of Syria said, "Go now, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

He departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand *pieces* of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, "And now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy."

When the king of Israel had read the letter, he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? but consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

When Elisha the man of God heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, he sent to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, "Go and wash in the Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, "Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of Jehovah his God, and wave his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abanah and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?"

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in

the Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him; and he said, "Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a present of thy servant."

But he said, "As Jehovah liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none."

And he urged him to take it; but he refused. And Naaman said, "If not, yet, I pray thee, let there be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth; for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt-offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto Jehovah. In this thing Jehovah pardon thy servant: when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, when I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, Jehovah pardon thy servant in this thing." And he said unto him, "Go in peace." So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, "Behold, my master hath spared this Naaman the Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: as Jehovah liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him." So Gehazi followed after Naaman.

When Naaman saw one running after him, he alighted from the chariot to meet him, and said, "Is all well?" And he said, "All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there are come to me from the hill-country of Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets; give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of raiment."

Naaman said, "Be pleased to take two talents." And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of raiment, and laid them upon two of his servants: and they bare them before him. And when he came to the hill, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and

they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" And he said, "Thy servant went no whither." And he said unto him, "Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever."

And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

QUEEN ESTHER.

[FROM THE BOOK OF ESTHER.]

IN the days of Ahasuerus (this is Ahasuerus who reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces), when the king Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace, in the third year of his reign, he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him; when he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty, even a hundred and fourscore days. And when these days were fulfilled, the king made a feast unto all the people that were present in Shushan the palace, both great and small, seven days, in the court of the garden of the king's palace.

Also Vashti the queen made a feast for the women in the royal house which belonged to king Ahasuerus. On the seventh day, when the heart of the king was merry, he commanded the seven chamberlains that ministered in his presence to bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal, to show the peoples and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment by

the chamberlains: therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him.

Then the king said to the wise men, "What shall we do unto the queen Vashti according to law, because she hath not done the bidding of the king Ahasuerus by the chamberlains?"

And Memucan answered before the king and the princes, "Vashti the queen hath not done wrong to the king only, but also to all the princes, and to all the peoples that are in all the provinces of the king Ahasuerus. If it please the king, let there go forth a royal commandment from him, and let it be written among the laws of the Persians and the Medes, that it be not altered, that Vashti come no more before king Ahasuerus; and let the king give her royal estate unto another that is better than she."

And the saying pleased the king and the princes; and the king did according to the word of Memucan.

When the wrath of king Ahasuerus was pacified, he remembered Vashti, and what she had done, and what was decreed against her. Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, "Let there be fair young virgins sought for the king: and let the king appoint officers in all the provinces of his kingdom, that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto Shushan the palace, to the house of the women, and let the maiden that pleaseth the king be queen instead of Vashti." And the thing pleased the king; and he did so.

There was a certain Jew in Shushan the palace, whose name was Mordecai, a Benjamite, who had been carried away from Jerusalem with the captives that had been carried away with Jeconiah king of Judah, whom Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon had carried away. And he brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle's daughter: for she had neither father nor mother, and the maiden was fair and beautiful; and when her father and mother were dead, Mordecai took her for his own daughter.

So, when the king's commandment and his decree was heard, and when many maidens were gathered together,

Esther was taken into the king's house; and the maiden pleased him, and she obtained kindness of him; and he removed her and her maidens to the best place of the house of the women. Esther had not made known her people nor her kindred; for Mordecai had charged her that she should not make it known. And Mordecai walked every day before the court of the women's house, to know how Esther did, and what would become of her.

And Esther obtained favor in the sight of all of them that looked upon her; and the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained favor and kindness in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti. Then the king made a great feast unto all his princes and servants, even Esther's feast; and he made a release to the provinces, and gave gifts, according to the bounty of the king.

Esther had not yet made known her kindred nor her people; as Mordecai had charged her; for Esther did the commandment of Mordecai, like as when she was brought up with him. While Mordecai was sitting in the king's gate, two of the king's chamberlains, Bigthan and Teresh, of those that kept the threshold, were wroth, and sought to lay hands on the king Ahasuerus. And the thing became known to Mordecai, who showed it unto Esther the queen; and Esther told the king thereof in Mordecai's name. And when inquisition was made of the matter, and it was found to be so, they were both hanged on a tree: and it was written in the book of the chronicles before the king.

After these things did king Ahasuerus promote Haman, and advanced him, and set his seat above all the princes that were with him. And all the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, bowed down, and did reverence to Haman; for the king had so commanded concerning him. But Mordecai bowed not down, nor did him reverence. Then the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, said unto Mordecai, "Why transgressest thou the king's commandment?" Now it came to pass, when they spake daily unto him, and he hearkened not unto them,

that they told Haman, to see whether Mordecai's matters would stand: for he had told them that he was a Jew. And when Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not down, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath. But he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone; for they had made known to him the people of Mordecai: wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus, even the people of Mordecai.

Haman said unto king Ahasuerus, "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the peoples in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from those of every people; neither keep they the king's laws: therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they be destroyed: and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver into the hands of those that have the charge of the king's business, to bring it into the king's treasuries."

And the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it unto Haman, the Jew's enemy.

And the king said unto Haman, "The silver is given to thee, the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee."

Then were the king's scribes called in; and there was written according to all that Haman commanded unto the king's satraps, and to the governors that were over every province, and to the princes of every people, to every province according to the writing thereof, and to every people after their language; in the name of king Ahasuerus was it written, and it was sealed with the king's ring. And letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day, even upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month Adar, and to take the spoil of them for a prey. And the king and Haman sat down to drink; but the city of Shushan was perplexed.

Now when Mordecai knew all that was done, he rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out

into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry; and he came even before the king's gate: for none might enter within the king's gate clothed with sackcloth. And in every province, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, there was great mourning among the Jews, and fasting, and weeping, and wailing; and many lay in sackcloth and ashes.

And Esther's maidens and her chamberlains came and told it her; and the queen was exceedingly grieved: and she sent raiment to clothe Mordecai, and to take his sackcloth from off him; but he received it not. Then called Esther for one of the king's chamberlains, whom he had appointed to attend upon her, and charged him to go to Mordecai, to know what this was, and why it was. So Hathach went forth to Mordecai unto the broad place of the city, which was before the king's gate. And Mordecai told him of all that had happened unto him, and the exact sum of the money that Haman had promised to pay to the king's treasuries for the Jews, to destroy them. Also he gave him the copy of the writing of the decree that was given out in Shushan to destroy them, to show it unto Esther, and to declare it unto her, and to charge her that she should go in unto the king, to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him, for her people.

And Hathach came and told Esther the words of Mordecai. Then Esther spake unto Hathach, and gave him a message unto Mordecai, saying:

"All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law for him, that he be put to death, except those to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre, that he may live: but I have not been called to come in unto the king these thirty days."

And they told to Mordecai Esther's words.

Then Mordecai bade them return answer unto Esther, "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then will relief and

deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house will perish: and who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Then Esther bade them return answer unto Mordecai, "Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast in like manner; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

So Mordecai went his way, and did according to all that Esther had commanded him.

Now on the third day, Esther put on her royal apparel, and stood in the inner court of the king's house, over against the king's house: and the king sat upon his royal throne in the royal house, over against the entrance of the house. And when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, she obtained favor in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near, and touched the top of the sceptre.

Then said the king unto her, "What wilt thou, queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom." And Esther said, "If it seem good unto the king, let the king and Haman come this day unto the banquet that I have prepared for him."

Then the king said, "Cause Haman to make haste, that it may be done as Esther hath said." So the king and Haman came to the banquet that Esther had prepared.

The king said unto Esther at the banquet of wine, "What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed."

Then answered Esther, and said, "My petition and my request is: "if I have found favor in the sight of the king, and if it please the king to grant my petition, and to perform my request, let the king and Haman come to the banquet that I shall prepare for them, and I will do to-morrow as the king hath said."

Then went Haman forth that day joyful and glad of

heart: but when Haman saw Mordecai in the king's gate, that he stood not up nor moved for him, he was filled with wrath against Mordecai. Nevertheless Haman refrained himself, and went home; and he sent and fetched his friends and Zeresh his wife. And Haman recounted unto them the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and all the things wherein the king had promoted him, and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king.

Haman said moreover, "Yea, Esther the queen did let no man come in with the king unto the banquet that she had prepared but myself; and to-morrow also am I invited by her together with the king. Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

Then said his wife and all his friends unto him, "Let a gallows be made fifty cubits high, and in the morning speak thou unto the king that Mordecai may be hanged thereon: then go thou in merrily with the king unto the banquet. And the thing pleased Haman; and he caused the gallows to be made.

On that night could not the king sleep; and he commanded to bring the book of records of the chonicles, and they were read before the king. And it was found written, that Mordecai had told of Bigthana and Teresh, two of the king's chamberlains, of those that kept the threshold, who had sought to lay hands on the king Ahasuerus.

And the king said, "What honor and dignity hath been bestowed on Mordecai for this?

Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, "There is nothing done for him."

The king said, "Who is in the court?" Now Haman was come into the outward court of the king's house, to speak unto the king to hang Mordecai on the gallows that he had prepared for him.

And the king's servants said unto him, "Behold, Haman standeth in the court." And the king said, "Let him come in."

So Haman came in. And the king said unto him,

"What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

Now Haman said in his heart, "To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?"

And Haman said unto the king, "For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and on the head of which a crown royal is set: and let the apparel and the horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man therewith whom the king delighteth to honor, and cause him to ride on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

Then the king said to Haman, "Make haste, and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate: let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken."

Then took Haman the apparel and the horse, and arrayed Mordecai, and caused him to ride through the street of the city, and proclaimed before him, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

And Mordecai came again to the king's gate. But Haman hasted to his house, mourning and having his head covered. And Haman recounted unto Zeresh his wife and all his friends every thing that had befallen him.

Then said his wise men and Zeresh his wife unto him, "If Mordecai, before whom thou hast begun to fall, be of the seed of the Jews, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him."

While they were yet talking with him, came the king's chamberlains, and hasted to bring Haman unto the banquet that Esther had prepared.

So the king and Haman came to banquet with Esther the queen. And the king said again unto Esther on the second day at the banquet of wine, "What is thy petition, queen Esther? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed."

Then Esther the queen answered and said, "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request: for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my peace, although the adversary could not have compensated for the king's damage."

Then spake the king Ahasuerus and said unto Esther the queen, "Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?"

And Esther said, "An adversary and an enemy, even this wicked Haman."

Then Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. And the king arose in his wrath from the banquet of wine and went into the palace garden: and Haman stood up to make request for his life to Esther the queen; for he saw that there was evil determined against him by the king.

Said Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, "Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman hath made for Mordecai, who spake good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman."

And the king said, "Hang him thereon."

So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king's wrath pacified.

On that day did the king Ahasuerus give the house of Haman the Jews' enemy unto Esther the queen. And Mordecai came before the king; for Esther had told what he was unto her. And the king took off his ring, which he had taken from Haman, and gave it unto Mordecai. And Esther set Mordecai over the house of Haman.

And Esther spake yet again before the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews. Then the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre. So Esther arose, and stood before the king.

And she said, "If it please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the

king, and I be pleasing in his eyes, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, which he wrote to destroy the Jews that are in all the king's provinces: for how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?"

Then the king Ahasuerus said unto Esther the queen and to Mordecai the Jew, "Behold, I have given Esther the house of Haman, and him they have hanged upon the gallows, because he laid his hand upon the Jews. Write ye also to the Jews, as it pleaseth you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring; for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse."

Then were the king's scribes called at that time, in the third month, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the satraps, and the governors and princes of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, a hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language.

He wrote in the name of the king Ahasuerus, and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters by posts on horseback, riding on swift steeds that were used in the king's service, bred of the stud; wherein the king granted the Jews that were in every city to gather themselves together, and to stand for their life, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish, all the power of the people and province that would assault them, their little ones and women, and to take the spoil of them for a prey, upon one day in all the provinces of king Ahasuerus, namely, upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month Adar.

So the posts that rode upon swift steeds that were used in the king's service went out, being hastened and pressed on by the king's commandment; and the decree was given out in Shushan the palace.

And Mordecai went forth from the presence of the

king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a robe of fine linen and purple: and the city of Shushan shouted and was glad. The Jews had light and gladness, and joy and honor. And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, the Jews had gladness and joy, a feast and a good day. And many from among the peoples of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews was fallen upon them.

Now in the twelfth month, which is the month Adar, on the thirteenth day of the same, when the king's commandment and his decree drew near to be put in execution, on the day that the enemies of the Jews hoped to have rule over them, (whereas it was turned to the contrary, that the Jews had rule over them that hated them,) the Jews gathered themselves together in their cities throughout all the provinces of the king Ahasuerus, to lay hand on such as sought their hurt: and no man could withstand them; for the fear of them was fallen upon all the peoples. And all the princes of the provinces, and the satraps, and the governors, and they that did the king's business, helped the Jews; because the fear of Mordecai was fallen upon them. For Mordecai was great in the king's house, and his fame went forth throughout all the provinces; for the man Mordecai waxed greater and greater.

And the Jews that were in Shushan gathered themselves together on the fourteenth day also of the month Adar, and slew three hundred men in Shushan; but on the spoil they laid not their hand. And the other Jews that were in the king's provinces gathered themselves together, and stood for their lives, and had rest from their enemies, and slew of them that hated them seventy and five thousand; but on the spoil they laid not their hand.

But the Jews that were in Shushan assembled together on the thirteenth day thereof, and on the fourteenth thereof; and on the fifteenth day of the same they rested, and made it a day of feasting and gladness. Therefore do the Jews of the villages, that dwell in the unwalled

towns, make the fourteenth day of the month Adar a day of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another.

And because Haman the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, the enemy of all the Jews, had plotted against the Jews to destroy them, and had cast Pur, that is, the lot, to consume them and to destroy them; they called these days Purim, after the name of Pur.

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

[FROM DANIEL, CHAP. 5.]

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar his father had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king and his lords might drink therefrom. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his lords drank from them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone.

In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed in him, and his thoughts troubled him; and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the enchanters, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers.

The king spake and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with purple, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could

not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were perplexed.

Now the queen by reason of the words of the king and his lords came into the banquet house: the queen spake and said, "O king, live for ever; let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: there is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, were found in him; and the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made him master of the magicians, enchanters, Chaldeans and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of dark sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar. Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. The king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel, who art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Judah? I have heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom are found in thee. And now the wise men, the enchanters, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof; but they could not show the interpretation of the thing. But I have heard of thee, that thou canst give interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with purple, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; nevertheless I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king, the Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father the king-

dom, and greatness, and glory, and majesty: and because of the greatness that he gave him, all the peoples, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he raised up, and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his spirit was hardened so that he dealt proudly, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men, and his heart was made like the beasts', and his dwelling was with the wild asses: he was fed with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; until he knew that the Most High God ruleth in the kingdom of men, and that he setteth up over it whomsoever he will. And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thy heart, though thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords have drunk wine from them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified; then was the part of the hand sent from before him, and this writing was inscribed.

"And this is the writing that was inscribed:

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

' This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and brought it to an end. TEKEL; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with purple, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

[FROM DANIEL, CHAP. 6.]

IT pleased Darius to set over the kingdom a hundred and twenty satraps, who should be throughout the whole kingdom; and over them three presidents, of whom Daniel was one; that these satraps might give account unto them, and that the king should have no damage. Then this Daniel was distinguished above the presidents and the satraps, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and the satraps sought to find occasion against Daniel as touching the kingdom; but they could find no occasion nor fault, forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.

Then these presidents and satraps assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, "King Darius, live for ever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the deputies and the satraps, the counsellors and the governors, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a strong interdict, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the interdict, and sign the writing, that it be not changed according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

Wherefore King Darius signed the writing and the interdict.

And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem;) and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled together, and found

Daniel making petition and supplication before his God.

Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's interdict: "Hast thou not signed an interdict, that every man that shall make petition unto any god or man within thirty days, save unto thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?"

The king answered and said, "The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

Then answered they and said before the king, "That Daniel, who is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the interdict that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day." Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him; and he labored till the going down of the sun to rescue him. Then these men assembled together unto the king, and said unto the king, "Know, O king, that it is a law of the Medes and Persians, that no interdict nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed."

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee." And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that nothing might be changed concerning Daniel. Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting; neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep fled from him.

Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came near unto the den to Daniel, he cried with a lamentable voice; the king spake and said to Daniel, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thus servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" Then said Daniel unto the king, "O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him in-

nocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt."

Then was the king exceeding glad, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God.

And the king commanded, and they brought those men that had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces, before they came to the bottom of the den.

STORIES FROM THE LIFE OF JESUS FOR CHILDREN UP TO TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

[FROM ST. LUKE 1–2.]

NOW the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to Mary who was betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David. And he came in unto her, and said,

"Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee." But she was greatly troubled at the saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this might be.

And the angel said unto her, "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God. And behold, thou shalt have a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. He shall be great, and shall be the Son of the Most High: and the Lord God shall give him unto the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Now in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled. And all went to enrol themselves, every one to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David; to enrol himself with Mary. And while they were there, she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory

of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them,

"Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in this city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace to men and good will in whom he is well pleased."

And when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another,

"Let us now go even up to Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.

And when eight days were fulfilled his name was called JESUS.

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 1.]

NOW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, Wise-men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him." And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all

BETHLEHEM

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

"Now Christ was born in Bethlehem."

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on Earth, and mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconciled.
. . . . . .
With the Angel Hosts proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Jerusalem with him. And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born. And they said unto him,

"In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written through the prophet,

'And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah,
Art in no wise least among the princes of Judah:
For out of thee shall come forth a governor,
Who shall be shepherd of my people Israel.'"

Then Herod privily called the Wise-men, and learned of them exactly what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said,

"Go and search out exactly concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him."

And they, having heard the king, went their way; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 2.]

NOW when they were departed, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I tell thee: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

And he arose and took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt; and was there until

the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet, saying, "Out of Egypt did I call my son."

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 2.]

THEN Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the Wise-men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had exactly learned of the Wise-men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken through Jeremiah the prophet, saying,

"A voice was heard in Ramah,
Weeping and great mourning,
Rachel weeping for her children;
And she would not be comforted, because they are not."

But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying,

"Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead that sought the young child's life."

And he arose and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus was reigning over Judæa in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; and being warned of God in a dream, he withdrew into the parts of Galilee, and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophets, that he should be called a Nazarene.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 2.]

AND the child Jesus grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

And his parents went every year to Jerusalem at the feast of the passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up after the custom of the feast; and when they had fulfilled the days, as they were returning, the boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and his parents knew it not; but supposing him to be in the company, they went a day's journey; and they sought for him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance: and when they found him not, they returned to Jerusalem, seeking for him. And it came to pass, after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them, and asking them questions: and all that heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. And when they saw him, they were astonished; and his mother said unto him,

"Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing."

And he said unto them, "How is it that ye sought me? knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them: and his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 14.]

JESUS withdrew in a boat, to a desert place apart: and when the multitudes heard thereof, they followed him on foot from the cities.

And he came forth, and saw a great multitude, and he had compassion on them, and healed their sick. And when even was come the disciples came to him, saying, "The place is desert and the time is already past; send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves food."

But Jesus said unto them, "They have no need to go away; give ye them to eat."

And they say unto him, "We have here but five loaves and two fishes."

And he said, "Bring them hither to me." And he commanded the multitudes to sit down on the grass; and he took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake and gave the loaves to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitudes.

And they all ate and were filled: and they took up that which remained over of the broken pieces twelve baskets full. And they that did eat were about five thousand men, besides women and children.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

[FROM ST. MARK, CHAP. 5.]

AND when Jesus had crossed over again in the boat unto the other side, a great multitude was gathered unto him; and he was by the sea. And there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and seeing him, he falleth at his feet, and beseecheth him much, saying:

"My little daughter is at the point of death: I pray

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER

AFTER THE PAINTING BY GUSTAV RICHTOER

This famous picture hangs in the National Gallery of Berlin, Germany. Never was this miraculous occurrence more vividly presented, except in the language of Holy Writ, than it is here. "As He said 'Maid Arise', her spirit came again and she arose straightway." We see her in the very act of arising, the parents and the three disciples gazing with wonder and astonishment.

thee, that thou come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be made whole, and live." And he went with him; and a great multitude followed him, and they thronged him. . . .

On the way they come from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying, "Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Teacher any further?"

But Jesus, not heeding the word spoken, saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, "Fear not, only believe."

And he suffered no man to follow with him, save Peter, and James, and John the brother of James. And they come to the house of the ruler of the synagogue; and he beholdeth a tumult, and many weeping and wailing greatly. And when he was entered in, he saith unto them, "Why make ye a tumult, and weep? the child is not dead, but sleepeth." And they laughed him to scorn. But he, having put them all forth, taketh the father of the child and her mother and them that were with him, and goeth in where the child was. And taking the child by the hand, he saith unto her, *"Talitha cumi;"* which is, being interpreted, "Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise." And straightway the damsel rose up, and walked; for she was twelve years old. And they were amazed straightway with a great amazement. And he charged them much that no man should know this: and he commanded that something should be given her to eat.

JESUS STILLS THE TEMPEST.

[FROM ST. MARK, CHAP. 5.]

AND when even was come, he saith unto them, "Let us go over unto the other side."

And leaving the multitude, they take him with them, even as he was, in the boat. And other boats were with him. And there ariseth a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the boat, insomuch that the boat was now filling. And he himself was in the stern, asleep on

the cushion: and they awake him, and say unto him, "Teacher, carest thou not that we perish?"

And he awoke, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still." And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

And he said unto them, "Why are ye fearful? have ye not yet faith?" And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, "Who then is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

JESUS HEALS THE PARALYTIC.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 5.]

ON one of those days, Jesus was teaching; and there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, who were come out of every village of Galilee and Judæa and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was with him to heal.

And behold, men bring on a bed a man that was palsied: and they sought to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And not finding by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went up to the housetop, and let him down through the tiles with his couch into the midst before Jesus. And seeing their faith, he said, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee."

And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, "Who is this that speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone?" But Jesus, perceiving their reasonings, answered and said unto them, "Why reason ye in your hearts? Which is easier, to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee;' or to say, 'Arise and walk?' But that ye may know that the Son of man hath authority on earth to forgive sins" (he said unto him that was palsied), "I say unto thee, 'Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thy house.'" And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his house, glorifying God. And amazement took hold on all, and they glorified God; and they were

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. G. PFANNSCHMIDT

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
He called little children like lambs to His fold
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head
That His arms had been thrown around me
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said:—
"Let the little ones come unto me."

filled with fear, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day."

JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 18.]

THEY were one day bringing unto him their babes, that he should touch them: but when the disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto him, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for to such belongeth the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein." And he took them in his arms and blessed them.

THE TEACHING AND THE PARABLES OF JESUS.

FROM THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 6, AND ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 5.]

JESUS went out into the mountain to pray; and he continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called his disciples; and he chose from them twelve, whom he also named apostles. And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

"But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you, ye that are full now! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you, ye that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for in the same manner did their fathers to the false prophets.

"But I say unto you that hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you,

pray for them that despitefully use you. To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and from him that taketh away thy cloak withhold not thy cloak also. Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. And if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? even sinners lend to sinners, to receive again as much. But love your enemies, and do them good, and lend, never despairing; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be sons of the Most High: for he is kind toward the unthankful and evil. Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful. And judge not, and ye shall not be judged: and condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: release, and ye shall be released: give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 6.]

WHEN thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee. . . .

After this manner therefore pray ye:
Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

THE DEBTOR.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 18.]

PETER came, and said to Jesus:

"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? until seven times?" Jesus saith unto him:

"I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven. Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, who would make a reckoning with his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, that owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not wherewith to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, 'Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.'

"And the lord of that servant, being moved with compassion, released him, and forgave him the debt. But that servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, who owed him a hundred shillings: and he laid hold on him, and took him by the throat, saying:

" 'Pay what thou owest.'

"So his fellow-servant fell down and besought him, saying:

" 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee.'

"And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay that which was due. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were exceeding

sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord called him unto him, and saith to him:

"'Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee?'

"And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due. So shall also my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye forgive not every one his brother from your hearts."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

[FROM LUKE, CHAP. 10.]

A CERTAIN lawyer stood up and made trial of Jesus, saying, "Teacher, what shall I do to inherit life?"

And he said unto him:

"What is written in the law? how readest thou?"

And he answering, said:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

And he said unto him, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."

But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus:

"And who is my neighbor?"

Jesus made answer and said, "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him,

and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host, and said:

"'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee.'

"Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?"

And he said, "He that showed mercy on him."

And Jesus said unto him, "Go, and do thou likewise."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[FROM JOHN, CHAP. 10.]

"VERILY, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."

This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

Jesus therefore said unto them again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out, and shall find pasture. The thief cometh not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy: I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose

own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd."

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE VINEYARD.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 21.]

THERE was a man that was a householder, who planted a vineyard, and set a hedge about it, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into another country. And when the season of the fruits drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, to receive his fruits. And the husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. Again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them in like manner. But afterward he sent unto them his son, saying, "They will reverence my son." But the husbandmen, when they saw the son, said among themselves, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and take his inheritance." And they took him, and cast him forth out of the vineyard, and killed him. When therefore the lord of the vineyard shall come, what will he do unto those husbandmen? They say unto him, "He will miserably destroy those miserable men, and will let out the vineyard unto other husbandmen, who shall render him the fruits in their seasons." Jesus saith unto them, "Did ye never read in the scriptures,

" 'The stone which the builders rejected,
The same was made the head of the corner;
This was from the Lord,

And it is marvellous in our eyes?'

"Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."

THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 20.]

A MAN that was a householder, went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a shilling a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing in the marketplace idle; and to them he said, "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you."

And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and the ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing; and he saith unto them, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

They say unto him, "Because no man hath hired us." He saith unto them, "Go ye also into the vineyard."

And when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, "Call the laborers, and pay them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first."

And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a shilling. And when the first came, they supposed that they would receive more; and they likewise received every man a shilling.

And when they received it, they murmured against the householder, saying, "These last have spent but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, who have borne the burden of the day and the scorching heat."

But he answered and said to one of them, "Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a shilling? Take up that which is thine, and go thy way; it is my will to give unto this last, even as unto thee. Is

it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? or is thine eye evil, because I am good? So the last shall be first, and the first last."

LAZARUS THE BEGGAR.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 16.]

THERE was a certain rich man, and he was clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day: and a certain beggar named Lazarus was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; yea, even the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and that he was carried away by the angels into Abraham's bosom: and the rich man also died, and was buried. And in Hades he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said:

"Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish." But Abraham said:

"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things: but now here he is comforted, and thou art in anguish. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, that they would pass from hence to you may not be able, and that none may cross over from thence to us."

And he said, "I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place."

But Abraham saith, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them."

And he said, "Nay, father Abraham: but if one go to them from the dead, they will repent."

And he said unto him, "If they hear not Moses and the

prophets, neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead."

THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 22.]

A CERTAIN king made a marriage feast for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the marriage feast: and they would not come. Again he sent forth other servants, saying, "Tell them that are bidden, 'Behold, I have made ready my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come to the marriage feast.'" But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his own farm, another to his merchandise; and the rest laid hold on his servants, and treated them shamefully, and killed them. But the king was wroth; and he sent his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned their city.

Then saith he to his servants, "The wedding is ready, but they that were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore unto the partings of the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage feast."

And those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was filled with guests. But when the king came in to behold the guests, he saw there a man who had not on a wedding-garment: and he saith unto him:

"Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding-garment?" And he was speechless.

Then the king said to the servants, "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him out into the outer darkness: there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few chosen."

THE LOST SHEEP.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 15.]

AND Jesus spake unto them, saying, "What man of you, having a hundred sheep, and having lost one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and his neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that even so there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, who need no repentance."

THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 15.]

JESUS said, "What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a lamp, and sweep the house, and seek diligently until she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth together her friends and neighbors, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost.' Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

THE PRODIGAL SON.

[FROM ST. LUKE, CHAP. 15.]

JESUS said, "A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and

took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'

"And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son.'

"But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be.

"And he said unto him, 'Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.' But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him.

"But he answered and said to his father, 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, who hath devoured thy living, thou killedst for him the fatted calf.'

"And he said unto him, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.' "

THE TEN VIRGINS.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 25.]

TEN virgins took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were foolish, and five were wise. For the foolish, when they took their lamps, took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. Now while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

But at midnight there is a cry, "Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him." Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

And the foolish said unto the wise, "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out." But the wise answered, saying, "Peradventure there will not be enough for us and you: go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves."

And while they went away to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage feast: and the door was shut. Afterward come also the other virgins, saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us."

But he answered and said, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour.

THE TEN TALENTS.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 25.]

A MAN, going into another country, called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one; to each according to his several ability; and he went on his journey.

Straightway he that received the five talents went and traded with them, and made other five talents.

In like manner he also that received the two gained other two.

But he that received the one went away and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

Now after a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and maketh a reckoning with them. And he that received the five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: lo, I have gained other five talents."

His lord said unto him, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

And he also that received the two talents came and said, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: lo, I have gained other two talents."

His lord said unto him, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

And he also that had received the one talent came and said, "Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou didst not sow, and gathering where thou didst not scatter; and I was afraid, and went away and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, thou hast thine own."

But his lord answered and said unto him, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I did not scatter; thou

oughtest therefore to have put my money to the bankers, and at my coming I should have received back mine own with interest. Take ye away therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him that hath the ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away. And cast ye out the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness: there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth."

THE SOWER.

[FROM ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. 13.]

ONE day Jesus went out of the house, and sat by the sea side. And there were gathered unto him great multitudes, so that he entered into a boat, and sat; and all the multitude stood on the beach. And he spake to them saying, "Behold, the sower went forth to sow; and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the birds came and devoured them: and others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth: and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And others fell upon the thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them: and others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. He that hath ears, let him hear."

And the disciples came, and said unto him, "Why speakest thou unto them in parables?"

And he answered and said unto them, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath. Therefore speak I to them in parables; because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not,

neither do they understand. And unto them is fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, which saith,

"'By hearing ye shall hear, and shall in no wise understand;
And seeing ye shall see, and shall in no wise perceive:
For this people's heart is waxed gross,
And their ears are dull of hearing,
And their eyes they have closed;
Lest haply they should perceive with their eyes,
And hear with their ears,
And understand with their heart,
And should turn again,
And I should heal them.'

"But blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not. Hear then ye the parable of the sower. When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away that which hath been sown in his heart.

"This is he that was sown by the wayside. And he that was sown upon the rocky places, this is he that heareth the word, and straightway with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while; and when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway he stumbleth.

"And he that was sown among the thorns, that is he that heareth the word; and the care of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

And he that was sown upon the good ground, this is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; who verily beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty."

. . . . . .

All these things spake Jesus in parables unto the multitudes; and without a parable spake he nothing unto

them: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophet, saying,

"I will open my mouth in parables;
I will utter things hidden from the foundation of the world."

MEMORY AIDS AND THOUGHT STIMULANTS

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When a child's interest is once aroused it is comparatively easy to guide it. It is essential, therefore, for parents to know what are the elements in stories which interest children, and then to know which are the healthful and character forming interests.

The first element in a story which interests children is action. They like their stories to be full of people who are doing things, or rather to have a story about one person doing many things.

After the action they become interested in the personality of the doer, his dress, his surroundings, and last, his motives; and the following questions will lead the child not only to the action and the persons in which he is interested as well as their character, but, unconsciously to the sentiments which underlie and inspire them.

These questions, and their answers, will have great value in another direction. The habit of aimless reading is often formed all too early. The child should be encouraged to have a purpose in his reading, and in his earliest reading this may be fostered by the use of these questions,— not used as tasks but as pleasure exercises.

Many of the questions are directed to the retelling of the story as the answer. There is no surer way of fixing a story in a child's mind than the retelling of it, and the parent who will encourage the child to retell the stories he reads, causes him to read with closer care and attention, keeps alive his interest, developes his memory, and cultivates his power of expression.

And all this is perhaps the best kind of beginning of "Self Culture for Young People."

1. Can you tell what a bazaar is? (pp. 58-59.)
2. Whom did the children meet in the Queen's Walk? (pp. 65-66.)
3. How was she dressed? (pp. 65-66.)
4. Tell some of the things that the people in Wonderland did and said. (pp. 86-89.)
5. How many Animals in the Zoo did the twins see? (pp. 70-80.)
6. Where had the traveled Cat been? (pp. 72-73.)
7. Can you tell the story of the three little Kittens? (pp. 73-74.)
8. What became of Betty Pringle's Pig? (p. 78.)
9. Tell what some of the queer folk did. (pp. 80-90.)
10. Where did the Crooked Man live? (p. 83.)
11. Who were the three men in a tub? (p. 89.)
12. Who do you think were the funniest folk the twins saw? (pp. 93-100.)
13. Which of the storyland stories can you tell? (pp. 96-100.)
14. Do you know the names of the twenty-six friends the children met. (pp. 95-96-97.)
15. How many Cats had Dame Wiggins? (p. 100.)
16. What was painted on the house where the three Bears lived? (p. 102.)
17. Who were the friends of Little Red Riding Hood? (p. 108.)
18. Tell some of the fairies and giants the children met. (p. 113.)
19. What wonderful things did the little men do in little man's land? (p. 117.)
20. How did the man without a shadow travel? (p. 118.)
21. How did the pilgrims get out of the giant's castle? (p. 120.)
22. How did they get out of the giant's cave? (p. 122.)
23. How often do men see the sun in Snow and Ice-land? (p. 123.)
24. Can you tell some of the Animals the twins met? (pp. 125-132.)
25. Tell the story of the Rats, the Mice, and the Cat. (p. 127.)
26. What happened at the court of the King of all Beasts? (p. 130.)
27. What became of the two Jays "By and Bye"? (pp. 137-138.)
28. What happened to the Colt who did not care? (pp. 140-142.)
29. What happened when the Hare kicked the stone? (p. 142.)
30. What became of the Hens who quarreled? (p. 143.)
31. What did the Pig see when he went on his travels? (pp. 145-147.)
32. What became of the Rat who could not make up his mind? (p. 147.)
33. What happened to the Cat who was as good as every one else? (pp. 152-155.)
34. Tell the story of the selfish Dog. (p. 155.)
35. What became of Greedy Jick? (pp. 157-158.)
36. What became of the Fish who would have their own way? (p. 161.)
37. Did the young Bees find out how to build a better cell than the old folks? (p. 163.)
38. What were Juliet's three tasks and who helped her out? (pp. 164-165.)
39. What did Juliet receive when all her tasks were done? (pp. 167-168.)
40. Tell of some of the things that William found in his walk. (pp. 169-176.)
41. What do you know about Mistletoe? (p. 170.)
42. Describe the Lap-wing's trick. (p. 171.)
43. Where do Sand-Martins live? (p. 173.)

44. What is the Kingfisher's other name? (p. 173.)
45. Where does the Heron build his nest? (p. 174.)
46. What were the names of the three Giants who worked for Jobson? (p. 179.)
47. What work did Aquafluens do? (pp. 180-181.)
48. Who was the brother of Aquafluens? (p. 186.)
49. What work did Ventosus do for Jobson? (p. 187.)
50. Which was the strongest of the three Giants and how did he do his work? (pp. 190-193.)
51. How did Vaporifer do his work? (pp. 191-193.)
52. Tell of some of the wonderful things Captain Compass saw on his travels. (pp. 194-198.)
53. How did the farmer's old clock stop? (p. 199.)
54. How many times did the clock tick in 24 hours? (p. 200.)
55. How was the pendulum persuaded to go to work? (p. 200.)

Note on the Kindergarten Songs: Many of these are suitable for repetition and the children should be encouraged to learn and to sing the simple little tunes. (pp. 221-254.)

56. Of what did Noah build his Ark? (p. 293.)
57. How many animals, of each kind went into the Ark? (pp. 293-294.)
58. How long did the rain last when Noah went into the Ark? (p. 294.)
59. How many people went into the Ark? (p. 294.)
60. How many days did it rain at the time of the Flood? (p. 294.)
61. How long was it before the water left the earth? (p. 294.)
62. Which was the first bird to go out of the Ark? (p. 295.)
63. What did the Dove do? (p. 295.)
64. What did God say about the rainbow? (p. 296.)
65. Can you tell the dreams of Joseph? (p. 297.)
66. Tell the story of Joseph's Coat. (pp. 298-300.)
67. What happened to Joseph when he first reached Egypt? (p. 299.)
68. What was the dream of the King's Chief Butler? (p. 301.)
69. What did the King's Chief Baker dream in prison? (p. 301.)
70. What was King Pharoah's dream? (p. 303.)
71. What did King Pharaoh's dream mean? (p. 303.)
72. Did it come true? (p. 304.)
73. Why was Joseph given such great power in Egypt? (pp. 305-316.)
74. Tell the story of Benjamin's going into Egypt? (p. 305.)
75. What happened to Jacob when he went to Egypt? (p. 309.)
76. How old was Jacob when he died? (p. 306.)
77. Tell the story of the Baby Moses. (p. 317.)
78. What happened to the walls of Jericho when the people shouted? (p. 319.)
79. How did Gideon choose his soldiers? (pp. 320-324.)
80. What happened to Gideon's fleece of wool? (p. 322.)
81. Tell the Dream of Gideon. (p. 324.)
82. What did it mean? (p. 324.)
83. What did Ruth say to Naomi when she wished to stay with her? (p. 326.)
84. What happened to Ruth when she went gleaning? (pp. 362-368.)
85. Whom did Ruth marry? (p. 330.)
86. Tell what you know of the boy Samuel. (pp. 335-338.)
87. How did David kill the Giant? (pp. 335-338.)
88. Why did the Queen of Sheba go to see King Solomon? (p. 339.)
89. Tell the story of Elijah and the Widow's Son. (p. 340.)
90. What did Gehazi do and how was he punished? (pp. 341-344.)
91. What do you know about Queen Esther, Haman and Mordecai? (pp. 344-355.)
92. What happened to Daniel in the Lion's Den? (pp. 358-360.)
93. Where was Jesus born? (p. 361.)
94. Tell the story of the Wise Men and the flight into Egypt. (pp. 362-365.)
95. How were the five thousand people fed? (p. 362.)
96. How did they bring the man who was sick of the palsy to Jesus? (p. 372.)
97. Tell about Jesus and the little children. (p. 375.)
98. Tell the story of the Debtor and of the poor Samaritan. (pp. 378-380.)
99. Tell the story of the Prodigal Son, and of the Ten Virgins. (pp. 385-387.)
100. Can you explain the parable of the Sower? (pp. 389-391.)

NOTE.—*There are some excellent "memory gems" in these New Testament Stories — Teachings and Parables, that may well be used as such.*

One Hundred of the Best Books for Parents, Kindergarten Books, Story Books for Children, and Helpful Books on Bible Study.

Moral Instruction of Children.....Adler, Dr. Felix.
Instrumental Characteristic Rhymes.....Anderson, C. L. (3 parts)
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